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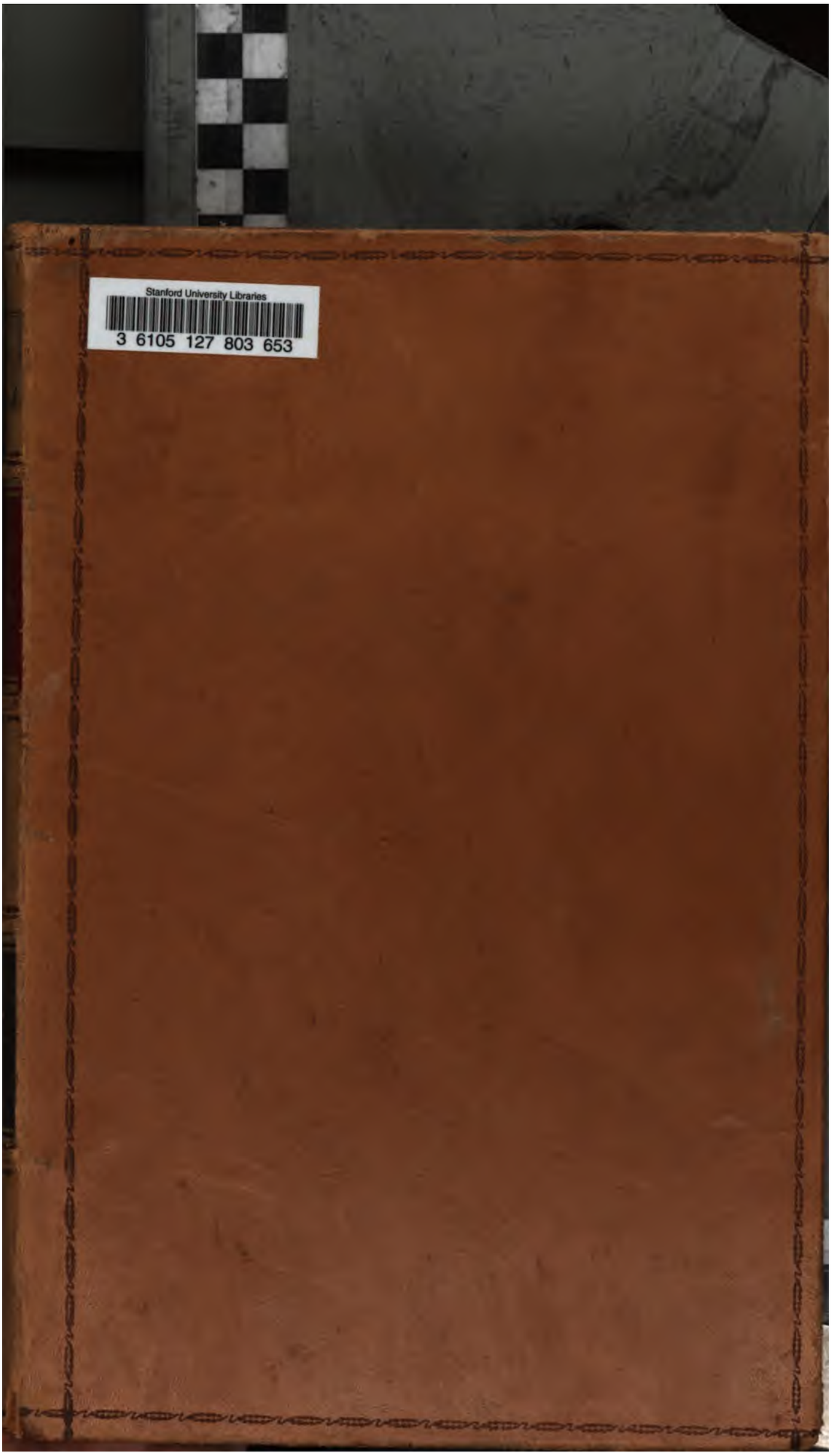
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THE

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OF THE

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

FOR THE

SECOND SESSION OF THE FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

1893-94.

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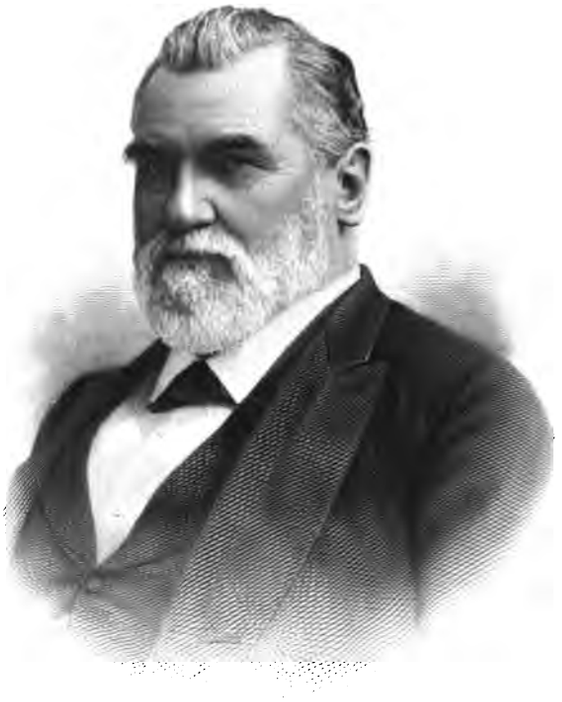

HON. LELAND STANFORD.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

LELAND STANFORD,

53D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } SENATE. { MIS. DOC. No. 122.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

LELAND STANFORD,

(A SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

SEPTEMBER 16, 1893, AND FEBRUARY 12, 1894.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1894.

Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. LELAND STANFORD, late a Senator from the State of California, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of that State, and of the remaining number 2,000 shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 copies for the use of the House, and of the quota of the Senate the Public Printer shall set aside 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when completed to the widow of the deceased; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to have engraved and printed at the earliest day practicable a portrait of the deceased to accompany said eulogies.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

LELAND STANFORD, a Senator from California, died at his residence on the Palo Alto estate, California, a few minutes before midnight, Tuesday, June 20, 1893. His health for some years had not been good, but there was no intimation of his approaching end. During the day he pursued his accustomed avocations; took his usual drive around his stock farm and visited some neighbors; made no complaint of feeling indisposed, and retired to rest about 10 o'clock. Shortly before midnight Mrs. Stanford, who occupied an adjoining apartment, was awakened by a movement in Mr. STANFORD'S room. He had thrown off the bedclothing and made an effort to rise. She spoke to him and received no response. His breathing was unnatural and stertorous, and in a few minutes he passed away peacefully and apparently without pain.

LELAND STANFORD was one of the most wonderful men this country has produced, and the story of his career is interesting and instructive from his boyhood to his death. He was born at Watervliet, N. Y., 8 miles from Albany, March 9, 1824 He was of English stock, though with Irish blood on the father's side. His father, Josiah Stanford, a native of Massachusetts, had removed to New York with his parents when 4 years of age. His mother was Miss Phillips, whose parents had moved from Massachusetts to Vermont and from Vermont to New York.

Josiah Stanford lived for many years at a farm called Elm Grove, on the road from Albany to Schenectady, and was an

intelligent, industrious, and progressive farmer, who also pursued the business of a contractor, built a portion of the turnpike between Albany and Schenectady, constructed roads and bridges in his neighborhood, was an alert business man, a public-spirited citizen, and was an early and enthusiastic advocate of the construction of the Erie Canal.

In 1829 the legislature of New York granted a charter for a railroad between Albany and Schenectady, and Josiah Stanford was one of the principal contractors for building this road. A railroad was an attractive novelty in those days, and this road passed so near the home of the Stanfords that LELAND STANFORD passed his holidays in watching the work, and even at that early day acquired a knowledge of railroad construction that was of service to him in later years. The conversation at the home of Josiah Stanford was elevating and inspiring. His visitors were men engaged in the construction of large works, who were alive to the great possibilities of future development of transportation routes and were not daunted by the magnitude of any project. Among the subjects of discussion in those days and by those men was the project of a railroad to Oregon. LELAND STANFORD was present at one of these discussions. "Young as he was when the question of a railroad to Oregon was first agitated," it is written, "LELAND STANFORD took a lively interest in the measure. Among its chief advocates at that early day was Mr. Whitney, one of the engineers in the construction of the Mohawk and Hudson River Railway. On one occasion, when Whitney passed the night at Elm Grove, LELAND being then 13 years of age, the conversation ran largely on this overland railway project, and the effect upon the mind of such a boy may be readily imagined. The remembrance of that night's discussion between Whitney and his father never left him, but bore the grandest fruits."

Men have risen to the highest stations in this country whose boyhood was passed in much humbler homes than that in which LELAND STANFORD spent the years of his youth. Most of our great men have come from the farmhouse, and such homes, however humble, are free from the squalor and cramping meanness to be found among the homes of those of similar condition in older civilizations. Hope is the heritage and opportunity the reward of every boy of courage born in such surroundings. Garfield said he felt like taking off his hat to every lad he met. Who knows to what heights such a one may attain in this country where no classes exist to bar progress, where education is free, where opportunities are unbounded? LELAND STANFORD received the education of the farmer boy. He inherited good physical and mental qualities, and was reared in a home where there were no idlers, where there was little luxury but no want, where labor was honored and each had his task appointed for him to do. He worked on the farm with his father and his brothers, rising as early as 5 o'clock of a winter's morning. He attended the common schools until he was 12 years of age, and for three years received instruction at home.

He then assisted his father in carrying out a contract for the delivery of a large quantity of wood. This was his first business venture, as he was in some manner a partner in the enterprise and received a share of the profit with which he paid for his tuition at an academy at Clinton, N. Y. He had determined to study law, and entered the office of Wheaton, Doolittle & Hadley, at Albany. After three years of study he was admitted to the bar.

Mr. STANFORD had determined to locate in the West, and after visiting various places he finally selected Port Washington, Wis., as best suited to his purpose, and there established himself in 1848, and entered at once upon the practice of the

law. This town, now of 1,700 population, was then considered by many to be the port of the lake region having the most promising future and destined to eclipse such rivals as Milwaukee and Chicago. Mr. STANFORD was a successful lawyer, and enjoyed, in the estimation of the community, a lucrative practice. His earnings for the first year were $1,260.

In 1850 he paid a visit to Albany, and while there married Miss Jane Lathrop, the daughter of Dyer Lathrop, a merchant of Albany, whose family were among the earliest and most respected settlers of that city. Mr. Lathrop was born at Bozrah, Conn., and accompanied his parents on their removal to New York, when he was about 7 years of age. He was a man noted for his kindly deeds; was one of the founders in Albany of the orphan asylum, and was treasurer of that institution and director to the time of his death.

Mr. STANFORD returned to Port Washington with his wife and continued in the practice of his profession at that place until 1852, when a misfortune happened to him which changed the course of his life and proved to be a blessing in disguise. This was the total destruction by fire of his office with all of its valuable contents, including his law library, which was one of the best in the State north of Milwaukee.

Tidings of the discovery of gold in California had come to the East and occasioned great excitement. Five of the seven sons of Josiah Stanford had gone to California, and the destruction of his office at Port Washington determined LELAND STANFORD to follow them. Mr. STANFORD closed out his affairs in Wisconsin, took his wife to Albany, where she was unable to persuade her father to let her accompany her husband to share with him the hardships of life in a new country, and where she remained for three years, attending with all the devotion of a loving and sympathetic daughter to every want of her father through a long illness to his death in April, 1855.

Mr. STANFORD sailed from New York, made the journey by way of Nicaragua, spent twelve days in crossing the Isthmus and thirty-eight days in the entire trip. He arrived at San Francisco July 12, 1852. He visited his brothers, who were engaged in a general merchandise business at Sacramento, and soon after entered upon a mercantile career at Cold Springs, Eldorado County. The following spring he opened a store at Michigan Bluffs, the central business point of the Placer County mining district.

This period of the life of Mr. STANFORD was passed amongst the privations, the hardships, and the excitements of a typical pioneer mining camp, the recollection of which never faded from his memory. In an address delivered in the Senate March 25, 1892, upon the life and character of his late colleague, Hon. George Hearst, who was a pioneer of California, Mr. STANFORD said:

> The true history of the Argonauts of the nineteenth century has to be written. No poet has yet arisen to immortalize their achievements in verse. They had no Jason to lead them, no oracles to prophesy success, nor enchantments to avert dangers; but, like self-reliant Americans, they pressed forward to the land of promise, and traversed thousands of miles where the Greek heroes traveled hundreds. They went by ship and by wagon, on horseback and on foot, a mighty army, passing over mountains and deserts, enduring privations and sickness; they were the creators of a commonwealth, the builders of States.

Mr. STANFORD also engaged in mining operations and prospered in them and in his business to such an extent that in 1855 he purchased the business of his brothers in Sacramento. The same year he proceeded to the East and brought Mrs. Stanford to California and established his home in Sacramento.

Mr. STANFORD was now firmly established. The house in Sacramento soon ranked among the leading business estab-

lishments of California and the management of its affairs developed a capacity—heretofore untried—for dealing with large affairs.

It was not long before the political life of LELAND STANFORD began. The Republican party was organized in California in 1856; he was one of its founders in that State, and gave it his enthusiastic support. He was not at the first on the popular side. At the next election after the birth of the Republican party in California he was its candidate for State treasurer and was defeated.

In 1859 he was the candidate for governor, received 11,000 votes, and was again defeated. In 1860 he was a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention and was an earnest and influential advocate of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, with whom he formed a warm and lasting friendship. At the request of President Lincoln he remained in Washington several weeks after the inauguration. He enjoyed the confidence of President Lincoln, who frequently consulted him as to the surest methods of preserving the peace and loyalty of California and its adherence to the Union—a question then filled with doubt and which caused much anxiety to the President and his advisers.

Mr. STANFORD was again made the Republican candidate for governor in 1861, and after a bold, vigorous, and thorough canvass was elected, receiving 56,036 votes against 32,750 votes for Mr. McConnell, Administration Democrat, and 30,944 votes for Mr. Conness, Douglas Democrat. It was a critical period in both State and national affairs when LELAND STANFORD was inaugurated governor of California, but he was firm and politic and prevented the outbreak of any disturbance. During his term the militia was organized, the evils of squatterism abated, a State normal school established, and the indebtedness of the State reduced one-half. If LELAND STANFORD had

no other claim to remembrance, his services as war governor of California would cause his fame to be handed down to future ages.

The part taken by Mr. STANFORD in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad is better known than any other portion of his career. As a boy he had listened with interest to the conversations between his father and Mr. Whitney as to the possibility of the construction of a railroad to Oregon, and in after years kept himself informed on the subject and of articles relating to it which were published in the newspapers. During his voyage to California with Mrs. Stanford, who was sick, he said to her: "Never mind; a time will come when I will build a railroad for you to go home on." He did not originate the idea of a Pacific railroad—he executed it. In 1860 he heard of the examination which Theodore D. Judah, an engineer, had made of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to determine a practicable route for a railroad. Not long afterwards he had a conversation with C. P. Huntington, a hardware merchant of Sacramento, on the subject of a railroad from California to the East. Another meeting was held and a third, at which Mark Hopkins was present. The result of these conferences was a determination to look further into the feasibility of the project. Mr. Judah, an engineer of ability, energy, and intrepidity, and an enthusiastic believer in the possibility of building a railroad across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, was called into consultation. As the result of the information furnished by him and that obtained from others it was determined to send out Judah, with the necessary assistants, to make a preliminary survey, and a fund was raised for this purpose. This was the beginning of the great corporation. The men who started this mighty enterprise were all merchants of Sacramento, except Theodore D. Judah, the engineer. They were LELAND STANFORD, Collis P. Huntington, Charles

Crocker, Mark Hopkins, and James Bailey. The physical difficulties were considered by many engineers to be insurmountable; others thought that if the road could be built at all the cost would be so great that the necessary funds could never be secured; but great as were the physical difficulties the financial difficulties were not less appalling.

Incorporated in 1861 under the general law of the State of California as the Central Pacific Railroad Company, the project was still in a condition giving little hope of success until the passage by Congress of the act of July 1, 1862, entitled "An act to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and to secure to the Government the use of the same for postal, military, and other purposes." This act incorporated the Union Pacific Railroad Company and granted to it "for the purpose of aiding in the construction of said railroad and telegraph line, and to secure the safe and speedy transportation of the mails, troops, munitions of war, and public stores thereon," every alternate section of public land, designated by odd numbers, to the amount of five alternate sections per mile on each side of said road "not sold, reserved, or otherwise disposed of by the United States, and to which a preemption or homestead claim may not have attached at the time the line of said road is definitely fixed." Mineral land was exempted from the operation of the act. The Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to issue to the company, upon the completion and equipment of 40 consecutive miles of the railroad and telegraph, bonds of the United States, payable thirty years after date and bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, to the amount of $16,000 a mile, and at $32,000 and $48,000 a mile for certain sections through the mountains. These bonds were to constitute a first mortgage upon the property of the company.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company of California was

authorized to construct a railroad and telegraph line from the Pacific coast, at or near San Francisco or the navigable waters of the Sacramento River, to the eastern boundary of California upon the same terms and conditions in all respects as the Union Pacific Railroad Company. The Central Pacific Railroad Company was required to complete 50 miles of its road within two years after filing assent to the provisions of the act and 50 miles annually thereafter, and was authorized, after completing its road across California, to continue the construction of a railroad and telegraph line through the Territories of the United States to the Missouri River, or until it met and connected with the Union Pacific Railroad.

By act of July 2, 1864, these provisions were materially amended; the time for designating the general route, for filing map of the same, and of building the part of these roads first required to be constructed was extended one year; the Central Pacific was required to complete annually 25 instead of 50 miles and the whole line to the State line within four years. The land granted was increased from five to ten alternate sections within the limits of 20 instead of 10 miles on each side. It was provided that only one-half of the compensation for services rendered for the Government should be required to be applied to the payment of the bonds issued by the Government in aid of the construction of the road. When a section of 20 instead of 40 miles was completed bonds might be issued to the company. The provision for the withholding of a portion of the bonds authorized by the act of July 1, 1862, until the completion of the whole road was repealed. Special provision was made for the issue of bonds in advance of the completion of the sections in the regions of the mountains—the most costly and difficult part of the line. But the most important provision of the act was the one authorizing the company, on the completion of each section of its road, to issue its own

first-mortgage bonds to an amount not exceeding the bonds of the United States and making the bonds of the United States subordinate to the bonds of the company.

The work of construction was begun upon the Central Pacific Railroad January 8, 1863, when LELAND STANFORD, president of the company, turned the first shovelful of earth, and in May, 1869, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroad companies united at Promontory Point; and LELAND STANFORD drove the last spike in the line of railroad connecting the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans and binding together the eastern and the western sections of the country.

Space does not permit the recital of the difficulties that were met and overcome by the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad in carrying to completion their mighty undertaking. A just conception of the difficulties of a great enterprise can not be formed by one who considers it for the first time after it has been successfully accomplished. The lack of interest in communities that were to be benefited, the unwillingness of the financial leaders of California to invest in the enterprise, the opposition of hostile interests were never overcome; but with a courage that never faltered and an ability that rose equal to the difficulties as they presented themselves this quartette of wonderful men — STANFORD, Huntington, Crocker, Hopkins — persevered until they had conquered success. It was a gigantic enterprise managed by men of remarkable ability, the peculiar ability of one in a particular sphere of action supplementing the peculiar ability of another in another sphere and all working in harmony for the common purpose. From the beginning to the end, however, the master mind and the master will were those of LELAND STANFORD.

Upon the doubtful chance of success these men ventured the moderate fortunes which they possessed. LELAND STANFORD realized a colossal fortune, but with the attainment of

great wealth his labors did not cease. He continued to be the president of the company until 1885. The management of this great corporation and of the connecting lines which it acquired kept him constantly employed. In addition to the work of the railroad Mr. STANFORD had the care and direction of his extensive landed estates. He became the largest land owner in California. His home was on the Palo Alto estate of 7,200 acres, and he also owned the Gridley farm of 20,000 acres, and the great Vina ranch of 55,000 acres. These places he improved to such an extent that they became among the most valuable and productive tracts of land in the world.

Mr. STANFORD was very much interested in the development of the trotting horse, and owned the famous Electioneer, sire of many of the fastest horses in America, among them being Sunol, 2:08¼, and Palo Alto, 2:08¾.

The great sorrow of Mr. STANFORD'S life came in 1884, when his only child, Leland Stanford, jr., died. He was a youth of great promise and many attractive qualities, the idol of his father and of his mother. While traveling in Europe with his parents he was attacked with a fever and died at Florence, Italy, March 13, 1884, in the fifteenth year of his age. He died in the flower of youth, but his memory is perpetuated forever in the noble institution of learning which bears his name.

The Leland Stanford Junior University is situated upon the Palo Alto estate, in Santa Clara County, Cal., and is distant about 30 miles from San Francisco. November 11, 1885, LELAND STANFORD and Jane Lathrop Stanford, his wife, united in founding and endowing a university for both sexes to be called the Leland Stanford Junior University, to be located at Palo Alto. The estates granted included the Palo Alto farm, the Gridley farm, and the Vina farm, aggregating 83,000 acres of land. The total endowment of the university in land and money was estimated to be $20,000,000.

The university has for several years been in successful operation and is destined to become one of the foremost seats of learning in the world. In munificence of endowment it is unrivaled in the history of the world. In addition to its endowment fund it has a legacy of wise counsels from its founder. He enjoyed the uncommon privilege of living to witness the realization of the cherished idea of his old age and of seeing the university, the monument of the affection which he bore his son, take a place among the leading universities of the world. He saw it fully organized and equipped, its halls thronged with students, its reputation firmly established, its usefulness and its influences extending year by year. Who can measure the results of such a gift?

The Leland Stanford Junior University opened its doors in October, 1891, with over 500 students. There are in attendance the current year over 700.

From the inception of the idea of founding the university, through every stage of its development, and through every period of its operation, Mrs. Stanford has been the earnest, the enthusiastic, the helpful friend, and to her is committed the task, left in part uncompleted by her husband, of still further widening its influence and increasing its usefulness.

In 1885 Mr. STANFORD was elected a member of the Senate. He took his seat March 4, 1885, and was reelected for the term ending March 3, 1897. Mr. STANFORD was not very conspicuous in the debates in the Senate, though he took an active interest in the work of the body and was an influential member of a number of leading committees. His name will forever be associated with the Land-Loan bill, which he originated and presented to the Senate. His addresses on this measure have been quoted in works on political economy in every language of civilization. The bill proposed, in brief,

that money should be issued upon land to half the amount of its value, and for such loan the Government was to receive an annual interest of 2 per centum. Mr. STANFORD frequently stated that if the measure were adopted it would, in time, raise revenue enough to pay the entire expenses of the Government, and would thus take the tariff question out of politics entirely. It had no connection, however, with what is known as the Sub-Treasury plan, which proposed the issue of money to be loaned on perishable products.

The high estimates formed of the value of Mr. STANFORD'S services as a Senator are set forth in the appreciative addresses of his associates in Congress which are contained in this volume.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT PALO ALTO.

The funeral of LELAND STANFORD took place Saturday, June 25, 1893, at Palo Alto, Cal. The body lay in the room in which he died—a room in the second story of his late home—until a short time before the commencement of the ceremonies. Only a few of the most intimate friends of the family were admitted to the house.

The body had been placed in a black-covered casket and removed to the library of the dwelling, where it remained until half past 1 o'clock, when the funeral procession was formed. The pall-bearers and intimate friends of the deceased assembled at the house. The body was borne to the place of funeral by the eight engineers oldest in point of service in the Southern Pacific Company. Ranged along the pathway were the two hundred employés of the Palo Alto stock farm.

The funeral ceremonies were held in the open air in the quadrangle of the Leland Stanford Junior University buildings. At one end of the Spanish court was a platform upon which the casket rested during the services. Chairs and benches, part of the furniture of the university, were placed upon the asphaltum pavement in front of the platform for the accommodation of visitors.

Clinging to the sandstone walls and reaching to the tiles that roof the arcade were growing ivy and passion vines. The

collection of flowers was one such as probably has never been equaled on such an occasion. A van draped in white and laden with magnificent specimens of the floral wealth of California was taken to the quadrangle and ranged in front of the platform which served as a chancel. These offerings were from various societies and organizations with which Mr. STANFORD had been associated, and showed that sorrow for his death pervaded the whole community. There were offerings from the Loyal Legion, the Union League Club, and the Stanford Parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West, from the employés of the Southern Pacific Company at San Francisco, from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. "To Labor's Friend," "Our Friend," were the inscriptions on the gifts from these organizations. A floral horse was the offering of the employés of the Palo Alto stock farm. It was a likeness of a favorite mare of the dead Senator. Most wonderful and unique of all was the gift of the railroad employés. It was a locomotive and tender in flowers, fashioned to represent one of the first locomotives used on the Central Pacific Railway. Formed of roses and lilies and sweet peas and yellow pansies was the locomotive, and the tender of peas of darker hues, while yellow pansies represented the brasswork on the engine.

At the corners of the platform stood Norfolk Island pines, and in appropriate arrangement were white Easter lilies and sweet-pea blossoms and anemones and roses, red and white.

Amid such surroundings, in the open air, in the shadow of the university which he had so munificently endowed, the funeral services of LELAND STANFORD were held. The audience numbered thousands. Men known throughout the State were noticeable in the company assembled, men known by their prominence and success in politics, men who directed

departments of the great railroad of which LELAND STANFORD for nearly thirty years was president, men who were at the head of the professions, men who direct great commercial enterprises. Nor were the men who toil absent.

The casket containing the remains of the deceased was borne to the platform by pall-bearers selected in accordance with the wish expressed by Mr. STANFORD. They were the engineers of the Southern Pacific Company oldest in point of service. They were Sands Clark, C. W. Collins, George Collins, B. Kelly, W. M. Lacey, J. G. Ressinge, J. E. Saulpaugh, and William Scott. The honorary pall-bearers were Col. C. F. Crocker, Stephen T. Gage, N. T. Smith, W. W. Stow, A. N. Towne, David Starr Jordan (president Leland Stanford Junior University), Lloyd Tevis, W. W. Montague, Harry L. Dodge, Charles H. Cummings, Justice McFarland, Judge McKenna, Judge F. E. Spencer, B. F. Lieb, A. L. Tubbs, Dr. C. W. Breyfogle, Dr. W. H. Harkness, B. U. Steinman, Frank McCoppin, William E. Brown, and John F. Houghton.

Mrs. Stanford was escorted by her brother, Charles Lathrop, and was accompanied by H. C. Nash, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, ex-Senator and Mrs. Felton.

Senators White, of California, Dolph and Mitchell, of Oregon, had been appointed by the Vice-President, by telegraph, to attend the funeral as a committee of the Senate.

The casket was opened and thousands looked upon the face of the deceased.

The burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, bishop of the diocese of California, and the scriptural lesson by Rev. Robert C. Foute, D. D., rector of Grace Church, San Francisco. "I heard the voice of Jesus" was sung by the choir. Bishop Nichols read a prayer and Mrs. Maromer Campbell sang "O Sweet and Blessed Country."

Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., pastor of the First Unitarian Church, San Francisco, then delivered the following address:

Address of Dr. Stebbins.

DEAR FRIENDS, KIND NEIGHBORS, AND RESPECTED FELLOW-CITIZENS — BELOVED ALL! This great concourse of people, from all conditions of human life, gathered within these youthful walls of youthful learning, at an unaccustomed hour and in an unaccustomed place, attests that a conspicuous figure has been withdrawn from the earthly scene.

The occasion is not for eulogy nor biography. The events of his life, from the farm on which he was born, through early struggles to the splendors of worldly success, and the last, simple human scene in the dying chamber, are known to us all; and it would be impossible for eulogy, whatever eloquence it might employ, to strike a note of applause or sketch the scene of action in colors that would be new, or give new impulse to the general estimation in which he was held by his fellow men. For thirty years he has been the cynosure of all eyes — a particular star in the constellation of earthly success — and no voice of eloquence or power raised at his bier to-day would throw any new light on the scene or change the opinion of a single mind. It was Mr. STANFORD'S lot to stand at the focus of many contentions, and to be praised or blamed with that decision which is characteristic of interest or passion rather than of reason or intelligence. With these contentions and judgments, which time only can read aright from the imperfect records of good and evil, I am not concerned.

In every life, high or low, rich or poor, there is a track of light that reveals the inner idea, the momentum and gravitation of the man. Among mixed causes he obeys a final law like that in the universe of worlds that keeps the stars from wrong. Mr. STANFORD'S powers as a man consisted in

that combination of the common faculties of human nature that gives good sense and what is called long-headedness, united with sincere human sympathies. He came to the table-land of life among the terrible splendors of a new era of the country. His star was in the horizon. For him the earth turned, suns rose and set, winds blew, waters flowed, and the Nation's grief and weeping History opened wide the gate of opportunity. Opportunity!—the tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, carries on to fortune. No man can be rich by his own simple industry. Time, events, and circumstances must favor and take him under their great protection. The line between the man and his opportunity can be drawn by no hand but that in which all creatures live.

And here we come where we touch the very nerve and quick of a man's being. How does he behave in the kingdom of what he calls his own? How does he handle his property, which war, or famine, or a nation's glory helped him to win? Does he fling about his power as the chartered libertine of self-will or voluntarily abdicate in favor of a higher law? A truly noble being never uses power as power, but as increased responsibility. Here is the moral germ of all possession, which, by little and little putting forth its eternal strength, like a seed 'twixt blocks of granite, moves the foundations of the world, transforming the nature and power of property from age to age.

Mr. STANFORD'S reputation and influence will not rest on any public office that he ever held; neither on his having been a central figure, amid extraordinary circumstances, in founding one of the great corporate properties of the country; but on the use he made of that portion of the great property that belonged to him. That is the keynote of his character as it will go down to coming generations. It would be idle, of course, to contend that he was not influenced by the ordinary

motives of men or did not pursue the ordinary methods of business. But what effect did the ripening process of life and experience have on his mind in regard to his property? What was the final moral effect and outcome of it all?

The moral crisis in Mr. STANFORD'S life was the death of his son — fair boy, on whose counterfeit in yonder hall the youth of coming time shall look, and learn that 't was his translation that reared these walls and illumined these skies with intellectual light. That event o'erclouded Mr. STANFORD'S heart, and drew the sunbeams out of the day. But, strange paradox of human experience, darkness reveals light! And the conviction is borne home to every thoughtful heart that there must be light to make so deep a shade. *That* darkness was cleft by celestial beams, opening to his vision a wider day. The past, the present, and the future flashed on his mind, illumined his being, and the vision of the sacred lyrist dawned before him as he looked down the vista of the future:

> See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
> See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
> In crowding ranks on every side arise,
> Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

Mr. STANFORD conceived education as the theme of the world — the business of God. Education! A vague expression, often, in the common mind, but which, in its complete and inclusive sense, is that "process of the suns" by which God is leading forth mankind and enchurching His spirit in the mind and heart of the race. It was this alliance with the Eternal Will that fascinated his imagination and affections. In conversation with him I congratulated him on the fair promise and happy auspices of the young university. He replied: "We feel [he always used the plural, thus including that womanly heart from whose fountains his life had ever been refreshed] that we have

good ground for hope. We are very happy in our work. We do not feel that we are making great sacrifices. We feel that we are working with and for the Almighty Providence." For this I praise and honor him; and in honoring and praising him I praise and honor God, who so manifests Himself to the children of men. This is Mr. STANFORD'S name above all riches, and this his fame throughout all generations.

Dear lady, let me not intrude—but I should not be true to this occasion, nor to this great company, all whose hearts bear you up in kind sympathy and beseeching prayers, that you may be made strong to discharge the great responsibilities that rest upon you through him, did I not exhort you, in all love and gentleness, to take counsel of what you know to be his will, and of your own heart enlightened by that wisdom that cometh from above. Put on garments of praise, and let a song of reverent joy rise from all your sorrows.

Bearers—men of iron hands and iron hearts!—gentle down your strength a little as you bear his body forth—'t is a man ye bear—and lay it softly in its last, strong resting place.

> Such honors Ilium to her hero paid;
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

The services ended with the singing of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light."

The casket was then borne by the veteran engineers to the mausoleum which Mr. STANFORD had erected and in which are three tombs, one for himself, one for his wife, one for his son whose remains were removed from a temporary tomb and placed by the side of those of his father a few days after the latter's interment. Wide open stood the great bronze doors of the mausoleum and in front of them the casket was placed. The choir sang softly "Abide With Me," and Bishop Nichols read the part of the service appointed to be read at the grave.

The benediction was said, the casket was carried into the granite mausoleum, and the bronze doors of the tomb closed on all that was mortal of LELAND STANFORD.

To the inscription on the marble slab on the tomb the date was added:

LELAND STANFORD PASSED INTO IMMORTALITY

June 20, 1893.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

MONDAY, *August 7, 1893.*

The Senate having met in pursuance of the proclamation of the President requiring the convening of Congress, and necessary business relating to organization having been transacted, the following announcement was made:

THE DEATH OF SENATOR STANFORD.

Mr. WHITE, of California. Mr. President, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the Senate the death of my late colleague, LELAND STANFORD. I shall hereafter request the Senate to set apart a day for such remarks with reference to his memory as may be deemed proper. At present I shall content myself with moving that, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, August 8, 1893, at 12 o'clock m.

EULOGIES.

SATURDAY, *September 16, 1893.*

The Senate met at 12 o'clock m.

The Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Eternal God, as we are gathered to commemorate the life and services of a late Senator upon this floor whose noble gift for education marks an era in the history of beneficence, we pray that the influence of his illustrious example upon the people of our whole country may lead them to cease piling great masses of idle and useless stones as monuments of the famous and lamented dead, but convert them into houses of use and service for the benefit of mankind, and thus for the honor and glory of God.

Comfort and console the bereaved widow, and grant her length of days and fullness of health and strength to complete the organization and endowment of the university, that it may stand to the latest times a monument to her husband, herself, and their beloved son, thus working from age to age benevolence, and education, and ennobling example. We pray through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

Mr. WHITE, of California. Mr. President, I desire to offer resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of LELAND STANFORD, late a Senator from the State of California.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended, that his associates may be enabled to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHITE OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Another member of this body has passed from among us, his term of office not accomplished. It is meet that we who have been his associates should record our sorrow and pay fitting tributes of respect to his memory. I shall not enter upon an examination of the life and services of the late LELAND STANFORD. I am apprised that other Senators, long his companions here and elsewhere, desire to signalize their regard by a review of his career. It may not be amiss, however, for me to contribute a brief expression.

Senator STANFORD was thoroughly identified with the interests of California. His relations to that State and to her progress will be fully detailed by my able colleague and others who are to follow me. He was not only twice elected to the Senate of the United States by the California legislature, but he was also chosen by the people to the high station of governor. He was thus honored at a time when it was necessary that strong and wise counsel should prevail, and the history of our Commonwealth discloses that Governor STANFORD was

not only loyal, but that his policy was such as to win the applause of all well-disposed men, regardless of party affiliation. He had faith in the American Union, and conducted his administration in accordance with his belief. In the pursuit of the objects which he desired to attain, Senator STANFORD was diligent, painstaking, and unremitting.

His successes were due, I think, largely to his determination to win the object of his aspiration. His firmness did not beget arrogance, and the possession of wealth did not impair in the slightest degree his kindly characteristics. The leading part which he took in constructing a transcontinental railroad system and in carrying on the vast interests connected with railroad corporations on the Pacific coast is fully known and needs no elaboration or extended presentation. The crowning effort of his life—strikingly at variance with the conduct of the average millionaire—was the contribution of his means to the cause of education. While many doubted his ability, as they doubted the ability of any individual, to sustain the stupendous burden which he undertook at Palo Alto, matters have so progressed as to justify the conclusion that he and his estimable wife did not overestimate their capabilities. This bestowal of his fortune demonstrated Mr. STANFORD'S philanthropy.

The plan which he outlined for the practical teaching of the youth of his country proved that he appreciated the necessities of his fellows. Owing to the impossibility of overcoming the intervening distance, I was the only representative of the Senate at his interment. While participating in the impressive ceremonies which there took place I soon observed that, although there were no invitations issued, there were in attendance a vast number of the older citizens of California—a remarkable representation of the pioneer element. Many of those who had passed through the storms of more than one

third of a century and who had participated in the active contentions of early California life stood by the bier with moistened eye. Some of them had differed from Senator STANFORD in politics and some had opposed him in other respects, but all were emphatic that he was a man whose heart was no less reliable than his brain. If the expressions of these most competent witnesses could have been perpetuated, they would have constituted a far more eloquent tribute to his memory than anything which will be uttered in this Chamber. He was laid to rest in that beautiful principality, bewildering in its charms, which he had selected for his home.

Senator STANFORD was not without his trials. The loss of the son whose name the university carries was a blow that a less determined organization would have failed to resist; and while in this Chamber those who were associated with him utter words of regretful sentiment, let it not be forgotten that his companion and truest friend, the partner of his cares and his oys, still survives; that upon her shoulders is cast the burden of carrying out the great projects which she and her husband designed, and to which they consecrated their later years. That she has the power, and that she will realize their anticipations, no one who is acquainted with her or at all familiar with her attainments for a moment doubts. I know that the sincere and undivided condolence of this Chamber goes out to her, and she can rest in assured possession of the sympathy and good will of her countrymen.

Senator STANFORD'S death was not altogether unexpected. His once robust constitution yielded to the pressure of business and time. His transition to another world is but an additional notice to us all suggesting the inevitable.

As the amber of the clouds
  Changes into silver gray,
So the light of every life
  Fades at last from earth away.

ADDRESS OF MR. DOLPH, OF OREGON.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The history of this country affords many examples of brilliant success in every branch of human endeavor; biographies of those who from humble beginnings, unfavorable surroundings, and adverse circumstances have arisen by force of their native powers, their self-reliance, and patient industry to the most exalted positions, to the control of great industrial establishments, to the highest usefulness and distinction in science, art, and literature. Among all these examples, which show the possibilities of the American youth under our form of government and our industrial and educational systems, there is probably not a more conspicuous example than that of the late Senator STANFORD, and there have been few men in this country the story of whose lives truthfully written would be more fascinating.

Like myself he was born and reared upon a farm in the State of New York. In labor upon a farm he laid the foundation of bodily vigor, acquired habits of industry, and learned the value of money; and in the district school he laid the foundation of an education. His advantages were not superior to those of thousands of other boys of his age. The difference in their careers was not caused by their early advantages or training or their opportunities, but by the difference in themselves. To Senator STANFORD'S ambition, his moral character, his good judgment, his enterprise, energy, and industry must be mainly attributed his success. Like many ambitious young men, as a stepping-stone to something else he taught a country school. Knowing that the legal profession had often proved a means of political preferment and a road to wealth, he read law and was admitted to the bar.

When gold was discovered in California and the great rush to the New Eldorado began, Mr. STANFORD joined the immigration to that State to seek his fortune there. It is unnecessary to trace his career in his new home step by step. The qualities which had before enabled him to steadily advance toward fortune and position enabled him to embrace the better advantages offering there. They also attracted the attention and commanded the respect of the practical and enterprising pioneers of the new State, and his nomination and election as governor of the State naturally followed.

Neither Mr. STANFORD nor his associates were the first to propose a transcontinental railroad. What others had dreamed of they undertook and accomplished. It was an undertaking which by its magnitude appalled more timid men. The enterprise proved to be a great success. The faith and courage of its promoters were rewarded and the foundations of great fortunes laid.

The wealth thus acquired made the subsequent career of Mr. STANFORD possible, enabled him to promote and control great enterprises for the development of his State, to liberally patronize the arts and sciences, to scatter broadcast the blessings of charity, and to accomplish the last crowning act of his life, the founding and endowment of the great university that bears the name of his deceased son. His knowledge of the value and use of money, and his power of rightly judging men and measures were largely acquired by his early experiences and struggles, and were the efficient means which enabled him to accumulate his great wealth. It would be idle to deny that unusual opportunities were opened up to him, which enabled him to reach the topmost round of success, but too much of the results of his life should not be attributed to his opportunities. Some men seek out and create opportunities. Senator STANFORD did so.

He carved out for himself a place which any man might envy. At a time when it required courage and enterprise to cross a continent through a wilderness and desert, encountering hardships and dangers, he left the civilization of the older States and cast his lot with the pioneers of the Pacific coast. In that new country, where the foundations of civilization and of a great State were being laid, his good judgment, his enterprise, his interest in his fellow-men and in public affairs soon made his presence felt and enabled him to greatly aid in the establishment of organized society.

In the important position of governor the same qualities which had brought him to the front and made him a leader of men made his administration successful and enabled him to embrace the opportunities offered for the development of his State and the advancement of his private fortune. No one but a self-reliant, enterprising, public-spirited man would have ventured upon the great and hazardous undertaking of constructing a railroad across a continent, over almost impassable mountains, and through trackless deserts. The success of the great enterprise justified the expectations of its promoters and proved the soundness of their judgment.

But it is not the fact that Mr. STANFORD was governor of California during the war of the rebellion and saved his State to the Union, or that he was one of the promoters of the great corporation which built the pioneer railroad across the continent and bound together the Atlantic and Pacific with bands of steel, or that the people of California twice honored him with an election to the United States Senate, that makes his name to-day a household word and causes his praise to be on every tongue, and that will perpetuate his memory through coming years. It is the fact that he came to fully recognize the claims of humanity upon those endowed with great wealth and to regard his wealth as a trust, to be managed and used

for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men. His character was like that described by Shakespeare when he wrote:

> For his bounty
> There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
> That grew the more by reaping.

The calls upon him for aid to religious, educational, and charitable institutions and to individuals were so numerous and constant that it is not improbable that sometimes his liberality was imposed upon and his benevolence misapplied, but in the main his charities were bestowed worthily and with good judgment.

Of his career in this body I need not speak at length. He was never intrusive or self-asserting. He was willing to leave the work of the Senate mainly to other and younger hands. Although largely occupied with other cares and duties, and especially with the plan for his great university, and afflicted with bodily infirmities, the interests of his State in Congress were never neglected. His counsel was always valuable, and his kindness of heart, his benevolence, and his love for humanity, which was manifested in all he said and did, made his presence among us a blessing. Coming to the Senate at an advanced age, without previous experience in legislative bodies, with other great cares and responsibilities, and with enfeebled health, he did not assert himself or take that commanding position in the Senate which he would naturally have done if he had entered that body at an earlier period in his life and when in the full vigor of manhood.

Confessedly, the idea of founding and endowing a great university grew out of his great bereavement in the loss of his only son. The stricken parents appear to have transferred the solicitude, time, and labor which had before been given to the promising object of their affections to humanity.

The declaration of Senator and Mrs. STANFORD, made while

their hearts were still freshly bleeding on account of their great affliction, that "the children of California shall be our children," was almost sublime.

How grandly was this declaration made good. How better could the children of California—yea, the children of the entire Union, of this generation and generations to come—have been made the beneficiaries of his great wealth than by the founding and munificent endowment of a great university, at which the children of the poor as well as those of the rich might have an opportunity to secure such an education as is usually only within the reach of the wealthy, a university which is destined to be enduring and to exert an incalculable influence for good upon the future of this country.

Senator STANFORD devoted his time and his strength to the last to the great scheme of his life. With failing strength, with increasing infirmities, with the evident consciousness that the closing scene of earth for him could not be far distant, with serenity, with patient, painstaking industry, the whole plan and all the details of the great university were constantly in his mind and received his personal attention. His great desire was to leave the great undertaking in as advanced a condition as possible.

To the casual observer it would appear as if Senator STANFORD'S early dreams had become realities, his hopes had reached fruition, and his ambitions had been gratified, and yet all of us know how little he prized worldly possessions, worldly honors, and worldly successes. How, when the idol of life, his promising and beautiful boy, was taken from him and his fondest earthly hopes perished, all his possessions became to him like apples of Sodom.

The career of our late associate is not only an example worthy of emulation by American youth, but worthy to be followed by those whom fortune has blessed with wealth.

Men with large wealth have comparatively large duties. Happy is the man blessed with great wealth who recognizes his responsibility to God and his moral obligations to his fellow-men and who embraces the opportunites presenting themselves to discharge those obligations. In the great effort to alleviate human suffering, to educate and elevate the race, to advance moral reforms, to make the masses comfortable, intelligent, virtuous, and independent, the wealthy are rightly expected to lead. It is a blessed as well as solemn thing to possess more power for good than other men, and fortunate is the man possessing an abundance of that which is calculated to minister to the weal of the race who welcomes and embraces opportunities to bless mankind.

The duty of benevolence, however, is not confined to the rich. The less favored by fortune have responsibilities and duties in proportion to their means. The poor may dispense charity as well as the rich. The giving of silver and gold alone does not constitute charity. The kind interest, the words of sympathy and encouragement which always accompanied Senator STANFORD'S gifts were more grateful than the gold itself. All can contribute something to make the world better and mankind happier.

> A nameless man, among a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
> Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;
> A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath,
> It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death.

With wealth which could command everything which human heart could desire, and which enabled him to scatter blessings as flowers scatter fragrance; full of honors, representing the great State of California for a second term in the United States Senate; engaged in carrying out the crowning act of his life for the benefit of his fellow-men, our brother was transported, probably in an instant, from the scenes of his earthly posses-

sions and activities to the spirit world. Happy those who, like him we mourn, are content to tread the path of duty and do faithfully and well the work their hands find to do in this world, and, trusting to a merciful Creator for the next, wait the end with serene hope and confidence.

The realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which the sun sinks, and, sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-track which had darkly besieged his day.

By the death of our brother we are again reminded of the unalterable decree which dooms all flesh to the grave. We are compelled to pause amid the rush of worldly pursuits and the clash of worldly controversies to consider the end of man. We behold everywhere about us the succession of birth, life, and death. Nature tells of no escape from the inevitable law of our being, and affords no ground for hope for the future.

Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitudes that throng the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

If it were not for the hope that is inspired by revelation of a resurrection and future life, how desolate and gloomy would be the grave, how empty and fruitless would human life appear.

Our departed brother was a Christian man. His faith was simple and unfaltering and was the mainspring of his philanthropy. Religion was a common and favorite theme with him. He regarded God as a merciful father and mankind as a great brotherhood. His gifts to aid Christian institutions and Christian efforts were numerous and princely. He died in a firm belief that he should awaken in the spirit land to behold his God and embrace his loved ones gone before. Happy indeed

is the possessor of such faith—a faith which enables him to say with the poet:

> There is no death! But angel forms
> Walk o'er the earth with silent tread;
> They bear our best-loved things away,
> And then we call them "dead."

Our brother has gone from us forever. He will have no further part in all that is done under the sun. He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, near the great institution he so liberally endowed. The great scheme that absorbed his energies in later years will be carried on by others.

Thousands of young men in coming years, aided by his wise benevolence, will there equip themselves for life's duties, and his benevolence, through them, will be transmitted to later generations. The students in after years enjoying the fruits of his liberality will stand with reverence at his tomb and repeat his praises. The fruitful vineyards and orchards at Palo Alto will bud, blossom, and yield their fruitage; the flowers will come in the springtime to scatter their fragrance; generations will come and go; time will change the very face of nature; but nothing will disturb his repose. He has solved the great mystery of life and death.

Though dead, his works live after him, and will live and exert their influence for good to the latest generations.

ADDRESS OF MR. PEFFER, OF KANSAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My earliest information concerning the man LELAND STANFORD came through the public press in the way of news reporting the operation of great business enterprises in which he was engaged in regions bordering on the Pacific Ocean.

It was at a time when the transportation system of the country was developing with wonderful progress and other strong minds in other sections were building and managing other great railway lines. These skillful carriers in a few years constructed the most stupendous traffic connections ever known among men. Mr. STANFORD was recognized as the peer of any among these master builders. His standing was attested not only by his work as a carrier, but as well by his growth in personal fortune and by his prudent management of a large private business.

In that view of him I regarded him simply as one among many strong men seeking wealth and the power and influence which comes with success.

If there were no object other or better than the gratification of avarice, the accumulation of riches is a most ignoble pursuit, and we can not tell what motives impel men to action until we see what disposition they make of their opportunities. It was then too soon to measure the full stature of this man.

Early in the year 1890 I saw him in another and a wider field, acting on a higher plane, where there was more room for the play of his intellectual powers. He was a member of the American Senate, charged with the responsibilities of legislation for a mighty people. Having begun in private life devising means for the distribution of movable property — the products of labor — among the people in different places, nothing was more natural or logical than that when he entered public life he should begin a study of means for the diffusion of the values of labor's work. As in his private capacity he had builded great traffic lines to carry property long distances, so when he entered the field of politics he saw the need of improved and enlarged facilities for the easy and quick exchanges of the value of property through a more general and less expensive means of passing from hand what the people agree in their laws shall represent values.

It was in this grand work that I saw him the second time—not by physical sight, but through the eyes of the press. He introduced a bill in the Senate to increase the circulating medium and to afford money to borrowers at low rates of interest. From his own experience and from his observations among men, he saw that through the destroying power of usury the profits of labor were being rapidly absorbed by comparatively a few persons, and he saw also that this process must be arrested if we would preserve our liberties and perpetuate the Republic. As a plain business proposition he saw that there was but one reasonable way to effect that result, and he presented his plan to the country in a short speech in this Chamber advocating his land-loan bill.

My personal acquaintance with him began after I became a member of this body, and it soon ripened into a friendship which I am pleased to state in this presence waxed warmer and stronger as it grew older.

As the years of his life passed behind him and as the shadows of evening began to gather about him his sympathy with the poor and toiling masses of his fellow-men grew stronger and stronger, until it became a ruling passion, and here is where he rose to the full stature of a noble man. Having amassed a vast fortune, his real estate embracing over 80,000 acres of choice California lands, being in receipt of a large annual income, he was moved to devise means whereby others beside himself, and those who most need assistance, should share with him his good fortune.

And, what is more and better, his plan involved the operation of good influences moving out through the education of young men and women whose early training, traditions, and troubles would probably always keep them close to the common people. The Stanford University will send out among the people evangels of good will, sowing that others may reap.

And here, Mr. President, is where we see the best, the noblest, the grandest work of LELAND STANFORD. He went down to the grave honored by his fellow-citizens because in private life and in public station he had been capable, faithful, and true. But the brightest gems his memory wears are the prayers and tears of the poor whose lives his kindness made happier and brighter.

And to the woman who knew him best and loved him most, let me say that there is no higher plane for her sex, no more fruitful ambition, no riper field for action than to be the life partner and the coworker of a man that is doing good to his fellow-men. Mrs. Stanford, in the darkness of her sorrow, enjoys the sympathy of millions who would gladly bear her burdens. May the evening of her life be brightened by rays from the other shore, where the morning of a new day awaits her coming.

ADDRESS OF MR. MITCHELL, OF OREGON.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is not my purpose to attempt any extended eulogium over the late distinguished Senator. To do that would require a carefully prepared statement of his life from birth to death, from humble poverty to that of vast wealth, from jovial schoolboy days to unusual triumphs as a financier, statesman, philanthropist. All this belongs properly to the historian, not to us here or now.

In justice, therefore, to the name and memory of the distinguished dead, I must not attempt at this time to do more than add a word of tribute to that which has been already so well said to the memory of our late distinguished colleague and friend; one highly esteemed and loved by all, and whose name and the remembrance of whose genial, courteous nature and kindly acts, whose record as a statesman and philanthropist,

will live as a part of the history of America, so long as that history shall endure among the annals of time.

The history of the life of LELAND STANFORD, late a Senator from the State of California, is pregnant with lessons of instruction, filled with food for meditation. It presents a conspicuous exemplification of that phenomenal success in different spheres of life — social, business, political — the attainment of which is possible by every American youth possessed of intelligence, industry, and integrity.

LELAND STANFORD, we are told, was a farmer's son. He was not a product of the city. He was reared on a farm. Nor did he, although of excellent lineage, ever claim any part of his success in life as due to ancestral distinction.

In his youth and early manhood he breathed the pure air of country life. His early habits were formed under the benign influence, and his character molded under the beneficent direction, of poor but intelligent parents, whose lives in the country regions of New York spoke but one language, that of humble deportment, genuine integrity, a spirit of energy and philanthropic development, and absolute fidelity to every public and private trust.

It is from beginnings such as these that have sprung the master minds which have left their impress on the pages of our nation's history, as statesmen, military heroes, financiers, scientists, philanthropists, and as great leaders in every department of life. To such an ancestry, to such an education in early life, could LELAND STANFORD look back with an enthusiasm of pardonable pride, but never more so in all the magnificent successes which attended him in his eminently successful life, in what may properly be termed his triumphant career as a financier and statesman, than when he had reached the acme of that career. Then, doubtless, more than ever before his mind reverted with conscious pride to his humble

home, his primitive country life, where, amid the perfumes of the wild flowers and the songs of the babbling brooks of his country home in the green fields of the beautiful Mohawk, he spent his boyhood days.

To no titled ancestry, to no long line of hereditary heroes, was our late distinguished colleague compelled to trace his lineage or attribute the credit of his remarkable successes. He was an American. To this alone, coupled with unusual intellectual attainments, his integrity, his industry, his organizing power, is he indebted to the fame that is his, and that will be his, perpetuated through his magnificent benefactions, while the State and the country in which he lived and of which he was a conspicuous part continue to endure.

It is not that LELAND STANFORD was possessed of great wealth that he was commended while living to the kindly consideration of his fellow-men, nor for this reason is it that his name and memory are now embalmed in the affections of his countrymen. Great wealth concentrated in one individual is a mighty power, either for good or evil. In some men, as with Senator STANFORD, it develops all those grand elements of human nature the influence of which brought into active operation diffuses benefactions in all directions, while in others it transforms its possessor into a miser, whom one lexicographer characterizes as "one who is wretched through covetousness; one who lives miserably through fear of poverty and hoards beyond a prudent economy; a person excessively penurious;" and another, as "a man who enslaves himself to his money."

It is due to the memory of the distinguished dead to state that as he increased in wealth and advanced in years his mind seemed constantly occupied in contriving how he could, either through the instrumentality of the great means he possessed or in his position as Senator, benefit the weak, the poor, the

lowly. He did not aspire to perpetuate his name by erecting useless mausoleums of brick, or stone, or marble commemorative of some mere sentiment, or link it with those of the rich, the great, the powerful. On the contrary, the rising generation, the youth of the land, the great masses of the "plain people," who constitute the toiling millions of our country, had his first and best thought, and to the promotion and preservation of their best interests he dedicated his intellectual powers, as also millions of his wealth.

Whatever may be thought by some of the practical utility of his financial scheme, which he so earnestly and ably advocated and which was approved by millions of his countrymen, for the loaning of money by the United States direct to the people at a low rate of interest, taking mortgages on farms as security, all will now agree it indicated in unmistakable terms a philanthropic spirit, an earnest desire to aid, through the instrumentality of what he regarded as constitutional and proper governmental influence, not the great moneyed institutions of the country, not the vast corporations of the land, with several of which he was prominently identified in a business way, but rather the great masses of producers, the farmers, the planters, and the wage-workers of the country. In his capacity as Senator, legislation having for its purpose the minimizing of illiteracy, the promotion of the education of the rising generation, the advancement of our people to a higher degree of intelligence, received his constant, earnest, and efficient support. He was an ardent advocate of national aid in the establishment and support of common schools. He believed with Lord Kames, who, in his "Elements of Criticisms," said:

> In the first seven years of our life we acquire a greater number of ideas than ever after.

And with another celebrated philosopher, who declared that—

> The education a child receives in the first five years of its life is of more importance than all after education and has more influence in forming the child's character.

He was, moreover, the promoter and able advocate of legislation having for its purpose the organization of cooperative associations, the main purpose of which was to enable those who had but little capital and could control but little to reap, through such cooperative organizations, the legitimate benefits and honest fruits which naturally flow from aggregated capital properly employed.

Although prominently identified with several corporations carrying millions of capital and the interests of which were liable at times to be materially advanced by pending national legislation, the truth of history requires it to be said that in the legislative career of Senator STANFORD in the Senate of the United States never once was his voice raised in advocacy of any such legislation, and to no vote of his can be attributed any aid to legislation of that character.

Senator STANFORD was in disposition and character exceptionally modest, reserved, retiring. His great wealth, his prominence in connection with those great enterprises of physical development, the transcontinental railroads, the magnitude and national effect of which commanded the admiration of the world, instead of clothing him with a haughty and aristocratic air, seemed to stimulate within him those elements of true manhood which, under all conditions and at all times, recognize real personal integrity and worth as the touchstone of true merit, irrespective of all considerations of wealth on the one hand or poverty on the other.

In private conversation Senator STANFORD was most interesting, attractive, and instructive. Thoroughly versed in

historic literature, with a philosophic turn of mind, a heart whose kindly influence ever found expression in every word and look and act, one never returned from an evening spent in the company of that exceptionally good man, as I have for many years believed him to be, without a feeling that it was an evening spent in such manner that one was wiser and better for it.

The people of the great West—of that vast region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the waters of the Pacific, with all its present elements of greatness and power, and unspeakable possibilities as to the future—have much reason to sincerely deplore, as they do sincerely mourn, the death of LELAND STANFORD. To him and his business associates do we feel indebted in a large degree for that physical development of our country which has brought us into close social and business connection with the civilization of the East, and made us more nearly and directly a constituent part of the grand civilization of the American Republic, which to-day commands the respect and admiration of mankind. Through the forceful enterprise of LELAND STANFORD and his associates the great mineral deposits of those distant regions, which have added thousands of millions of gold and silver to the national wealth, to say nothing of other great industries of that magnificent region, have been developed.

The grand old poet Horace, in his vanity, proclaimed his own greatness and the perpetuation of his name by his works when he said:

> I've reared a monument, my own, more durable than brass,
> Yea, kingly pyramids of stone in height it doth surpass.
> Rains shall not fall nor storms descend to sap its settled base,
> Nor countless ages rolling past, its symmetry deface.

But, Mr. President, what are the benefactions which posterity has reaped from the monument reared by Horace centuries

ago, and to which he so beautifully attracted the attention of mankind, and the glories of which have been perpetuated by his own eulogy, to those conferred on posterity by the munificence of our distinguished dead at Palo Alto? There, by a gift unequaled in its munificence by that of any philanthropist that ever lived in America or in the world, have been laid the foundations and erected the stately columns, and endowed with all the professorships and paraphernalia properly pertaining to it, an institution of learning, a grand university, on a scale far excelling any other, that will forever hand down to the remotest generations not only the names of LELAND STANFORD and his beloved, talented, and philanthropic wife, but also that of his only and idolized son, Leland Stanford, jr., whose name the great university bears.

What, Mr. President, can I say in addition to what has already been said to indicate my estimate of the character of our late distinguished colleague? He was a man of kind and generous heart. He was far above the average in those grand qualities which go to make up a man of affairs. He was conspicuous as a leader and organizer of men in the mighty march of material development of the far West and in the onward progress of the civilization of the age in which we live. He asserted himself as a master mind in the legislation of his time—both State and national. As governor of his State during the exciting and troublous period of the war, as Senator in the United States Senate from the great State of California, as financier and philanthropist, his record is meritorious in the highest degree, wholly free from blot or blemish, and absolutely unassailable in any respect whatever. His name is prominently coupled and will forever remain with the construction of the first transcontinental railroad of the country, which connected the civilization of the East with that

of the West. Indeed, he was one of the promoters and builders of that great enterprise.

And, Mr. President, while we here to-day commemorate the virtues of and pay tribute to the memory of our late distinguished colleague, our personal friend, let us not forget the widow in her desolation. Far away on the shores of the Pacific, surrounded, it is true, by all the comforts and luxuries which wealth and social distinction can bring, sits to-day in her widow's weeds, in gloomy solitude, overwhelmed with a sorrow that can not be measured by either tongue or pen, the once happy bride of forty-three years ago, now the disconsolate widow of three months ago.

First came the remorseless reaper, and beneath the sunny skies of Italy, far away from home, snatched from loving parents the sole child, the idolized son on whom so many high hopes, the outgrowth of parental solicitude, were centered, and, without request or consent, bore him away to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns;" and then, scarce before the darkening shadows of this inexpressible grief had lifted their gloom from the home life of our distinguished friend and his faithful companion, the remorseless enemy with stealthy tread again returns with seeming determination to assert in unmistakable terms within that household the primacy and power of that supreme intelligence which controls the affairs and determines the destinies of men, and in the silent hours of night, with no word of warning, closes forever the eyes of our late colleague, the loving husband of a wife already overwhelmed with sorrow. To that widow to-day in her deep sorrow goes out the sympathy of the Senate of the United States. We want her to understand, to fully realize, we do not fail to comprehend the depths of her grief, and that our sympathy for her in her great affliction is heartfelt and sincere.

We wish her to know that we, with her, believe that beyond this vale of tears, when the sorrows and griefs of parting in this life shall forever fade away, that in the eternal and perfect home of the Elysian fields, in that "undiscovered country" upon whose hidden shores the eyes of mortal man have never yet rested, there will in the dawning future be a reunion of kindred spirits, a joyful, gladsome meeting of father, mother, husband, wife, child, and that such reunion, in the grand economy of the Great Architect of the Universe, will be but the beginning of a life of eternal joy.

ADDRESS OF MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The late Senator LELAND STANFORD, of California, was a great man, and one of the most remarkable characters that this country has produced. His career was on a gigantic scale, like the natural features of our imperial domain, and like the mighty facts of our marvelous history.

His story from the time he went to the West, an adventurous young man seeking his fortune, to the time when he became a great railroad builder, governor, Senator, and a very Crœsus in possessions, reads like an Arabian tale "in the golden prime of good Haroun Al Raschid."

There was nothing small about him. Of massive frame, massive head, and massive mind, he was also a man of great heart. And great and beneficent works remain as his enduring monuments. Like George Peabody and W. W. Corcoran, he was a philanthropist. To give was to him a joy—to give quickly, to give often, and to give much. "The Lord," we are told, "loveth a cheerful giver," and such was LELAND STANFORD of California.

Senator STANFORD deserves the name of patriot. He was the governor of California during the most strained and excited period of its history — the civil war. In his conduct of that office he exhibited his breadth of mind and demonstrated that breadth of mind can never be separated from breadth of heart. Instead of harshness and severity, he applied to the disturbed conditions of public sentiment, arising from conflicting views, the ameliorating influences of moderation, kindness, and friendly counsel. He brought men together who were indulging in vehement and inflammatory utterances. He pointed out to them that they could accomplish no good by a querulous and incendiary course; that if they became bitter and venomous toward each other they would be no nearer the accomplishment of their ends, but would poison the society of the State for many years to come. And he succeeded by his firm, temperate, and generous course in abating the miseries of internecine strife and preserved his people in the harmonies of friendship.

Senator STANFORD was a firm and strong Republican. He was one of the pioneers of the Republican party. He believed in its doctrines, he had faith in its mission, and he seemed to to me to love his party with a sort of ideal affection. Yet this enthusiasm for party creeds and party leaders found no expression in harshness, hatred, or narrowness of opinion or action. He would differ from his party when he thought the occasion justified it, both as to measures and as to men. He did not look upon his opponents as enemies. He appreciated the genius of their action and the influences of their invironments and education. He knew they were as sincere as he was; he acknowledged their rights to differ with him and his, and he always retained their respect and confidence.

Senator STANFORD was not sectional in his feelings. However much he was imbued with the ideas of the North, in which he

was born, and with the ideas of the West, of which he became the adopted son, he really felt toward all the people of this land as if they were his countrymen, entitled to his consideration and to his friendly interests in their behalf. I have often heard him talk about the social problems which we have before us, the problems of labor, and money, and transportation, and especially of the race problem, of which he saw much in California, and of which he knew much as it affects the South.

I think he understood the Southern situation as well as any man could who has never lived in that section. I think he sympathized with the delicate conditions there to be dealt with as much as any man could who was not one of the vicinage, and I know that it was his earnest hope and desire that time and nature, the great healers of wounds and the great builders of things that last, might be left to work out the problem that the Southern people have to contend with. Especially was he distressed at the idea of rude measures being adopted. He knew that the conception of them sprung from irritated minds and from misconceptions of possibilities. He knew that they would result in intensifying the evils which they would vainly seek to correct. He knew that in the social constitution, as in the physical constitution, of man, there are diseases and perturbations which no physician can reach, either with compounded medicines or with the touch of surgical instrument, and that rest and nutrition and cheerful words are often the only remedial agents.

Senator STANFORD'S mind was of a very peculiar order, and his experiences so different from that of the ordinary man that his conversation was singularly striking and interesting. He loved to relate reminiscences of his early history and his observations of men and things in different parts of the world. He was a most acute observer of men and affairs and a great lover and student of nature. Geological formations of the

earth attracted his attention, and he would quickly observe indications and features which an ordinary man would pass by unnoticed. He knew all the trees in the parks around Washington. He could tell them from the bark or leaf, and he knew the qualities and uses of the woods which they produced. He watched the courses of the birds and the habits of animals, and, indeed, the philosophy of his life seemed to me to be gathered more directly from nature than that of any man I have ever known.

While he was college bred and had the general information that comes from the perusal of current literature, he did not rely so much upon books as upon observation and experience. He was not a severe student of constitutions or statutes, but whatever question arose he seemed to grasp it in its relation to men and things and to construe it upon lines of thought connected with the development of affairs and the betterment of conditions.

He was a great believer in education, and it was the frequent subject of his conversational dissertation. It is related that when he contemplated the establishment of Stanford University that he and his wife together visited a distinguished college president in New England and asked what amount it would take to endow such a great institution as he described to him. After studying over the matter the college president answered, "About five millions of dollars." He turned to his wife, standing by, and remarked simply, "Don't you think we had better make it ten millions, my dear?"

He had an inventive and creative intellect. He was the originator of the use of the cable in street-car transportation in San Francisco, and invented the grip first employed to communicate the force of the cable. I have heard that he was also the inventor of the sand-blast, a process by which carv-

ings in stone are quickly made without the use of the chisel. The idea of it occurred to him from noticing how the twig of a tree, sheltering a stone from sands blown against it by the winds left its projected shape upon the stone behind it; and he conceived from this observation the use of the sand-blast in art, fashioning the plan on the workings of nature.

He also originated the use of the instantaneous photograph, employing it to ascertain the exact movement of the horse in action, and deducing from its observations principles which he applied in the breeding of horses on his stock farm.

Senator STANFORD was a wonderfully successful man. He seemed to possess the successful temperament. He foresaw the movements of population, the trend in the growth of cities, the great possibilities of uninhabited territory, and he applied his knowledge in great concerns with as much ease as ordinary men apply theirs to the trivial details of daily existence. He mastered the details of whatever enterprise he undertook, and he spared nothing to accomplish the ends he aimed at. He would spend money as profusely as a potter would spend clay to make the mold of an ideal.

Having conceived that an electric motor might be applied to sewing machines, and thus enable housewives and poor workingwomen to accomplish much where they now accomplished little, a friend observed him one day as he gave $2,000 to an inventor who was trying to work out the idea, and he remarked at the time: "This is the thirtieth man to whom I have given a like sum to develop that idea."

He had remarkable fondness for the horse, and he had faith in the capacity of his development to greater accomplishments than any recorded, and before many years had passed by he was the head of the American turf, his trotting horses and his thoroughbreds alike breaking all records. Nor was his pre-

dilection a mere fancy of the mind or resource of amusement. To give thousands or tens of thousands for a horse he desired he counted as nothing. In results he made money and accumulated fortunes upon the expenditure of fortunes. He could have talked of evolution with Darwin and given him many a useful hint and valuable experience.

There was something peculiarly soft and tender in his domestic life. He and his beloved wife were a noble pair well mated, and walked the ways of life together, sharing all its joys and sorrows in mutuality of love and counsel. Bereaved as she is now, she has the sympathy of countless hearts who share her sorrow. "Great men," said Lord Bacon, "have no continuance." And to him befell the fate of being bereaved of his only son. He sought to fill the void in the father's and mother's heart by building a great university to be called after his son, and to be a monument to his memory, in which other youths might be trained and educated. And in years to come the ingenuous youths of our country by scores and thousands will gather at the shrine of learning which he has established, the fruit of the affection which he cherished for his dead boy.

His interest in his employés was father-like. He believed in high wages, but he sought on all occasions to impress upon his employés the importance of saving and becoming independent. He was a kind and true friend and a genial companion. He was singularly simple in his manners, generous in his hospitality, and unostentatious in his dress, habits, and social ways. While he moved amongst scenes of splendor which might have won the envy of a Monte Cristo and dispensed hospitality like a prince of the Orient, he did it with an unconscious simplicity which gave to his life an unspeakable charm.

Quiet and composed as he always seemed, one would scarcely conceive from his dignified appearance what tremendous energy

and fire lay beneath the serene surface, but when aroused to the inspiration of a great undertaking he displayed the concentrated forces and rapid movement which bespeak the qualities of a general who reads necessities of battle and hurls every element of strength on the turning point. I am told that in driving even he would often put his horses to their utmost speed through long journeys, at once testing their qualities and displaying the nervous energy and passion of their driver.

In the Senate he was not amongst its great debaters or speakers, but he served his State and country with fidelity and ability. He was amongst the wise counselors, and his influence was always felt for judicious and patriotic ends. He had some ideas which he was never able to impress upon his associates as being practicable, amongst them his idea of lending vast amounts of money upon land. I have talked with him for hours and hours upon repeated occasions on that theme, and he often urged me to adopt his views and advocate them. I could never see that they were practicable, and with all my respect for him and desire to meet his wishes I could not, of course, comply with his request.

Yet let me say that beneath the difficulties which present themselves to such an idea as he had formed, there are in it germs of truth and wisdom such as are found in the first evolutions of invention, which, in a later and riper day of the world's history, may be developed into much that is attainable and good. His germinal idea was to put a fixed value on property, as there is a fixed value upon money, and to make the possession of property, which is taxed at a certain value, the assurance of the transmutation of that property into other forms of property when necessary or convenient; as the world's population shall increase, and as financial refinements and facilities shall be developed, there will be found in this idea

much to build upon, and in the end probably some ripe consummation.

He was an enthusiastic believer in the power and glory of this country and a great dreamer of its benevolent mission. He always advocated more money for our restricted financial conditions and the restoration of bimetallic money, to which this land had been accustomed for well nigh a hundred years. In this he departed from the views of many capitalists, whom he thought somewhat narrow in comprehension of their own permanent interests, and indicated, as I fancied, his sympathy with the struggling masses of humanity.

I can not say that I was ever intimate with Senator STANFORD, though as a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, of which he was chairman, I was often thrown in familiar intercourse with him, and enjoyed with him many days and hours of agreeable companionship. In the refined courtesies which bespeak the gentleman I have never known him to be surpassed. No word that he ever uttered, either in private conversation or in public debate, could offend the sensibilities of any citizen of our country.

Of a robust constitution, it might have been expected that his life would have been prolonged beyond the threescore and ten of man's allotted time, but he died at Palo Alto, his California country home, on June 21 last, ere he had quite attained his seventieth year.

In common with all who knew him, I shall cherish of him the most agreeable recollections. The world is better that he lived in it, and many a heart that has been made happy by his generosity felt a pang of sorrow when he died. The fear of death is doubtless implanted in the human soul, because God and nature have uses for the living and work for them to do which they should not lay down undone; but when we see that death is universal it should afflict us with no mortal dread.

Well has the late laureate of England described the successive stages of nature, from the bud to the fruit, from the fruit to decay:

> Lo! in the middle of the wood
> The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
> With winds upon the branch, and there
> Grows green and takes no care.
> Sun-steeped at noon, and on the moon
> Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow,
> Falls and floats adown the air.
> Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
> The full-juiced apple waxing over mellow,
> Drops in a silent autumn night,
> All its allotted length of days.
> The flower ripens in its place—
> Ripens and fades and falls,
> And hath no toil
> Fast rooted in the soil.

Such, too, is human life—like the fruit, waxing over-mellow and returning again to the earth, from which it sprung.

So, now that our kind, good friend has passed away, we should not veil his bier in tears. He had lived his life; he had done his work; he had found happiness, such as it may be permitted mortal to possess or that earth could give; and, what is most, he had conferred much happiness and benefaction upon others. It was said of old that it was easier for the camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Whatever may be the temptations that assail the rich and powerful, surely one who earned to give as he did and who only treated power as opportunity of good should find no impediment toward the highest destiny which may await hereafter the spirits of the just. Even as the sparks fly upward, it would seem to me only in accord with the eternal harmonies of the universe that his spirit, in quitting its earthly tenement, should find rest in the bosom of his Father and his God.

ADDRESS OF MR. STEWART, OF NEVADA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Senator STANFORD was my friend. I enjoyed his friendship for more than forty years. He was a strong character, of the best American type. In his childhood and early youth he possessed the best possible advantages which our country afforded. He was raised on a farm, where he had an opportunity to observe, and did observe, the source of wealth, prosperity, and civilization. He knew as a boy land, soils, and crops, and the means of utilizing them. He became familiar with animals and their use; with trees, plants, and birds. He learned the use of tools and implements of husbandry. He realized early in his eventful life that the storehouse of nature is abundantly supplied with all things necessary for the good of man. The book of nature was his guide. Literature and science, which illustrated that book and revealed its hidden mysteries, most interested him. He fully comprehended the great truth so often expressed by him, that the earth and the elements are abundantly sufficient to supply the ever-increasing wants of man.

He was a utilitarian, and dedicated his career to the creation of wealth by developing the resources of the West. In his youth he had witnessed the marvelous development of the interior of the great State of New York by means of the Erie Canal and other internal improvements. In his early manhood he saw, while a resident of Wisconsin, the magic effect of railroads upon the progress and development of the great Mississippi Valley. When he made his home in the golden State of California he was possessed of the spirit of enterprise and equipped with knowledge of affairs. He at once devoted his energies to utilizing the resources of that new and undeveloped country.

The Pacific coast was then a far-off region. It took longer to cross the uninhabited plains and rugged mountains which intervened between the East and the West than is now required for a voyage around the world. A Pacific railroad to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans was a dream of the distant future. It was only a dream. No man ever hoped to realize that dream in his own generation. The war of the rebellion forced upon the attention of the country the isolated and defenseless position of the region of the Pacific, but the people of all sections shrank from the mighty undertaking of binding the two sections together with iron bands, thus cementing the Union.

Five resolute men in the little town of Sacramento, in the interior of California—LELAND STANFORD, C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, E. B. Crocker, and his brother, Charles Crocker—brought upon themselves the gibes and jeers of the thoughtless multitude by the organization of a company to construct a Pacific railroad. The project to scale the dizzy heights of the Sierra and Rocky Mountains, to traverse the dreary plains, supposed to be uninhabitable deserts, with a railroad of unlimited cost, was treated with ridicule and contempt by nearly every man of wealth in the State of California. The press of San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific coast, denounced the project as a wild scheme of visionary cranks.

The five men who projected the enterprise, unaffected by the opinions of others, pressed on with supreme faith and undaunted courage. They appealed for encouragement and aid to the State of California and the counties immediately affected by the road, and obtained some assistance by guaranty of credit; but the work was too great for local enterprise. They applied to Congress, and, in cooperation with enterprising men of the East, secured legislation which enabled them to complete the work, realize the object of their ambition, lead the way to the

development of the empire of the West and to the creation of a cordon of States from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The promoters of this great enterprise are all dead but one. Mr. C. P. Huntington, the now president, who was vice-president and financial manager of the company from beginning to end, is the only survivor.

LELAND STANFORD was governor of California during the rebellion, and was counted one of the great war governors. He was the right man for the time and place, and contributed largely in encouraging and maintaining loyalty to the Union and preserving peace and good order on the Pacific coast.

We knew Senator STANFORD here after his great labor had injured his health and deprived him of the physical vigor which had distinguished him as a man of great affairs; but his judgment was unimpaired. His knowledge of business and of the legitimate functions of government made him a safe adviser and a useful and valuable member of this body. His kind heart, generous nature, and deep sympathy for the masses endeared him to every member of the Senate. No Senator who entered the Chamber was greeted more cordially or appreciated more highly than Senator STANFORD during all the time he took part in the counsels of the Senate. Every suggestion he made, every speech he delivered, and every bill he introduced had for its object the good of all the people.

But it was as a private citizen that his desire to benefit his fellow-man was most conspicuously exemplified. Mrs. Stanford, who survives him, is also a conspicuous character. They had an only son, a youth of great promise, around whom their hearts were entwined and in whom their hopes were centered. Some years ago he was taken from them. They were left childless, so far as their own blood and lineage were concerned; but they did not remain isolated from the world. They made, by adoption, the children of the people their own

children, and dedicated their lives and fortune to the youth of their country, both those now living and those who come after us. They devoted their joint energies with renewed hope and vigor to the establishment of a university for the education of youth of both sexes in all branches of science, learning, and literature which contribute to the elevation of the race and to the development of the resources of nature from which the wants of man are supplied. Their devotion to this great object did not render them unmindful of the poor and unfortunate, and they lost no opportunity to confer unostentatious charity and relieve want to the extent of their power.

Mrs. Stanford is left alone to carry out the grand enterprise which they jointly undertook some years ago, when it was agreed that the survivor, whichever it might be, on the death of the other, should continue during life to perform the work of both. Mrs. Stanford is now devoting her life to placing the Leland Stanford Junior University upon a firm and enduring basis. The death of her beloved son, in whose honor the university is named, and the loss of her husband and coworker, would discourage a woman of less faith and hope than she possesses. But the confident belief that her husband and son would approve of her good work gives her strength and courage which nothing else could bestow.

During the long residence of Senator STANFORD in California as war governor, United States Senator, and private citizen he enjoyed the love and respect of the people. Bitter rivalries and political strifes, which are always attended with jealousies and heart-burnings, never broke the sympathetic chord which bound him to the people of California. But the respect, love, and affection which his good deeds inspired have at all times secured for him a warm place in the hearts of his fellow-men. The labors of Mrs. Stanford will be aided and assisted by the profound sympathy and kindly feelings not only of the people

of the Pacific coast, but also of all the people of our common country.

The life of Senator STANFORD is not only valuable for the good he did while living, but the beneficial effects upon the present and coming generations of the example his life has furnished can not be overestimated. The lives of the great and good men who have preceded us shape and mold our destiny; and as time rolls on those who now act well their part will also contribute to mold the character, shape the institutions, and improve the conditions of generations yet unborn. We can say of Senator STANFORD: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. You have contributed your full share to make others happier and better." We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing widow, who, while she mourns, has the consolation of knowing that the memory of her deceased husband is cherished and respected by all the people of the great country which he loved and served so well.

ADDRESS OF MR. VEST, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I knew Governor STANFORD very well. He was chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, of which I have been a member since I came to the Senate. During the latter years of his life disease and growing infirmity brought him very close to the younger members of the committee. His personality was always exceedingly interesting and unique. He had a very peculiar mental organization. His mind seemed to work very slowly and with great deliberation, but it had that highest attribute of mentality, the power of analysis. I studied him from time to time with much interest and curiosity. The secret of his great success in life seemed to lie in his tenacity of purpose and inflexi-

bility of opinion when once formed. It amounted almost to obstinacy.

After once having come to a conclusion he adhered to it with almost fanatical devotion. He was further removed than any man I ever knew from agnosticism. He had no sort of sympathy with the cowardly philosophy of the agnostic, which tries to solve the great problems of life and eternity by simply saying "I do not know." He was a Christian in the highest and best sense of the term. He believed in the religion of humanity, and trusted implicitly his welfare here and hereafter to the Sermon on the Mount.

> Teach me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the fault I see;
> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me.

He brought the sunshine into thousands of darkened hearts and homes, for this was the inevitable result of the belief he had in the eternal truths of the Christian religion.

In the latter part of his life he devoted all his energies to two great ideas. First, his system of currency and taxation based on real estate, with which I never had the slightest sympathy. Like the Senator from Virginia [Mr. DANIEL], I listened to him for hours upon this question and could not but admire his earnestness and force, but they never produced with me the slightest conviction.

His other great idea, to which he devoted all his energies, was the founding of a vast educational institution. I shared for some time after I first became acquainted with him in the popular error that this was simply a sentiment allied with deep love for his dead boy in whose grave he had placed his heart. I found in conversation that I was mistaken.

In speaking to me about this great university and explaining its plans, he said that he had hesitated long between

devoting his fortune to a vast hospital or to a university; but that he had come to the conclusion that his duty was to endow this educational institution in the interest of humanity and of the American people, "for," he said, and it made a great impression upon me, "in a country with our autonomy and universal suffrage the safety of the Republic must rest upon the educated intelligence of the people." I called his attention at the time to the fact that in this he agreed with Mr. Jefferson, who, in one of his letters to a friend, explained that the crowning honor of his life and the crowning work of all his labors had been the founding of the University of Virginia, because, in almost the same language, he said "upon the educated intelligence of the American people must rest the hope of future generations."

I had occasion in the same conversation to call Governor STANFORD'S attention to this language and to the emphasis which Jefferson gave in writing his own epitaph to his idea of the necessity of education for a republican people like ours. Jefferson had been a member of the house of burgesses of Virginia, governor of the Commonwealth, minister to France, Vice-President of the United States, twice elected President of the Republic, and yet in that epitaph upon the obelisk which he caused to be erected over his grave none of these titular honors are found.

> Here lies Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia.

In his own estimation he crowned his long and illustrious career, as did LELAND STANFORD, with the erection of a university which should set free the imprisoned intellect held down by the iron band of poverty and circumstances.

Mr. President, there are two incidents in the public career of Governor STANFORD that made upon me and others who sym-

pathized with me a profound impression. As my friend from Virginia has said, he was a great man, because that man is essentially great who can throw off the prejudices of education and locality and rise to the necessities of the race to which he belongs.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

And a man who recognizes this has in him the elements of greatness.

I trust that I infringe upon none of the proprieties of the occasion in alluding to these two incidents, well known to my brother Senators.

Governor STANFORD first attained celebrity and a national reputation as the war governor of California. He was an intense Union man. He had not the slightest sympathy with what he called the crime of the rebellion. He knew little of the Southern people except historically. He did his duty faithfully to the cause to which his opinions and feelings brought him, and during the darkest hours of that cause.

When the nomination of Lamar was sent to the Senate for associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States a determined effort was made to defeat it. Party lines were attempted to be drawn and sectional feeling was attempted to be aroused. Governor STANFORD, in a conversation with me, gave his reasons for favoring that confirmation. He said: "No man sympathized more sincerely than myself with the cause of the Union or deprecated more the course of the South. I would have given fortune and life to have defeated that cause. But the war has terminated, and what this country needs now is absolute and profound peace. Lamar was a representative Southern man and adhered to the convictions of his boyhood and manhood. I respect such a man. There can never be pacification in this country until these war memories are obliterated by the action of the Executive and of Congress."

Again, when the force bill was pending and when the most determined efforts were made to draw him to the support of that measure, for the reasons which he had already given in regard to the Lamar nomination, he deliberately and positively opposed that measure upon the ground, as he stated to me, that its drastic operation would renew the bitterness of feeling in the Southern States which had existed during the war.

But, Mr. President, as has been said here, it is not upon his public life or his business methods that the fame of Governor STANFORD will rest. It is upon that charity and kindliness, that philanthropy, which marked his career and caused him to dedicate his fortune to the interests of humanity, that his memory will go down to succeeding generations. His name will be remembered, not only upon the shores of the Pacific and in the canyons of the Sierras, but throughout the civilized world, when that of every other man in the Senate will have faded into oblivion. The world never forgets men who have illustrated the true and proper use of wealth, as he has done.

Some years ago I listened to an eloquent lecturer who depicted a shipwreck, where the desperate swimmers went down battling with the eager waves that dragged them to death, and on the shore of the ocean stood a multimillionaire with a vast lumber yard, every plank in which was a life-preserver; and yet he gave not one splinter, because he was not paid for it. The most despicable character that can be known or invented is that of a miser who clutches his gold because it is gold and hoards it from intense selfishness. But the man who considers himself a trustee of the bounty that God hath given him, who succors the poor, the needy, the distressed, typifies the omniscient mercy of that great Being who creates and guides all things.

Governor STANFORD has erected before all the world a magnificent mausoleum in the university founded by his wealth,

but a more enduring monument is that of his good deeds and kindly words. If every human being to whom he had done a kindness could place one leaf upon his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a mountain of foliage.

ADDRESS OF MR. PERKINS, OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In accordance with a time-honored custom in the Senate, it seems eminently proper that among my first utterances before this august body should be a memorial tribute to my distinguished predecessor, LELAND STANFORD, whose seat I am for the time called upon to occupy.

For eight years past he represented the State of California in the highest councils of the nation, and on the 21st of last June, at his beautiful country home at Palo Alto, he peacefully passed to that bourne from which no traveler returns. The many eulogies which his death have called forth show what a large place he filled in the esteem and affection of his fellow-men, and make me painfully aware of my own inability to do justice to his merits as a man, his eminence as a citizen, his record as a philanthropist, and his illustrious services to his country and his kind.

LELAND STANFORD was born on the 9th day of March, 1824, at Watervliet, Albany County, N. Y. He came of sturdy and honorable English ancestry, identified for two centuries with the best traditions of New England life. The father of Senator STANFORD removed early in the present century from Massachusetts to the State of New York and became a thrifty and highly respected farmer and successful railroad contractor. Amid the beautiful scenery of the Mohawk Valley, the robust and healthful associations of farm life, and such instruction as the neighboring schools afforded, the boy grew up strong in body, sound in

mind, loving nature, honoring manual labor, eager for practical information, and learning to master himself. He was early noted for his sterling good sense, his cheerfulness, and kindliness of heart. At 20 years of age he began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1849. In the same year he sought the larger opportunities of the great West, removing to Port Washington, Wis., where he engaged in the practice of his profession. He returned to Albany in 1850 to be married to Miss Jane Lathrop, the daughter of a respected merchant of that city, a woman of a largeness of nature and generous impulses corresponding with his own. Having thus assured his domestic happiness, he returned to Port Washington with his young wife. Two years later he was overtaken by a calamity which eventually proved to be the turning point in his fortunes and led to the eventful and auspicious years that were to follow. A fire destroyed his law library and household effects and left the young couple to begin the world over again. This event confirmed his half-formed inclination to remove to California, where his brothers had already established themselves. On the 12th of July, 1852, LELAND STANFORD stepped on the soil of the golden State to begin that career which, whether it be contemplated from the standpoint of business success, industrial enterprise, patriotic service, or philanthropic devotion, is full of honorable testimony to his worth as a man and a citizen. After various attempts at mining and trading in the interior counties, Mr. STANFORD engaged in mercantile pursuits in Sacramento, in partnership with his brothers. In 1856 the firm removed to San Francisco, and speedily acquired a reputation for honorable dealing and sagacity; and it was here that Mr. STANFORD laid the foundation of his financial prosperity.

To this period is also to be ascribed Mr. STANFORD'S first entry into political life. It was a time of intense agitation; questions of vital import to the nation and to humanity were

being discussed in Congress and among the people; political parties were being formed and reformed. It was impossible for a man of patriotic and liberty-loving impulses not to be profoundly stirred by the issues and events that attended the birth of the Republican party at the outbreak of the civil war. Because of the larger mold in which he was cast LELAND STANFORD was naturally a leader of men. In 1857 he was the unsuccessful candidate of the party for State treasurer, and later received an unsought and undesired nomination for governor. He first became prominent in national affairs when, in 1860, he attended as a delegate the Republican convention in Chicago which nominated Abraham Lincoln. He witnessed the inauguration of President Lincoln and for some time after remained in Washington, enjoying the confidence of the nation's chief, being his trusted adviser with regard to matters in California.

In the meantime the awful struggle for union and liberty began, and the war cloud drifted slowly over to the Pacific coast. Mr. STANFORD returned to his adopted State to find it convulsed with the throes of anticipated civil conflict. The disunion element was large, well organized, and determined. The seductive vision of an independent Pacific republic was undermining the loyalty of many. There was urgent need of prompt and efficient action on the part of patriotic citizens and believers in a United States.

The events that followed are a matter of well-known history, a chapter in the political evolution of California to which its loyal people to-day point with justifiable pride. Suffice it to say that in the counsels and measures then taken to assure the safety of the Union LELAND STANFORD bore a conspicuous part. If Starr King was the eloquent voice of the Union sentiment and Gen. Sumner its strong sword arm, LELAND STANFORD was its faithful standard-bearer and efficient organ-

izer for action. Out of the fusion of political elements in the white heat of that hour the Union party came forth with LELAND STANFORD as its candidate for governor. It swept the State with a great moral as well as political victory; and, as if to mark the people's confidence in Mr. STANFORD, he ran 6,000 votes ahead of his ticket. In the trying and difficult services that followed this popular confidence was vindicated. None could question his loyalty to the national idea, his courage and devotion to the best interests of the State. The partisan passions of that day have cooled, and the wisdom and patriotism of California's great war governor are universally appreciated.

Not least among the laurels we lay upon his grave is the sorrow of a State for a lost leader, for a wise executive, to whom it was so largely owing that no American Commonwealth was more loyal to the national idea than California, none responded more promptly to the appeals of the central Government or gave with more lavish and sympathetic bounty to the wounded and suffering soldier. The Loyal Legion of the United States utters the popular sentiment when, in a recent circular commemorating its deceased member, it declares: "His name will go down in history as the war governor of California, and that distinction was one of his proudest boasts."

Relieved from public duties at the end of his term, Mr. STANFORD found awaiting him a task worthy of his large administrative and executive abilities—the building of the Central Pacific Railroad. More and more as the war progressed the unfortunate isolation of California from the rest of the country had become manifest. There was an increasing demand for improved means of communication between the new settlements on the shores of the Pacific and the populous States of the East. A transcontinental railroad was needed to facilitate the rapid transportation of troops and war material to aid in

holding in check the hostile Indian tribes of the far West, and to develop the possible resources of the vast region which stretched an almost unbroken wilderness from California to Nebraska. It was an undertaking of unparalleled magnitude and audacity, which seemed to antedate the requirements and resources of the country by half a century. The tremendous obstacles in the way of its successful accomplishment might well appall the most sanguine nature, and justified the want of confidence with which the scheme was received at home and the apathy it encountered abroad. The huge snow-clad chain of the Sierra Nevadas, whose towering steeps nowhere permitted a thoroughfare at an elevation less than 7,000 feet above the sea, must be crossed; great deserts, waterless and roamed by savage tribes, must be made accessible; vast sums of money must be raised and national aid secured at a time in which the credit of the central Government had fallen so low that its bonds of guaranty to the undertaking sold for barely one-third their face value. To men with less foresight, courage, and resources of mind and will than Mr. STANFORD and his associates the carrying out of the scheme would have been impossible. There is no need to dwell upon the details of this great work of internal improvement. Mountains were leveled or surmounted, frightful precipices scaled, yawning chasms were bridged over or filled with lofty trestlework, the iron track was clamped on the freshly upturned soil at the rate of 530 miles in two hundred and ninety-three days. Rapid communication between the East and the West was assured, and vast territories, including over one-half the domain of the United States, were redeemed to settlement, productivity, and civilization. Even now, while I am speaking, high up in the dome hall of this Capitol of the nation, the artist's hand is at work completing the group that encircles the rotunda, depicting the principal events in the march of our country's prog-

ress. This closing link in the circle portrays the driving of the last spike of the first railroad that spans a continent and unites the Atlantic to the Pacific with bands of steel, and inspiring a nation with increased patriotism. It was an eventful day in the life of LELAND STANFORD, when, on May 10, 1869, at Promontory Point, as president of the Central Pacific Railway, he drove the last and silver spike that marked the successful completion of the work. There met the two industrial armies, not for the clash of war, but to celebrate the benignant victories of peace, the triumphs of the human will and invention over physical barriers and rude nature's forces, the glorification of intelligent labor and cooperative industry.

The picture of those two engineers, as they stood at the forefront of their locomotives and filled the gap between, with their outstretched hands clasped in fraternal greeting, will go down to posterity the symbol of a new era of human sympathy between the Eastern and Western sections of our common country, the pledge of their eternal amity and indissoluble union.

Mr. STANFORD'S career after that crowning day was less laborious, but he continued to fill a large space in the annals of his time, and to devote himself with unwavering fidelity to the welfare of his country and his fellow-men. In 1885 he was elected United States Senator from California for the full term of six years, and reelected in 1891 for another term, which, alas! he has not been permitted to complete. His career in the Senate is more familiar to his fellow Senators whom I am privileged to address than even to myself, his sorrowing friend and successor. Without any claims to the gifts of oratory, sadly handicapped by severe domestic affliction, and in later years by increasing bodily infirmities, his voice was less and less often heard in debate. His sphere of influence lay in the committee room, in his faithful vote for what he deemed wisest

and best for his constituency and his country, in the weight attaching to his large experience and eminent public services, and his confidential relations with the executive branch of the Government. His party loyalty was never doubted, even when he ventured to differ with it in matters of financial or political administration. His memory can not fail to be cherished by all his colleagues who recall his genial, manly nature, who partook of his generous hospitality, or were honored by his friendship.

Possessed of a colossal private fortune, surrounded with affectionate devotion in his home, enjoying the highest honors his State could confer upon him, with "troops of friends and the world's applause," surely no mortal could be more happily and enviably circumstanced. But in the inscrutable counsels of the Divine power which rules over the fortunes of mankind it was ordained that LELAND STANFORD, at the height of his prosperity, should know the deepest grief that can befall a man, and bear his full part of the world's common sorrow which afflicts the race. In 1884 the awful shadow of death fell upon the home of Senator STANFORD, and his only child, a youth remarkable for his personal attractiveness and lovable disposition and the rare promise of his mind and character, was suddenly stricken down in death. It was a terrible blow for the bereaved parents, and those who knew Senator STANFORD best tell us that he never recovered from it. It was, however, characteristic of the noble nature of the man that his profound disappointment and sorrow did not degenerate, as is so often the case, into a selfish withdrawal from the world, or harden his heart against his fellows. It rather intensified his sympathy for all who suffered distress or need. This is touchingly expressed in what he said of the purpose of his great educational schemes: "The children of California shall be our children." "It is our hope to found a university where all may

have a chance to secure an education such as we intended our son should have." In accordance with this generous intention, Senator STANFORD, together with his wife, the worthy confidant of his purposes, conceived the noble plan of founding at his splendid seat at Palo Alto a great university of learning. This institution was to be both an enduring monument to the genius and virtues of his beloved son, who, indeed, had originally suggested such a disposition of much of his father's wealth; it was also designed as an expression of human affection toward his fellow-men. The underlying principle of the Leland Stanford Junior University is a union, so far as may be possible, of the classical and traditional methods of education with those new conceptions of the dignity of the mechanic arts, the importance of modern and physical science and manual-labor training which are leading features in the education of our day. Senator STANFORD sought to combine in his new institution theoretical instruction with practical training, the study of the applied sciences and arts simultaneously with pure learning and the humanities. The consummation of this great scheme of benevolence Senator STANFORD did not defer till after his death, but rather became the executor of his own estate while living. He set about the work himself at once. On the 14th of November, 1885, the grant of endowment was publicly made by which his first gift of $5,000,000 was secured to the new institution. With characteristic energy the enterprise was forwarded. As by magic there arose in the lovely valley, sheltered by the green foothills of the Coast Range, the great stone quadrangles of the university. Already in the fall of 1891 the courses of instruction began. During the past two years nearly 1,500 eager students have made the lofty cloisters reverberate with the hum of their cheerful industry and the effervescence of their youthful spirits. The libraries and the museums are filled with ardent seekers for the

stored knowledge of the world, the laboratories and workshops resound with the clatter of machinery and the practice of the applied sciences and arts. Not only from California and her sister States, but from eastern communities, from Mexico and the South American Republics, and from the isles and continents of the Pacific Ocean, the flow of students is steadily setting in, and the university seems destined to become a medium for uniting both Occident and Orient in the bonds of human culture and brotherhood.

Senator STANFORD was spared to be present at two of the commencements of the school he had founded, the central object, with his honored wife, of the reverence and gratitude of the great assembly. The contemplation of the results of their public spirit and generosity and the affectionate homage they received from their fellow-men must have afforded them a most exalted form of pleasure and made their last days together on earth full of peace and blessing. Senator STANFORD appreciated fully that, to quote his own words, "An institution of learning, however broad its plans and noble its purposes, must be a growth and not a creation." He made no secret of his expectations, however, that in the course of time the income from his completed endowment would reach a million dollars annually, and suffice for the free instruction of ten thousand students. This would make it by far the largest gift ever made to science by an individual in human history. It will not be out of place, surely, for me to solicit the sympathy and good will of Senators for the admirable lady who is charged with the sole and unrestricted responsibility of carrying out this great scheme of human beneficence.

My tribute would be sadly incomplete if it did not include in its brief survey some recognition of the private and personal worth of the man it commemorates. The strong will and continuity of purpose; the large, calm judgment; the statesman

like sagacity and executive force of LELAND STANFORD have perhaps been sufficiently set forth in what others and I have already said concerning him. But there were gentler, more humane traits in him that well deserve to be remembered. In private intercourse he was genial and kindly and the soul of hospitality. His innate chivalry of nature was displayed in his polite deference to women and high considerations for them. He was a sincere believer in the political enfranchisement as well as equal civil and business rights of women. His university at Palo Alto is open to both sexes alike. It is a crowning touch of this chivalric spirit that in all his public beneficence he linked his wife's name with his own, and, dying, left his vast fortune to her sole disposal. His quick sympathies were revealed not only by his loyal friendship and numberless deeds of kindness, but in the love he bore the animal kingdom. On his great ranches thousands of noble horses found in him a gentle master. His great mastiffs at Palo Alto miss to-day the kindly touch of that master's hand. He loved the very trees at his country seat, and had them shore up the decayed and feeble limbs that threatened to fall. His earthly successes were due to many fortuitous circumstances in his career and character, but his victories over his fellow-men were won through the goodness of his heart. The self-sufficiency and cynicism which so often attend wealth and power he never knew. He always believed in human nature and trusted the people; for, as he said, "the majority of men desire to do right."

Finally, sir, I may be permitted to say that all his moral nature was based on profound religious convictions. While making no ostentatious professions of religion, and not a member of any church, his mind, liberalized by the reading of modern science and philosophy, yet clung to the primal truths of Christ's teaching—God, virtue, and immortality. In the

charter of the new university he prohibits sectarian instruction, but requires the teaching of "the immortality of the soul, the existence of an all-wise and beneficent Creator, and that obedience to His laws is the highest duty of man." After his son's death his thoughts turned with increasing solemnity to contemplate the vast issues of the eternal life.

Like ancient Cato, as reported by Cicero, he might have said:

> Glorious day, when I shall remove from this confused crowd to join the divine assembly of souls! For I shall go not only to meet great men, but also my own son Cato. His spirit, looking back upon me, departed to that place whither he knew that I should soon come, and he has never deserted me.
>
> If I have borne his loss with courage, it is because I consoled myself with the thought that our separation would not be for long.

In whichever of its many aspects we contemplate the life of LELAND STANFORD, as a successful and honorable merchant, as a great chief of industry, as a patriotic war governor, as a Senator of the United States, as a wise and generous philanthropist, he reveals himself as a unique and commanding figure in our country's history and a noble type of American manhood.

Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory!

Mr. President, as a mark of respect to the memory of LELAND STANFORD, who died while a Senator of the United States, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, September 18, 1893, at 12 o'clock m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MONDAY, *February 12, 1894.*

Mr. LOUD. If there be no further business before the House, I ask unanimous consent that we now proceed with the special order.

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. LELAND STANFORD, late a Senator from the State of California.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House, at the conclusion of the ceremonies, do adjourn.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

EULOGIES.

ADDRESS OF MR. TRACEY, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. SPEAKER: Last September the members of the Senate of the United States gave expression to their feeling of profound regret at the loss of their colleague, the Hon. LELAND STANFORD, and at the same time expressed in the strongest terms their admiration of his qualities as a statesman and his generosity as a man, and their high appreciation of the great services he had rendered to his adopted State of California as well as the nation at large. Gentlemen who will follow me on this occasion, and who were intimately acquainted with him in his lifetime, will further enlarge upon these admirable characteristics of the lamented Senator.

It is my intention not to make a formal address, but simply to call attention to the fact that the late Senator STANFORD was a native of the town of Watervliet, in the county of Albany, the district which I have the honor to represent here. Although in early life he left the community in which he had been born and went to the West, finally settling in the great Pacific State which he afterwards represented in the Senate, it was always a matter of special pride to the people of his native county that his career was so successful, and this pride was enhanced by the fact that, although his later home was in so distant a part of the Union, he never lost interest in his native place.

From time to time he came to visit his birthplace, and upon those occasions that generosity which was so prominent a trait

in his character was freely manifested for the relief of those who were in distress, and when at last he was finally taken from us he remembered in the most munificent manner his kinspeople who still lived at the old home, and there, as well as elsewhere, institutions of benevolence and charity were made the beneficiaries of his great prosperity. Mr. Speaker, I will not occupy further time now, but will give way to my colleagues who have prepared more formal eulogies.

ADDRESS OF MR. HILBORN, OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The career of LELAND STANFORD illustrates the possibilities open to the American youth under our institutions. By his unaided exertions he was able to link his name inseparably with one of the greatest enterprises of modern times, to acquire fabulous wealth, to become governor of a sovereign State, a Senator of the United States, and the founder of an educational institution the scope of which has challenged the admiration of the world. His career was certainly one of the most remarkable and unique in our history. It was romance in real life.

While the great railroad which spans this continent exists he will need no other monument; as long as the university which he founded continues to afford the youth of the country the facilities for education according to his magnificent plan, his name will not be forgotten.

My intimate personal acquaintance with Senator STANFORD began with my Congressional service in the second session of the Fifty-second Congress. Up to that time I had known him only casually. The discharge of our official duties brought us much together, and our acquaintance ripened into a friend-

ship which is now to me a pleasant memory. He was a most agreeable companion and a model host.

I found him always kindly and considerate of the feelings of others. He was entirely free from that offensive assertiveness which is so often found among persons possessed of great wealth or who have long held positions of command. With strong convictions, he never offensively obtruded them upon others. I never heard LELAND STANFORD speak ill of any human being. His charity seemed to cover everybody.

During the period mentioned his infirmities were so serious as to practically confine him to his home, but he lost none of his interest in public affairs, and it greatly pleased him to have the Representatives from California meet under his roof to transact the business pertaining to his State, that he might lend a helping hand. And there I saw something of his charming home life. Between him and his estimable wife there was a manifest companionship of thought and action.

The loss of their son seemed to have chastened their lives and raised them up to a higher plane from which they saw with a clearer vision their duties to mankind and to their God. No one could be insensible to the elevating influence of that household, and no one who has felt it can ever forget it.

The portrait of their only son, who had passed away, was placed conspicuously in their favorite room and seemed to complete the family group. Certain it is that he was always present in their thoughts.

While not a member of any church organization, LELAND STANFORD loved to talk on religious subjects. He firmly believed in the immortality of the soul and that spirits which were kindred here would be united beyond the grave. The momentous question which has been asked by sages and philosophers over and over, as the ages have rolled by, "If a man die shall he live again?" he had answered, and in his mind

there remained no lingering doubt. He looked upon death with the eyes of a philosopher and without fear or dread.

LELAND STANFORD was a notable man before he was rich. He had made for himself a name while he was yet comparatively poor. He was governor of a great State, one of the molders of the sentiment of its people in a great crisis, and a leader in his party before he had acquired great wealth. He was a marked man anywhere. Wherever he went his bearing challenged attention, suggested power, and commanded admiration. Physically he was a typical American — strong, rugged, and indomitable. Like Saul, towering above his brethren, he filled the full measure of an ideal leader among the Argonauts of California. To be a leader among such men demanded extraordinary qualities.

The Argonauts of California were the most superb body of men who ever founded a state. They were picked men selected from the whole world. When the news flashed over the civilized world that there was a place called California, where the rivers were running down to the sea over a sheen of gold and the mountains were studded with the precious metal, there were men in all parts of the world — adventurous spirits — who at once resolved to go there.

The question where this mysterious country was — for it was not laid down on the maps — or how they were to get there appalled them not. They knew it was somewhere on the face of the earth and man had been there, and that was enough — for what man could do they could do. The men who made this resolve had courage, brains, health, and youth. There never was such an aggregation of humanity on the face of the earth as that which was gathered together around the Bay of San Francisco in 1848 and 1849, and there never will be again.

The lame, the halt, and the blind were not there. They were young men with the world before them, full of hope and

ambition, and blessed with health, brains, and energy. These men have planted there a civilization which is unique and interesting. These were the men among whom LELAND STANFORD became a leader.

Mr. STANFORD, with an innate love of liberty, a keen sense of justice, and a humanity which embraced the whole human family, naturally detested slavery, and long before the commencement of the civil war we find him with that small but heroic band who formed the Republican party in California.

It required courage then to be a Republican in that State. From the very birth of the party he was one of its leaders. In 1857 he was its candidate for State treasurer and in 1859 its candidate for governor. He was again candidate for governor in 1861, and was elected, leading his ticket by about 6,000 votes. The war of the rebellion was then in progress and his position was a most trying one, but his administration was so wise and conservative that he deservedly took high rank among that glorious band of war governors whom Providence seemed to have raised up for the occasion.

At the close of his term the legislature bestowed upon him the unusual compliment of a concurrent resolution passed by a unanimous vote of all parties, in which it was—

Resolved by the assembly (the senate concurring), That the thanks of the people of California are merited by and are hereby tendered to LELAND STANFORD for the able, upright, and faithful manner in which he has discharged the duties of governor of the State of California for the past two years.

He declined a reelection that he might devote himself to the great work of his life — the construction of the transcontinental railroad. To the statesmen and patriots of that period the building of a railroad across the continent was something more than a mere business enterprise — it was part of a grand scheme to preserve the integrity of this Union.

The object to be accomplished by the construction of this road was to bind the East and the West together with bands of steel. Without that purpose it would not have been built at that time. The isolation of the States on the Pacific and their defenseless condition caused much solicitude during the war of the rebellion. They could only be reached by a circuitous ocean route. The patriotic purpose was to devise means to destroy this isolation, to make communication more direct and swift, and to bring that portion of our country in closer touch with the older States.

During the civil war the gold of California was indispensable to meet our obligations abroad; indeed it was the lifeblood of our credit. Yet the ships which bore this doubly precious treasure, more richly laden than the famous galleons of romance, ran the gauntlet of hostile cruisers which infested the two oceans they crossed. Arms and munitions of war for the protection of our citizens on the Western Slope could only reach them by a long voyage around the Horn.

A railroad built on American soil from the Atlantic to the Pacific was as necessary as any military road constructed during the war for the preservation of the Union; and the same patriotic spirit which sanctioned the expenditure of money for the one prompted and promoted the construction of the other.

The project of building a railroad which would cross two mountain ranges and a desert plain was a bold and audacious one, and would have appalled more timid men. But LELAND STANFORD and his associates grappled with the enterprise, bearing with patience the jeers of the multitude, and brought it to a successful conclusion.

One strong characteristic of Senator STANFORD was his love for dumb animals, especially the horse. Lovers of that noble animal all over the world mourn his death.

The last time I saw him alive was just before the final

adjournment of the Fifty-second Congress and the close of the Harrison administration. He was reminded that a matter of great importance to one of his constituents was pending in one of the Departments which he had promised to attend to, but had not. It was one of the most inclement days of that memorable winter. There was a blinding and violent snowstorm abroad. But without a moment's hesitation he ordered his carriage, went to the Department, and fulfilled his promise. No special obligation rested upon him to make this sacrifice, but a friend was sorely in need of assistance which he alone could give.

The day of his funeral was a memorable one in the annals of our State. On that bright June day, under that soft California sky, in the lovely valley which he had chosen for his home, in sight of the already famous university which he had established, we laid him to rest. No invitations were issued, no efforts were made to bring out a concourse of people, but the simple announcement that LELAND STANFORD was dead and that his funeral would take place on the 24th of June at Palo Alto brought together the most notable body of people ever assembled on such an occasion in California.

From every part of the State came the men who had laid the foundation of our Commonwealth and assisted in making its history; men who projected the great enterprises for the development of the State; people interested in education, literature, and art were there; the pioneers of the Republican party were there; men who had grown gray in the service of the railroad company which he directed were there with tributes of affection; and thousands were there who mourned the death of a benefactor.

Thus went to rest one of the most conspicuous men of our times—merchant, governor, Senator, continental railway pioneer, and founder of a great university.

Whatever may have been his share of the weaknesses common to our human nature, they are lost sight of in the good he accomplished, the result of which will long survive him.

ADDRESS OF MR. SIBLEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: For several years during the latter portion of his life I had the honor and the pleasure of the close personal friendship of Hon. LELAND STANFORD. Under the shade of a wide-spreading oak in a cloudless land, where nature seems to bestow her riches and rarest treasures in prodigal profusion, it was given me to listen to and learn from this truly marvelous man. Some similarity in tastes, a mutual love for the soil, its products, its capabilities for support of human life, a common admiration for the noblest of the animal kingdom, and the enthusiasm that pertains to one a generation younger, led him to recount to me his past, to speak freely of the present, and on rare occasions to explore the future. I never met this man for an hour that I did not have on parting a higher appreciation of his wisdom, a greater respect for his opinions, a warmer admiration for his virtues, greater love for his nobility of character, and a truer sympathy with his aspirations.

I shall not dwell upon his business career, but in passing recount one incident. Looking off to the great Sierra Nevada range rising to the heavens as a snow-white, impenetrable barrier, he told me the story of the building of the Central Pacific road over their mighty summits. He told me how, with three other men, none of them rich, they would meet at night and talk about the necessity of something faster than a pony express from the Missouri River to the Pacific, and something pleasanter than a stage coach and emigrant trail;

and then how these four men, whose total means were not adequate to build one single mile through some portions of the mountains, determined that they would start the road and demonstrate to the world the possibility of a railroad over the Sierras. Friends laughed at them, even jeered at them; entreated of them not to risk life's earnings in so hazardous an enterprise. He told me of the trials and discouragements, and that for more than two years he did not know whether he was worth millions or poorer than a penniless beggar. But the work went on to completion, and what had been a dream yesterday was an accomplished fact to-day.

The building of the Central Pacific Railroad gives the clue to the whole life of this man, whose projects were so grand as to inspire doubts, and yet when tested found so practical as to utterly dispel them. He had faith in himself, and, what is so often lacking in great minds, he had a most trustful faith in others.

I shall not dwell upon his success in every field of human effort to which he brought his master mind, not among the least being his success in new lines of breeding and developing of the domesticated animals and his success in new fields of agricultural experiments. Rarely has keen business acumen been so closely woven in one life with generous impulse, tender emotion, and broad human sympathy.

One day at Palo Alto he showed me the beautiful park in the center of which had been started the foundations of a home for his only son, who had died some three years before. He told me of the boy's character and his ambitions for him; and then we went together to the tomb of the boy, and he told amid tears and sobs how since the death of his son he had adopted and taken to his heart and love every friendless boy and girl in all the land; and that so far as his means afforded they should go to make the path of every such an one

smoother and brighter; and that with the increase in values of property given to the Leland Stanford Junior University he hoped that it would yet be able to feed, clothe, and educate all the poor but aspiring youth on the Pacific Slope.

I shall not dwell upon his public and his private charities and the zeal with which his wife entered into every plan for the amelioration of the wretched; of the founding of mission and orphan schools by Mrs. Stanford, and the great interest he always took in her work for their welfare.

One little digression here in point. My partner and myself had purchased a young colt of him, for which we paid him $12,500. He took out his check book, drew two checks of $6,250 each, and sent them to two different city homes for friendless children, and, with a twinkle in his eye and broadly beaming benevolence in his features, said: "Electric Bell ought to make a great horse; he starts in making so many people happy in the very beginning of his life."

I am not familiar with his early life, but know that in his latter years the aim and end of his existence was for the welfare and happiness of others. The death of his son seemed to have changed the whole channel of human existence with him. It was the black frost which opened up the rough burr and showed the rich fruit within.

Shall I say he failed to discern the good outside his own party? No; he ever placed patriotism above partyism; public weal above personal advantage. He stood with the people in their demands for free silver coinage. He believed in America and her institutions, and during his last visit in the East stated his individual belief that within ten years, through the growth of the beet-sugar industry, America would produce more sugar than would be needed for her own people, and save to the nation in a single item more than one hundred millions annually.

A man of such resources, understanding finance and knowing those who controlled the finances of the nation, he was keenly alive to the dangers threatening the people. He gave his best powers of thought to the evolution of a system which should emancipate the nation's producers from the slavery of universal debt and financial fetters. He saw that a nation's greatness rested not upon her strong towers, her mighty fortresses, frowning cannon, and enginery of war, but saw with keenest vision that the safety of the state lay in the prosperity of a free and contented people, whose strong right arms, hopeful hearts, and happy homes should ever prove the strongest bulwarks of liberty. The public press with a laugh and the aristocracy of finance with a jeer set the seal of disapproval upon his latest and mightiest conception for American progress and welfare.

Mr. Speaker, I have stood among the majestic Alps before the break of day. The moon had long since sunk to rest and darkness shrouded earth with sable curtains so thick that all nature seemed wrapped in death's dark folds. Of a sudden, in the west, out of the blackness, appeared a glorious vision. The topmost peak of a majestic mountain had caught the first gleams of the god of day and wrapped its snowy head with a halo of golden glory. Though still dark in the valley, this towering peak was illumined. The light and glory still descended. The head of a companion peak was irradiated with another and marvelous transformation. Peak after peak, summit after summit, first the greater and then the less, caught the light until from the dark valley the whole range was so transplendent they seemed like long rows of white and glittering angel messengers with the halo of God's ineffable glory crowning their brows, proclaiming the birth of a new day. And soon the promise was fulfilled, even to those upon the plain. The highest peaks had caught but a trifle in

advance the warm kisses and golden promises of the full day.

And so, Mr. Speaker, there are men who sometimes stand so high upon the mountains of truth that overlooking intervening valleys, lesser altitudes, and minor ranges which obstruct the common vision, catch in advance of others the promise of the sun-crowned day. Shall we who stand in the valley doubt him who standeth on the hill? Shall they who stand in the darkness doubt those whose faces have caught the light?

Great minds have seen the promise of the brighter day to dawn. To some men it has been given to stand upon the Mount of Transfiguration, and there are those who would fain even build present tabernacles thereon. Such was our friend. He had risen out of the valley of self, and from his height, with clearness of perception, saw the coming of a new and brighter day. He spoke of a new light, and from his own form reflected its glory.

> Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
> The concrete nucleus 'round which systems grow;
> Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
> And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

Mr. Speaker, I have stood in earth's grandest cathedrals where sleep the mighty dead. In Westminster Abbey the ashes of Britain's warrior kings beneath the fretted tracery securely rest, moved not by the pealing tones or resounding echoes of the Minster organ, nor awakened by the harmony of the sweet-voiced choir. For their chiefest virtues one single slab of marble will suffice. Beneath the mighty dome of St. Paul's rests a Wellington, and as we view the spot where all held by earth remains no sighs escape, no tears fall. Upon the borders of the Seine, under the golden dome of the Chapel des Invalides, I have looked with others upon the porphyry and granite sarcophagus which hides the ashes of Napoleon.

About the tomb are inscribed the names of his mightiest battles; captive flags droop from circling dome; thousands wend their way and shall to view the spot where sleeps world's wantonest warrior. You feel no tear drops start, no kindlier impulses waken, but you feel a vague, oppressive dread and awe. You view it as you might the ruins of some majestic heathen temple where bestial orgies or human sacrifice had long since held sway.

Leaving the East of the Old World and the New, in a sunny valley guarded by the peaks of the Sierra Madres and laved by the warm waters of the Pacific, stands a mausoleum which bears the name of STANFORD. It tells of no mighty battles wherein men gave their blood to glut ambition; it tells of no devastated nations; no divided families; no destroying conquests. It bears only three names—the names of LELAND STANFORD, Leland Stanford, jr., and Jane E. Stanford. Two of the three have passed through its portal, and the other waits only to round out and perfect the work so happily begun by all. No noonday beat of drum, no pealing organ, no surpliced choir is heard.

The footfall of the animals he loved in life, the carol of the birds, and the hum of happy industry alone awake the echoes. And yet this tomb stands upon consecrated ground; upon an estate dedicated to the happiness and welfare of American manhood and womanhood. No groined arches hide the sun by day or the stars by night, and yet, as I measure it, here reposes royalty in its long, last sleep. Truly, if there be any attributes of kingship which rule the realm of virtues, this man was most of all a king. He was born to conquer and to rule. His conquests cost no tears, made no slaves, marred no lands. He conquered the obstacles of nature, leveled mountains, filled valleys, annihilated distances, overcame time, watered deserts, and made them bloom. He conquered greed and sordid self and made all his own the portion of each aspiring youth of the

land. He conquered poverty and lack of opportunity for thousands living and thousands yet unborn. He saw in the form of every friendless boy a son, and learned to be the grandest ruler because he learned to rule his own spirit.

Near his tomb stands a nobler monument than yet has been erected to earth's heroes; a university so broad in its conceptions, so complete in its details, so strongly intrenched in all the provisions of endowment, so lovingly designed for human welfare, that it stands to-day alone and unique among the creations of man. You say he is dead, and I say he has just begun to live. Job says:

> There is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof shall not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it shall bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.

Ah, sir, when some men die they show such works founded that they have but set in motion the mighty mechanism of life. Scientists tell us that if we throw a pebble in the center of the ocean that not one atom of water in all the depths but shall be stirred, and that from the ocean to the river, from river to rivulet and rill, even to every fountain source in all the world its influence shall pervade. And so with such a life thrown into the ocean of time its influence shall deepen and widen with each recurring cycle until it shall touch the immeasurable depths, reach the boundless shores of eternity, and rise to the very fountain head of God's ever-welling springs of love. Though the pitcher be broken and the water spilled upon the parched ground, yet the mysterious agency of the rays of the midday sun shall in the form of vapor draw it all again toward itself, and thus not lost but returning again to earth to bless the fields, fill the fountains, and cheer the heart of man. And so to me seems the life of such a man. Though we say dead and swallowed up in earth, yet the spirit drawn by the invisi-

ble powers of Heaven ascends, and shall ascending and descending, as the angels seen by Jacob in his glorious vision, ever return to bless, refilling the parched fountains of human existence through never-ending cycles.

Mr. Speaker, no good life is ever swallowed up in death; 'tis merely mooring the storm-tossed craft in a harbor of refuge.

> To die is landing on some silent shore,
> Where billows never break nor tempests roar;
> Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

And what is this that we term death? 'Tis but a prolonged and unawakened dream. Sleep and death are twin sister angels, refreshing from the cares and toils of earth. We sleep and dream. We close our eyes in sleep and death; we exclude the tumult and noise of the day; we forget its sorrows, banish its petty ambitions, and divest ourselves of cankering cares. In sleep we dream, and only in our dreams do we meet our ideals of waking hours. In our dreams alone have we built grand castles, whose spires tower to the very heavens. In our dreams we have painted a world's masterpiece. In our dreams we have rivaled all of earth's artists; have sung a sweeter song than waking poet ever breathed. 'Twas in our dreams we touched the magic chord and reached the rapturous harmony of heaven. In our dreams we overcame wicked giants and destroyed devouring dragons. In our dreams, untrammeled by earthly fetters, the mind marched master of the realms of fancy and of thought. In our dreams all knotty problems found an easy solvent, and day doubts dispelled like vanishing mists. In our dreams our brother's faults were forgotten, and we saw alone his virtues, glorious and resplendent in all their beauty. In our dreams we were never beaten back, overthrown, nor recked the odds. In our dreams earth's cross became a crown; unlimited and limitless the spirit soared, surmounted every height, overcame every obstacle, and when, as a prisoner who

has dreamed of home, friends, and liberty, came the rude awaking, and we found the old surroundings and the usual daily burdens to be borne, who has not said that only when we slept we truly were awake to appreciate the harmonious grandeur of the universe and the majestic sweetness of existence? And so with death, the longer sleep, the final putting aside the clogs and fetters which contract our powers, stifle our emotions, and limit our happiness. Who would be awakened from a blissful dream, and who exchange, once tasted, the supernal for the earthly joys?

> There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death.

And so our friend has gone forth, not at the summons of a great destroyer, but to meet a great deliverer. He has exchanged disappointment for certainty, wishing for being, limitation for completest freedom. He sweetly sleeps, the dream is all fruition, and knows what we term death is highest, truest life, which every perfect soul shall taste.

We do not claim our friend a perfect man or a faultless one; but the massive granite covers and hides his every error, leaving the virtues free, boundless, and uncoverable. Death can only destroy and cover the useless and the bad. The man is like the diamond in the rough; the gem is there, but its beauty is marred and hidden within the layers of baser earth; but death removes the earthly dross, sets free the matchless gem, exposes the hidden beauties, and reveals the marvelous reflecting-power without one refracting ray.

What man has not his faults, his human weaknesses, his earthly follies? Not one. But, sir, when debit and credit are

summed up in the great book of life; when the evil and good are placed in the balances, held within the hands of infinite mercy and exactest justice; when the lofty aspirations and noble impulses, the warm human sympathies of such a life are set against its frailties and failures, its mistakes and errors, who among us that would not, confidently as a child the father, trust all to Him who knoweth and meteth to every man his own? Mr. Speaker, LELAND STANFORD'S tomb needs inscribed thereon no epitaph, for his shall remain written in the lives and hearts of present and future generations.

In the fifteenth Psalm David wrote the description of a good man, a free version of which in closing I shall quote, as seeming singularly appropriate in its application to our departed friend:

Lord, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair,
Not stranger-like to visit them, but to inhabit there?
'Tis he whose every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge his neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report by malice whispered round,
Whom vice in all its pomp and power can treat with just neglect,
And piety, though clothed in rags, religiously respect.
Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood,
And though he promise to his loss he makes his promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ,
Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltless to destroy,
The man who by this steady course has happiness insured,
When earth's foundation shakes shall stand by Providence secured.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLAIR, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. SPEAKER: Senator STANFORD was a Colossus among men. He came to us from the Pacific shore and seemed to be of the greatness of the far Western world.

No more impressive personality ever moved about the Halls of Congress than LELAND STANFORD, of California. The development of our Western coast was made by an order of men who, although they were born and nurtured among us of the East, yet took on a certain magnitude akin to grandeur in their presence which may have been derived from the vastness and tremendous scope of the deeds which they performed and their extraordinary natural surroundings. Some of them seem like the big trees which survive in their mountains.

When Mr. STANFORD came to the Senate he was past middle age, but still vigorous and in the prime of his mental powers.

His great wealth made him conspicuous in the minds of the people, but to those who came in contact with him there was no evidence in his bearing that he was himself conscious of its possession. I do not believe that he thought at all more highly of himself or valued other men the less on account of the possession or the want of money. No man was ever so little changed in his own nature by its influence. His soul was too large to be misled by any adventitious circumstance of life.

His mental powers were very great. He was capable of grasping and of analyzing the most difficult problems that present themselves in human affairs, and naturally dwelt upon those which concern the fundamental interests of humanity. He was a great social philosopher, and few men had so profoundly studied the questions which concern the general wel-

fare of mankind. He had read much, but had thought more, and he had a native strength which made the thinking of others to him of small importance. What he concluded as the result of his own mental operations was likely to be right—one of those men who can go anywhere alone.

He knew intuitively the principles of things, and would surprise you with wonderful flashes of light manifested in the simplest ways and on the most familiar and commonplace occasions, and in entire unconsciousness that what he was saying might be worthy of note. His manner and forms of expression were brief and simple, his words most fit, and his meaning always clear.

He came to the Senate full of the wisdom of experience in dealing with great affairs. He was a lawyer, a business man, a statesman, a founder of one of our greatest Commonwealths; traveled, cultured, and accomplished; one of the ripest and strongest men of action in that illustrious body.

He was specially interested in promoting the welfare of the common people. Any measure which proposed to increase their happiness at once commanded his attention and support. The laboring man had no wiser or truer friend, and he gave himself to the advocacy of those lines of social and industrial reform which, in his judgment, combined conservatism with advancement, in that wise proportion which is essential to healthy growth and real improvement to society.

He knew that the great processes of nature are mild and gradual as well as irresistible in their operation, and that they are irresistible because they are mild and gradual.

He recognized the destructive power of the earthquake and of war, but he did not mistake them for primary causes. On the other hand, he comprehended that they are but secondary, being themselves consequences of the slow and silent pressure of the eternal nature of things, and but incidents in the long

train of continuous action whereby the ages accomplish real transitions.

He had that largeness of view which comes from elevation, and, in a reverent sense, with him one day was as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

So he contemplated the condition of men as revealed in history and as he observed it under his own eye and experience in this and in other lands. Guided by an acute moral sense and controlled by warm and generous sympathies, the deductions of his intellect ripened into benevolent and comprehensive action for the good of man upon a scale which for magnitude and prospective consequences is unsurpassed, if not unequaled, by the practical work accomplished in the whole history of the race by any other individual uninspired man.

He clearly saw the possibilities in human nature and that we are yet in our infancy.

The great elemental forces seemed to be revealed to him, and he comprehended what they could do with this mysterious creature compounded of the earth and the heavens — of inanimate matter and the soul of God. He knew not all that we can be, but he saw that the possibilities are infinite, and that in this state of being it is within the scope of reasonable effort to so far regenerate and transform and elevate the condition of man that in this life even there would indeed be a new heaven and a new earth.

His belief in the unseen and spiritual was rather in the nature of touch and vision than of deduction from reason. In fact, I think that our convictions of another life are weakened by speculation and philosophy. If one does not believe what his mother told him, and that rather because he feels it than because he can prove it, he has no faith.

Trained in early life to the rigid creeds of the forefathers, he grew away from their harsher and nonessential features,

but never lost their essence, which is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

To those who knew him intimately Mr. STANFORD seemed to live in both worlds at once, and to be perfectly at home in either, so far as could be judged by one who could only associate with him in this. But there was an advantage in his comprehension of the unseen, for it enabled him to fashion his great plans with a view to that other and higher state which to him was the unseen only in the sense that it is yet to come, and is rather a natural and necessary development than an abrupt translation to another and independent condition, and by no means necessarily disconnected from future life on the planet which is our present sphere of activity.

In all his anticipations of good to come, the enfranchisement and elevation of woman to her proper and equal position with man in everything which concerns absolute freedom of soul and body was a primary condition. It is clear that he considered the mother of greater consequence in the evolution of a perfected race than the father, for to the influence of heredity she adds that of nurture and control in those early years which fix character and determine the course of life.

In short, he summed up all in education; and so he built the great university.

There it stands, overlooking the continent and the seas, and there it will live and shine, like the sun in the heavens, until time shall be no more.

Mr. Speaker, I leave to others who have a right to perform it the loving duty of full tribute to his great life and superior worth.

I loved him, and I believe that he loved me; but I well know that others have the superior responsibility of this occasion.

He died and is buried.

The companion who was his equal in life survives to mourn

his loss, and alone to accomplish the great purposes which were no less hers than his. The line of the succession has failed in the earlier exit of that wonderful child whose death was the birth of the mighty monument to them all, which shall preserve their names in reverent and blessed memory forever.

The sympathy of the whole nation is with this woman, who thus rises above the loss of all that woman loves, so that she may fortify and secure to humanity the full possession and fruition of the great work, to have accomplished which is more than to have founded a dynasty and to have built an empire upon the ruins of mankind.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: On March 4, 1885, the most distinguished and noted men of our land were assembled in the Hall of the United States Senate. All eyes were turned toward the desk of the Vice-President as a handsome form ascended the steps, raised his hand, and took the Senator's oath of office. A well-poised head, an expression indicating firmness of character and intellectual power, showed the superior type of this calm, dignified man. It was the monarch of the great West—LELAND STANFORD, of California. He was not a monarch by election, nor by appointment, nor did he become a monarch by hereditary descent; but by God-given and self-cultivated powers he rose superior to other men, as the lion becomes the monarch of wild beasts and the towering oak the monarch of the forest. Cicero and Byron were monarch of words; Alexander, Charlemagne, and Napoleon were monarchs among warriors; and when LELAND STANFORD joined the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean by completing the great transcontinental highway, and more than any other man contributed to the

development of his adopted State, the world hailed this great man as a monarch of material development.

It was not his marvelous achievements alone that stamped him as great among men; it was not because of the golden aureole of success which crowned his life work, nor because he was the richest among his fellows, having many millions of money and vast corporations under his control. There was more than all these which caused the world to respect and esteem LELAND STANFORD; it was because his was a noble, kingly spirit which rose superior to his possessions, vast as they were, and made them his servants in the development of far-reaching plans for the benefit of humanity. It was not the accidents of fortune nor the accumulation of wealth that marked him as a successful man, but the individual will and masterful mind which enabled him to soar above these accidents and to realize his best ideas, where men of smaller mold would have bowed to circumstances and left their ideas to the realms of idle dreams.

The career of LELAND STANFORD is an object lesson which should be carefully expounded to the youth of our land; and it exemplifies perfectly the motto of his great university, whose declared object is "To qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness." According to this ideal, the personal success of the individual is to be gauged by his direct usefulness to humanity, not merely by the dollars and cents he may accumulate, though he be fifty times a millionaire.

His vast wealth was an incident, not an object, in the life of Senator STANFORD, and he understood better than most men the fact that the possession of money is a responsibility intrusted to an individual for noble and unselfish ends. His donations to the Commonwealth he so ably represented and so much loved surpass in munificence any gift ever made by an individual for any purpose.

Senator STANFORD was the product of a farm home, the kind of home that has produced all our greatest and best men. The farm home is the best training school for boys, and the country school, though lacking the artificial conveniences of the more pretentious institutions of the cities, is calculated to develop individuality of mind and strength of character. The birthplace of Senator STANFORD was Watervliet, about 8 miles from the city of Albany. He was the fourth of seven brothers. His father, though a plain, unpretending farmer, was a public-spirited and enterprising man, taking a deep interest and a leading part in the development of his section and the establishment of railroads in his vicinity. He foresaw the possibilities of future development, but he little dreamed of the gigantic enterprises which would be successfully carried through by his young son.

At the age of 18 young STANFORD cleared some land for his father, realizing some two thousand or three thousand dollars by the sale of the timber. This sum he ungrudgingly invested in the completion of his education, and applied himself to the study of law, realizing that personal success depends upon individual development. For four years he practiced law in an obscure Wisconsin town. In 1850 he married Miss Jane Lathrop, of Albany, and in her he found an ideal helpmeet and a congenial spirit. A woman of great intellectual power, one of the few capable of controlling the vast accumulations now thrust upon her. All who knew Senator and Mrs. STANFORD can well appreciate the consolation felt by this great philanthropist in his last days to know that his loved wife would find her greatest happiness in continuing the grand and good works he inaugurated.

In 1852 we went to California and took charge of a supply store for his brothers. Here he acquired an intimate acquaintance with the lives and characteristics of the miners and

pioneers in that part of the world. He soon became a leader in the community on account of his strict integrity and calm, dispassionate impartiality, as well as the geniality of his disposition, which always led him to take the part of the downtrodden and oppressed. He was chosen delegate to the Republican national convention of 1860, at Chicago, where his influence and power largely contributed to the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, and while in Washington during the early part of Mr. Lincoln's administration he was nominated and elected governor of the State of California. While occupying this position he cut down the State debt one-half, established the State Normal College, and assisted in inaugurating enterprises which have added very much to the progress and wealth of the entire Pacific Slope.

He might have been reelected, but meanwhile he had combined with a few other adventurous spirits in the gigantic enterprise of a transcontinental line of railway, and the success of the undertaking demanded all the powers of his mind. He exercised a general supervision, attending principally to legislation, and was looked upon as the controlling influence in the corporation. The first appropriation bill for the Central Pacific Railroad was signed in 1862. On May 20, 1869, LELAND STANFORD, as president of the company, drove the golden spike that marked the completion of the transcontinental line. Later he turned his attention to the agricultural development of California, and, having invested in lands to a very large extent, he organized the finest stock farms and vineyards in the world. Passionately fond of live stock, he conceived the idea of applying to the breeding of horses the same principles of development he advocated in other directions, and some of the horses reared upon his celebrated stock farm at Palo Alto are world renowned.

The death of Leland Stanford, jr., his only and idolized

son, was a heart-crushing blow to his parents, who found a solace in their bereavement in the endowment and establishment of the university which bears his name and which forms the grandest monument ever erected to a human being, an institution more liberally endowed than any in the world, the income of which will in a few years amount to many millions of dollars.

Centuries will roll by, songs which tell of the glories of warriors and statesmen will be forgotten, monuments erected to their memories will crumble to dust; but as long as the placid waters of the grand Pacific Ocean wash the golden shores of California the name of LELAND STANFORD will be remembered, cherished, revered, and honored.

While engaging in these mournful ceremonies the bells are tolling the knell which announces to the world that another great and grand philanthropist, George W. Childs, has been called to the home of his Father in Heaven.

In the dim recollection of the distant past I recall a child's prayer, much of which expresses yearnings which certainly found a place in the hearts of these two men.

May it not have been that the good they have done was due to the teachings of a sainted mother, who during their tender and impressible years taught them to kneel by her side and utter words like these:

Father, Divine! Feed my soul with the bread of Heaven.

Give me to drink of the water of life that I may grow up in Thine image and become in thought, feeling, and action an expression of Thy will.

Reveal in me day by day those truths which shall teach me to be light to the blind, strength to the feeble, and feet to the lame, and may Thy kingdom come in me, and Thy will be done through me, in the world, now and evermore.

Certainly these men were "light to the blind," "strength to the feeble," and "feet to the lame," and how true it is that the good they accomplished was the will of God done through them.

ADDRESS OF MR. PICKLER, OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: LELAND STANFORD, whose memory we to-day commemorate, will ever remain a remarkable character of the nineteenth century in American history. It would be very difficult to find a parallel in the life of any prominent American contemporary with him.

He was an extraordinary man. His success in life may have been largely enhanced by his surroundings, but his success was in himself. No adverse environment would have prevented him from attaining large successes where success was at all possible. Many men await opportunities; he created them. A far greater number of men fail from neglect to embrace opportunities for advancement as they offer themselves than fail for want of opportunities.

Senator STANFORD not only seized opportunities as they presented themselves, but possessed the much higher order of ability of reasoning from existing facts and their proper manipulation to great future results. His career from a New York farm to lawyer, to merchant on the opposite coast of the continent, to the governorship of a great Commonwealth, to the position of a great railway king, to the United States Senate, and to crown all these successes by his magnificent acts of philanthropy and kindly dealings with his fellow-men, write his fame large, his genius great, his success a wonder. His beginnings were not different from tens of thousands of American youths, but we may seek long to find his equal in the achievements of life which the better judgment of mankind calls great.

With but a limited personal acquaintance with Senator STANFORD, I have for years found much in his history to admire.

As the years go by, whatever clusters around any portion of the history of Abraham Lincoln awakens a kindly interest in the breast of every true American citizen, and to have been a member of the convention which first placed him in nomination for the Presidency, as was the subject of these services, binds in pleasing association the memory of these two distinguished Americans.

LELAND STANFORD was a patriot. He was the war governor of California. His fame would have been secure had his career closed with that service.

Whoever remembers the dark days of the civil war will readily call to mind the great anxiety of the North for the continued loyalty of that far-away isolated portion of the country, the Pacific coast.

Few places of earth are to-day so far away from us in point of time as was at that period the Pacific coast from the busy and populated portion of the Union. This isolation and the lack of communication with the far West caused anxious thought in the North as to the character of the support that might be expected from that locality in upholding the Union cause. Moreover, from teachings and sentiments just previous to the beginning of the war of certain of her public men, there was ground for these fears.

Mr. Blaine says of California and Oregon at this time:

> The loyal adherence of those States to the National Government was a profound disappointment to the Confederacy.
>
> Jefferson Davis had expected, with a confidence amounting to certainty, and based, it is believed, on personal pledges, that the Pacific coast, if it did not actually join the South, would be disloyal to the Union, and would from its remoteness and its superlative importance require a large contingent of the national forces to hold it in subjection.
>
> It was expected by the South that California and Oregon would give at least as much trouble as Kentucky and Missouri, and would thus indirectly but powerfully aid the Southern cause.

The enthusiastic devotion which these distant States showed to the Union was therefore a surprise to the South and a most welcome relief to the National Government. The loyalty of the Pacific coast was in the hearts of the people.

Mr. Speaker, it was aroused and intensified by such men as Governor Downey, Governor Whittaker, Thomas Starr King, and LELAND STANFORD.

And in the fall of 1861 the latter was elected governor of California, and from this time forward Governor STANFORD takes place in American history with that illustrious company of distinguished men, the war governors of the loyal States of the North.

Eminent in intellect and patriotic in duty, they were especially adapted to the great duty imposed upon them.

And, Mr. Speaker, the great work of these men, the support they afforded the President, and how much the salvation of the Union depended upon their services will never be known by a loyal people until fuller histories than have yet appeared shall be written of John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts; Israel Washburn, of Maine; William A. Buckingham, of Connecticut; William Sprague, of Rhode Island; Nathaniel S. Berry, of New Hampshire; Erastus Fairchild, of Vermont; Edwin D. Morgan, of New York; Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Charles Olden, of New Jersey; Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana; Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa; William Dennison, of Ohio; Richard Yates, of Illinois; Austin Blair, of Michigan; Alexander W. Randall, of Wisconsin; Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, and LELAND STANFORD, of California. These will ever be known as the war governors of that great struggle.

As one of the leading spirits and prime movers in initiating and building the great Central Pacific Railway, Mr. STANFORD'S wonderful ability impresses all.

To the business world he will probably be best known as president of this railway company.

It may be said that the times for building this road were propitious; that it was regarded of the greatest importance to the nation that this line of communication should be established.

Grant all this; yet when the stupendous magnitude of the undertaking is considered, the great mountain barriers and trackless wastes to be traversed, the inconceivable amount of money required, the care, trouble, and anxiety connected with every branch of the enterprise, when all these are considered the mind of the ordinary man is appalled and he can but marvel at the enterprise.

In the beautiful Lafayette Park of St. Louis stands the statue of Thomas H. Benton, the veteran Senator of Missouri, the workmanship of the distinguished artist, Harriet Hosmer. It represents the old Senator addressing the United States Senate on his pet scheme, the building of a Pacific railroad.

The artist represents the old Senator gazing and pointing out across the continent westward, while on the die of the pedestal below appears the inscription, "There is the East; there is India."

Men said that the old Senator was visionary to talk of building a Pacific railroad, but we know that in the presence of the governors of four States and Territories, on the heights of the great Western mountains, twenty-five years ago, LELAND STANFORD, president of the Central Pacific Railway Company, drove the golden spike that completed this great iron highway across the continent, that united the Orient and the Occident, and opened up the first great transcontinental railway in this country over which the world's great commerce of the East and the world's great commerce of the West might have a safe and rapid transit.

Governor STANFORD acquired much of his princely fortune in the building of this road; certainly his efforts therein deserved a rich reward.

To be chosen a member of the American Senate is one of the highest political honors the world affords, and one that can come to but few men, and Governor STANFORD'S election and reelection to this exalted position is only further proof of his never-failing certainty of accomplishing whatever he with determination willed to do.

No man, however, endowed with Senator STANFORD'S admirable characteristics and traits of character could remain a mediocre.

Cheerful, kind-hearted, generous, energetic, persevering, self-reliant, determined, unbending will, unswerving devotion to a cause, with physical endurance and superior judgment and good sense, nature lavished upon him superb equipment.

More than all these, he was of high moral character, an attribute without which no man ever attains true success.

Senator STANFORD was a natural leader of men.

Men relied upon his judgment and heeded his words.

Shortly after entering Congress at a meeting of Western Senators and Representatives held to consider the best means of promoting the interests of their locality in Congress, I was much impressed with Senator STANFORD'S power to impress men.

He was quiet, seemingly reserved, until there had been quite a general expression of opinion, when in a gentle but expressive manner he considered the questions discussed, presenting his opinions in a calm and dignified way, and with a cogent reasoning that carried conviction as to the soundness of his position.

In my estimation the brightest star in the crown of Senator STANFORD'S virtues will be his general kindly regard for his fellow-men, with ever a sensitive and attentive ear to all requests or petitions of servants, employés, or fellow-citizens, and disposition to grant requests and help when worthy causes were presented. He loved man because he was brother man.

His faith was the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Cordially, sincerely, he indorsed the sentiment of Robert Burns:

> What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
> Wear hodden-grey and a' that;
> Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
> A man's a man for a' that.
> For a' that, and a' that,
> Their tinsel show, and a' that;
> The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
> Is king o' men for a' that.

Added to his own powers, he to whose life and services we to-day pay homage, from his young manhood through life and to the end, had the love, counsel, and advice of a talented, noble, and true wife.

A woman of true nobility of character, she was the worthy companion of the great man whose cares, anxieties, and successes she so ardently shared. Ever was it truly said of her, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

What a true wife contributes to the successes of a husband will be known only when the records of Heaven are spread before the eyes of the redeemed.

Her kindness to all and generosity of heart kept even pace with these attributes of her husband.

Her large contributions as the chief promoter of the free kindergarten in San Francisco are known of the whole country; the generous Lady Bountiful of this institution as portrayed in Patsy, that admirable story of Kate Douglas Wiggin, so rich in pathos and humor. In no other school in this broad land are children of foreign birth and language taken and freely taught the language and customs of their adopted country.

In a book older than Patsy, an appreciative people will note

a true characterization of Mrs. Jane E. Stanford in the old and familiar words: "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

The overwhelming sorrow of Senator and Mrs. STANFORD was the death of Leland Stanford, jr.

An only child, a beloved boy, the idol of these parental hearts, was called away. How strange the dispensations of Providence!

Around this son were anchored all earthly hopes and ambitions of the parents.

The death of the boy determined the philanthropic channel in which should flow the great wealth of the tender-hearted parents in the establishment of Leland Stanford Junior University at the Palo Alto home in California.

Its history, its founding, its design, are household words in the nation, being the crowning act of these two great philanthropists, bestowing their great wealth in the erection of a lasting monument to the son's memory, coupled with their genuine love of mankind, in assisting young men and young women of this and other lands in procuring a higher education and equipping themselves practically for the battle of life—an institution which in all human probability will endure for centuries, and whose benign influence will be world-wide in its application.

In the language of the founders of the institution, they assert: "It is our hope to found a university where all may have a chance to secure an education such as we intended our son should have," and with the sanctifying influences of the sorrow for the son, their affection enlarging and reaching out tenderly to humanity, they exclaim: "The children of California shall be our children."

Those who know Mrs. Stanford best do not question her ability to continue the work, and with a fidelity to the trust

imposed upon her by her husband and a love for the institution coequal with his the development of the university must be the realization of the fondest hopes of both.

And in the years to come from one class to another of the university will be transmitted the story of the lives of the founders, their successes, their kindliness, their great wealth, their generosity, their devout lives, the death of the son, the great sorrow, and the founding of the university.

The romantic and heroic days of the early Californians and their struggles, the life of the early merchant, the governorship, the transcontinental railway king, the United States Senator, and the founding of the university will enter into the intensely interesting story of the institution.

In gentleness will be recounted the love of these parents for the son whose name the university bears, that in the Stanford mansion in the years after his death his room was ever kept ready and in waiting for him, and at nightfall the lamp was dimly lighted and bedclothes turned down with loving hands, as if awaiting his expected coming.

The father has joined the son; the mother lingers to complete the work.

ADDRESS OF MR. BOWERS, OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Knowing that many members desired to address the House to-day, I had thought I would keep silent, but find that I am unwilling to let the occasion pass without adding my humble tribute to the memory of the man whose name is so honorably and inseparably connected with the history and fame of California.

Twenty years ago this winter I first made the personal acquaintance of LELAND STANFORD. At that time he was president of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and I was

a member of the California legislature. That winter a fierce political eruption culminated and subsided. Skillful politicians invented and engineered to a success a scheme to make the then governor of the State a United States Senator.

In furtherance of this scheme strong appeals were made to the prejudices of the people, with, it must be admitted, many grounds for complaint. Political parties were for the time disorganized, apparently disbanded. The people almost en masse were arrayed against the railroad company, and its president and all connected with it were denounced in unmeasured terms as enemies of the State, and every member and Senator who refused to vote for the independent candidate for United States Senator was stigmatized as a tool of the railroad company. At that time the section of the State in which I resided had no railroads. It was not, therefore, for our interests to fight railroads. We were very desirous of acquiring a railroad, and were using every endeavor to induce railroad builders to come our way. I was therefore a railroad man, and it was at this time I made the acquaintance of this strong, genial man, an acquaintance, and I may say a friendship, which was maintained up to the time of his death.

The election over, the whole design and purpose of the great uprising of the people being accomplished, the Independent party disappeared, resolved into its original elements, and in a comparatively short time thereafter I saw these same people gathered in the legislative hall electing the man they had so bitterly denounced, this president of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, to the highest office in their gift, that of United States Senator, and at the expiration of his first term reelecting him without protest. Such are the changes brought by the whirligig of time.

I do not at this time intend to recapitulate the incidents of a life that are familiar not alone to all Californians, but to most

of the people of the United States, and, indeed, to the world. I will only say here that after the passions engendered by bitter political struggles have passed away, or have been softened by time, the people of California find that they are proud of and honor the memory of their railroad builder, their governor, their United States Senator, and founder of their great university, LELAND STANFORD.

Only a man of much more than ordinary ability, only a true man, only a good man could have so won the hearts of the people of California; so they honor his memory as a man subject to the passions, the temptations, and the limitations of a man; but through all these, above all these, they now know his heart and purpose was right and noble all the time.

And this purpose is well expressed in the following lines taken from the Sequoia, the university paper:

> Since we last met under the arches of the quadrangle we have lost one whose name will ever be held in tender remembrance, not only by every student of Leland Stanford Junior University, but by every friend of education. None but those who have felt the divine thirst for knowledge can know what Senator STANFORD'S life has meant to those of us whose education has been a possibility only through his benefaction. For weeks the press of the nation has been busy recording again the story of his life. We can say nothing of him that has not been better said. His work is written in the history of his country. His monuments are many, but the most enduring will be the lives of future generations, the achievement of whose highest possibilities will be a lasting memorial to his name. The best expression we can make of our sorrow for his death, of our tender recollection of his son, and of our sympathy for his widow, is an active interest in furthering their dearest wishes, as far as in us lies, in the elevation of our race.

But, Mr. Speaker, one is living who shares with the dead in this loving memory, and so long as the memory of LELAND STANFORD shall be cherished in the hearts of the people of California so long will they honor the estimable woman who through all his active life was his helpmeet, sharing in all his struggles, disappointments, and triumphs, and now the

almoner of his bounties and benefactions, devoting her life to completing his work—their work—and securing its blessings to all the people. I speak of his noble wife, Mrs. Stanford. Honored and loved in her life, when she shall be laid to rest by his side her name shall live with his, and so long as the remembrance of good and great deeds shall be cherished by mankind will the names of these two remain a sweet memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the death of LELAND STANFORD California lost an honored and useful Senator, the country a distinguished and patriotic citizen, and humanity a generous benefactor. An impartial view of his career from the cradle to the grave leads to the conclusion that he was a man of uncommon intellectual vigor and indomitable energy. In the contemplation of his achievements the wonder grows that he was able to accomplish so much. Starting without the aid of influential friends or inherited wealth he carved his way to fortune and fame. In the story of his life the ambitious and aspiring youth of our country will find encouragement and inspiration.

Having received such education and training as could be acquired in the common schools of his native county, he entered upon the study of the law in the city of Albany, and continued in the preparation for the duties of that profession until he went, in 1848, to Port Washington, Wis., to begin its practice. Little can be said of his career as a lawyer, because its duration was limited by the happening of an event which caused the abandonment of all aspirations in that direction and the change of the current of his life. The destruction by fire of his library and nearly all his goods turned his eyes to

that splendid Commonwealth on the Pacific with which his name is so intimately associated in history. From the ashes of that calamity he rose in splendor and strength.

He was married to Miss Lathrop in Albany in 1850, and in 1852 became a citizen of California. The slow and irksome ways of professional life were abandoned to engage in more remunerative employment. The times, circumstances, and events were auspicious, and the conditions favorable for undertaking and conducting large enterprises to successful terminations. California had recently been admitted into the sisterhood of States, and was being rapidly peopled by hardy and adventurous immigrants, attracted by the descriptions of its glorious climate and rich sources of wealth. Bayard Taylor spoke of this State as—

> The youngest, fairest far of which our world can boast.

In the years succeeding the foundation of the Commonwealth LELAND STANFORD bore a conspicuous part, both in political movements and industrial developments. Among such men as composed the early settlers of California force and character were necessary to the attainment of success. Having the qualities which fitted him for direction amid such conditions as prevailed in the new State, he forged to the front and became a leader.

I will not say that he made the opportunities for the acquirement of wealth and distinction, but he had the wisdom and courage to seize those which he found. It was by his participation in the construction of a transcontinental railway that he acquired the greater part of his riches. He was the prime mover in this grand enterprise. The idea of connecting and binding together the two oceans with bands of steel did not originate with him. It had been entertained even before the cession of the Golden State by Mexico, and after that event the subject received some attention in the American Congress.

The advantages to flow from the completion of that great project were apparent to others long before he became an actor in the busy scenes of life. As far back as 1832 its accomplishment became the object of the anxious thought of Hartwell Carver, of New York. This gentleman spent many long and anxious years and many thousands of dollars in efforts to promote the scheme, but the times were not ripe for the realization of this bright dream.

The stirring events which culminated in civil war impressed upon the nation the supreme importance of rapid communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. The difficulties were great, and to many seemed insurmountable, but the necessity for action produced the firm resolve to overcome all obstacles. A long and trackless desert was to be traversed, and the snow-capped Sierra stood there like a grim sentinel to prevent the passage. This would have seemed an impossible task to any but the resolute men who undertook its performance.

His account of the beginning of the enterprise is interesting, and I will give it in his own language:

> In the year 1860, before Congress had passed any act looking to the construction of a transcontinental railroad, a few gentlemen living in California met together, and as a result of their meeting concluded to have preliminary surveys made over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, to see if it were possible to build a railroad across them. Civil engineers had declared that it was not practicable to build a road over these mountains. The result of that exploration was that a road could be built, and we finally organized a company in 1861 having that object in view.

Mr. Judah was the engineer upon whose advice they depended in reaching their determination. The leaders in this great movement were LELAND STANFORD, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, and Mark Hopkins. To them is chiefly due the credit for the success with which it was crowned.

LELAND STANFORD turned the first spadeful of dirt in this work on the 22d day of February, 1863, and its completion

was announced at Promontory on May 10, 1869, by his driving a golden spike with a silver hammer. Notwithstanding his connection with the construction of the Central Pacific Railway and other large enterprises, he found time for attention to affairs of state and participation in political contests.

He was elected governor of California in 1861, and served in that position for the period of two years, when he declined to be a candidate for a second term. No greater praise could be bestowed upon him as governor of his imperial State than is found in the recital of the fact that the representatives of both parties in the legislature united in commending his administration as honest, able, and upright. In 1885 he was elected to the Senate of the United States and continued a member of that body until his death in June, 1893. It is too early to speak at length of his career in that exalted position. It is enough to say that he was regarded as a strong and forceful Senator, true to all the high trusts committed to his keeping, and ever faithful in the discharge of all his duties.

While he did not appear often in debate, he was an impressive speaker, being always earnest, clear, and direct in the presentation of his views. The chief glory of his life was in the establishment and munificent endowment of that splendid seat of learning which bears the name of the beloved son who preceded him to the undiscovered country beyond the grave. In the institution of this university for the intellectual, moral, and physical development and training of the youth of our country, he displayed that broad conception of the value and importance of education which commands our highest admiration. That noble woman, who was the tender and devoted partner of his bosom, and who shared his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and defeats, joined in this magnificent work, and upon her devolves the sacred duty of carrying it into execution.

In the following simple words spoken to a friend is disclosed the inspiration of their generous and noble benefaction: "We are happy in our work. We do not feel that we are making great sacrifices. We feel that we are working with and for the Almighty Providence." The man whose deeds have their foundation in such elevated sentiments must be regarded as a model worthy of imitation. He did not use power for selfish gratification, but rightly considered that it imposed upon him greater responsibility.

LELAND STANFORD was a broad-gauged, liberal, and patriotic citizen, whose name and fame are dear to his countrymen.

ADDRESS OF MR. LOUD, OF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: My personal acquaintance with Governor STANFORD (for by that title he has been familiarly and, I might add, affectionately known in California) was limited to the ordinary business and social courtesies that usually prevail between members from the same State; but no man who has resided upon the Pacific Slope can help but feel that he has known him intimately and well always. His close identification with the interests and prosperity of the coast, his early and prominent work in the ranks of the then struggling Republican party marked him as a fearless leader of independent thought and fearless men. Early in life was demonstrated that prominent trait of character which was closely adhered to until the end, and it can be truthfully said that whatever he believed to be right he never feared to do. In many respects he was a benefactor of the human race. His affiliation with the Free Soil and Republican parties clearly showed that he loved justice, freedom, and mankind more than the plaudits of his fellow-men, for in those days to be a Republican was to

suffer the scoffs and scorn of the large majority of our Western society.

LELAND STANFORD was not a perfect man. That work seems beyond the power, wisdom, or at least the desire of the Almighty to create; but in many of the qualities which go to make the man he surpassed the large majority of mankind. While he created and acquired a great fortune, he never used the vast means at his command to oppress those who had helped create that wealth. He never sought his fellow-man as his prey. The man who held the throttle of the locomotive; he who handled the train, worked the brake, laid the rail, or shoveled the sand was his comrade, friend, and equal. His life, as I have observed it, was one of tender, thoughtful compassion for the man less fortunate in life than himself. Those who have associated with him for many years; those who have been in his employ had at his hands always received courteous treatment, a patient hearing, the result of which was not alone a word of cheer, but substantial relief. If a wrong had been done, it was quickly remedied upon the lines of justice, equity, and generosity. No employé of his had ever been denied the sacred right of petition and, higher and above all, redress.

The events of his life, from the farm on which he was born, through early struggles to the splendors of worldly success, have been portrayed, and I will not dwell upon them. Suffice it to say that he was reared in the school of hardship and struggle in which is created the incentive to aspire.

The exercise of his youth was but an incentive to conquer, and he went forth well armed and equipped to meet the battle of life. So well fitted was he to march in the very front of conquest that he early in life sought the van of civilization in the far West, and it was in that field, at a time when the Argonauts looked for manhood and stability of character, regardless of what his antecedents and early traditions may have

been, that he was early marked as a leader of thought, action, and men. I can not better illustrate the conditions by which he was surrounded than by reciting a short sketch of his early life from the pen of his old associate, Capt. N. T. Smith:

At this early day, both at Cold Springs and at Michigan Bluff, Governor STANFORD, in an unusual degree commanded the respect of the heterogeneous lot of men who composed the mining classes, and was frequently referred to by them as a sort of an arbitrator in settling their disputes for them. While at Michigan Bluffs he was elected a justice of the peace, which office was the court before which all disputes and contentions of the miners and their claims were settled. It is a singular fact, with all the questions that came before him for settlement, not one of them was appealed to a higher court.

LELAND STANFORD was at this time just as gentle in his manner and as cordial and respectful to all as in his later years. Yet he was possessed of a conrage which, when tested, as occasion sometimes required, satisfied the rough element that he was a man who was not to be imposed upon. His principle seemed to be to stand up for the right at all times. This was so well recognized by all with whom he came in contact that when acting as an arbitrator his decisions were seldom questioned.

In these early Californian days, especially in the mining districts, there was nothing to restrain men in the exercise of their natural impulses and from following out the instincts of their natures. There was no society and but little restraint upon the individual. Yet at this time, as I have indicated, Mr. STANFORD exhibited the same gentle instincts which characterized his after life. He never indulged in profanity or coarse words of any kind, and was as considerate in his conduct when holding intercourse with the rough element as though in the midst of the highest refinement. This was particularly noticeable to all who met him.

He was the first Republican in the State of California to be elected to a State office, and filled the office of governor for the two years of 1861–'63, at which period the passions of men were incited to the highest point; reason had almost abandoned even the most conservative men; friends and families were divided upon the great question of a united country; bloodshed and riot had been no uncommon event, and was

still threatened in almost every hamlet; but his administration was conducted in such a firm, just, and honest manner as to disarm and quiet his adversaries. At the same time he merited and received the approbation of all Union-loving men, and even the admiration of the rebel and Southern element, then proportionately so numerous all over the State. This respect and admiration he held to the day of his death, and probably no man in the State numbered among his friends so many of the late secession element as the governor. He was at that period what you found him here.

While a firm believer in the perpetuity of this country as a strong, united nation, he understood human nature and the motives that control men. Knowing they had been driven into the course they followed, from environment, education, and association, he well knew that the latent good sense and patriotism of the American in them would, under favorable conditions, assert itself. He discussed issues calmly with men, never governed by passion or prejudice. These great qualities were the marked characteristics of the man, which stamped him as one high in the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. I have said before that Senator STANFORD was not a perfect man, but a man of whom it can truthfully be said: He was of great benefit to mankind. At this hour some see him as one who had been at the focus of adverse criticism for a quarter of a century, but to those who have known him is now clear the thought, as it will be in history to come, that LELAND STANFORD was in more respects than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals a great and good man—a benefactor of the human race.

There is nothing more beautiful in life than our custom of strewing flowers on the graves of the dead, and no words are better uttered than those that speak well of them. Some of our associates on this floor have regarded as futile our prac-

tice of meeting in solemn conclave to pay a tribute of respect and affection to the departed; yet their words were lightly spoken, Mr. Speaker, and did not spring from their hearts; for I have seen these same Representatives, sitting with bowed heads and tear-bedimmed eyes; have heard them utter such words as the eloquence of death only can inspire. So, there is not one among us here to-day who in his heart begrudges the time spent in doing reverence to the dead; for soon comes the reflection that some other among us, even in the twinkling of an eye, may pass out into the great unknown.

Mr. Speaker, there is little that I can say of Mr. STANFORD'S life that is not familiar to you all. From one ocean to the other he was known by the people only as a man who had amassed great wealth; yet by those of us who knew him well he was admired, respected, and loved for qualities of both mind and heart; and God's poor among us remember him best of all. As one of his fellow Senators well said: "If each one to whom he had done a good deed would lay a leaf upon his grave, Mr. STANFORD would sleep to-night beneath a mountain of foliage."

Wise philosophers have said that all is vanity. It is, indeed, a predominant attribute of human nature. Yet there is love, too; there is something in that.

Mr. STANFORD never made a vain or lavish display of his wealth, yet he distributed it among the needy with a generous hand. He was ambitious to be highly honored among men, and it is said even aspired to the highest office within the people's gift; yet there was not in him the stern stuff of which ambition should be made. He never turned a deaf ear to the distressed cries of the poor. He erected during his life and bequeathed at his death a splendid free institution of learning; yet it was not his vanity that gave the institution its name. It was paternal affection. His grief over the death

of an only son was so poignant that all hearts were touched. The boy was his delight; the pride of the household; the object of all his and the fond mother's anticipations for the future; the deserved heir to their millions. Here was in real life a pathetic analogue to the story of Dombey and Son. And when they laid the youth in his grave the manifestation of grief by father and mother touched the hearts of all men, for love is found within the portals of the rich man's palace as well as in the humblest cottage of us all.

Mr. Speaker, on every side are reared enduring monuments of brass and marble to perpetuate the achievements of men. Some of the world's famous and great ones, long since passed away, were laid in their shallow graves with all the pomp and circumstance that vanity inspires. Martial music and flying banners have proclaimed the death of the world's truly great. Lives have gone out in a blaze of glory—men renowned in statecraft, art, literature, and war. Splendid monuments and pages of history commemorate the achievements of a French soldier whose genius changed the map of a continent; a man whose indomitable spirit overawed the monarchs of all Europe; a student of literature, a devotee of art, skilled in diplomacy, able in statecraft, selfish, cold, intellectual, and ambitious, he sought the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth. Yet when he was carried to the grave with martial music, flying banners, and acclamations from thousands few wept for him.

And so it is throughout life, Mr. Speaker. The character of the procession that follows us to the grave proclaims the virtues of our lives. Hundreds of lowly and humble ones wept over Mr. STANFORD'S grave, and yet remember him in their prayers; and though the pages of history may record no great deeds of his life, yet will he be remembered in the plain and simple annals of the poor when others of greater achievements and wider fame have long since been forgotten.

Who among us would ask more? 'Tis the sum of life to be lovingly remembered by our friends and associates, and I for my part would not rest content with laurel merely on my grave; I would rather have a wreath of myrtle and immortelles, with a tribute of sincere affection—a few simple words—wrought in forget-me-nots; a sentiment that recalls to my mind the most touching scene of the many witnessed when we met to pay the last sad homage and tribute of respect to his memory, eight of the oldest engineers, bearing gently and fondly, with bowed heads, slow and measured step, with their strong arms and hands, all that was earthly of him who had been in life their friend, LELAND STANFORD.

This was no service or tribute, but the voluntary mark of esteem paid by those who had known that in him their confidence had never been misplaced; and as they gently laid him beneath the granite, the home of all that was earthly, within sight of the spot where he had spent so many of his pleasant hours; that homestead where he had reared and nurtured the light of his life and hope of his declining years—his son—I could almost hear those strong men whisper, "Never more! Never more shall we look upon his like again."

And then, in accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the House (at 4 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) adjourned.

HON. HARTWELL LEE GIBSON.

53D CONGRESS, [illegible]
2d Session [illegible]

MEMORIAL [illegible]

LIFE AND CHAR[illegible]

[illegible]

RANDALL LEE GIBS[illegible]

A SENATOR [illegible]

[illegible]

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MARCH 1, 1893. [illegible]

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
[illegible]

53D CONGRESS, 2d Session. } SENATE. { MIS. DOC. No. 178.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

RANDALL LEE GIBSON,

(A SENATOR FROM LOUISIANA,)

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

MARCH 1, 1893, AND APRIL 21, 1894.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1894.

Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the Hon. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, late a Senator from the State of Louisiana, 8,000 copies, of which 2,000 copies shall be delivered to the Senators and Representatives of that State; and of the remaining number 2,000 copies shall be for the use of the Senate and 4,000 copies for the use of the House; and of the quota of the Senators and Representatives from the State of Louisiana the Public Printer shall set aside 50 copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco with gilt edges, the same to be delivered, when completed, to the family of the deceased; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to have engraved and printed, at as early a date as practicable, the portrait of the deceased to accompany said eulogies.

Passed the Senate May 8, 1894.

Passed the House of Representatives May 9, 1894.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE DEATH OF SENATOR GIBSON.

IN THE SENATE.

MONDAY, *December 19, 1892.*

Rev. J. G. BUTLER, D. D., the Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following prayer:

Lord God Almighty, Thou art the dwelling place of Thy people in all generations. From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.

Look in mercy upon us as we again stand in the shadow of death thrown over this Chamber. We bless Thee for the pure, gentle, faithful life of Thy servant, our departed brother. Sustain and comfort all who are bereft, and so fill with Thy Spirit our hearts that day by day we may walk obediently, and humbly, and prayerfully, and trustingly before God, charitably, and kindly, and faithfully toward each other, meeting every day's responsibility in Thy fear and in view of the account we shall render to Thee.

Hallow to us, we pray Thee, the rest and labor of the holy Sabbath day. Purify our hearts by the indwelling of Thy Spirit. Grant victory in every time of temptation, and help, that the truth of God may reign in us and rule over us, guiding our steps in the paths of righteousness and of peace.

Regard in great mercy Thy servant toward whose sick bed so many eyes and hearts are now turned. We thank Thee for his long and useful life. If it please Thee, spare his life, re-

store and strengthen, above all sustain by the power of a living faith in this hour of trial, and give peace to him and to his who watch so tenderly in this time of darkness.

Guide us by Thy counsel. Teach us heavenly wisdom. O God, pity us amid life's infirmities and temptations and help us to meet daily responsibilities in the fear and strength of God faithfully, as we shall wish to have done when we come to the end of our earthly pilgrimage.

We ask these mercies, with forgiveness, and grace, and help, in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of Thursday last was read and approved.

DEATH OF SENATOR GIBSON, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. GORMAN. Mr. President, at the request of the Senator from Louisiana [Mr. WHITE], who is engaged in rendering affectionate services to his late colleague, it is made my painful duty to announce to the Senate the death of Hon. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, the senior Senator from the State of Louisiana. After a lingering illness he expired peacefully at Hot Springs, in Arkansas, on Thursday last.

I can not, sir, make this sad announcement without expressing something of the sorrow which this intelligence has brought to the Senate. Senator GIBSON held a very high place in the esteem and affections of his associates on this floor.

His great personal worth and his eminent public services had made their impressions on our hearts and judgments. We feel and deplore the unspeakable loss which the Senate, his State, and the country bear in his death.

His inestimable value as a Senator and as a man is well known to all of us. His death is a profound affliction to us and a serious bereavement to his people and the country.

He was a great and good man. His mental faculties and his moral qualities were of a very high order. It is not too much to say that his love for Louisiana had no limit, and that his large heart embraced in its patriotism the whole Union.

He has left his countrymen the example of a useful, honorable, and patriotic life, and he has left to us, his survivors here, the memory of a friendship unalloyed by regret.

Mr. President, in behalf of the absent Senator from Louisiana [Mr. WHITE], I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask their adoption.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, late a Senator from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer, to join such committee as may be appointed by the House of Representatives, to attend the funeral at Lexington, Ky., and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the Senate.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Chair appoints as the committee to represent the Senate, provided for in the second resolution, the Senator from Louisiana, Mr. WHITE; the Senator from South Carolina, Mr. BUTLER; the Senator from Georgia, Mr. GORDON; the Senator from South Dakota, Mr. PETTIGREW, and the Senator from Idaho, Mr. SHOUP.

Mr. GORMAN. Mr. President, I move, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to, and (at 12 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, December 20. 1892, at 12 o'clock m.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SATURDAY, *December 17, 1892.*

Mr. MEYER. Mr. Speaker, since our last meeting the Congress of the United States and our whole country have suffered an irreparable loss, and it becomes my painful duty to announce to this House the death of Hon. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, a Senator from Louisiana, which occurred on Thursday last at Hot Springs, Ark., after a prolonged illness. His remains will be interred at Lexington, Ky., where he was born, and where his earlier years were passed in the midst of a numerous and affectionate kindred.

For many years a conspicuous member of this body, there are many of his former colleagues who can appreciate the great grief this loss brings to his family and the personal bereavement it causes to his friends.

As a soldier, a scholar, and a statesman—in the field, on the rostrum, and in the council chamber—the best energies of his life were consecrated to his State and to his country. He loved her devotedly, strove to serve her unselfishly, and, beyond interests of family, or friends, or party, made her welfare the chief object of his desires.

Occupying, as I do, the seat once so illustriously held by him, I share in the pride of my State for having had as a Representative in this honorable House and in the Senate of the United States one so high-toned, so spotless as RANDALL LEE GIBSON, and the luster which his civic virtues reflected on his people and the honor which his public career conferred upon his whole country but exceeded his earlier services as a soldier, battling for what he believed to be the right.

At the proper time, Mr. Speaker, I shall ask this House to set apart a day, as is its custom, to be devoted to the portrayal

of his lofty character, and when this Chamber will resound with eloquent tributes to the admirable traits and eminent public services of the deceased it will make those who listen the better, it will afford them a higher conception of American manhood and American statesmanship, and it will cause them to rejoice that attributes so noble, qualities so pure and patriotic, should have been so continuously recognized by his fellow-citizens. I send to the Clerk's desk resolutions for which I ask immediate adoption.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has learned with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, a Senator of the United States from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That the Speaker of the House appoint a committee of eight members, to act in conjunction with such committee as may be appointed by the Senate, to attend the burial.

Resolved, That, as a further tribute and mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

The question being taken, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The SPEAKER announced the appointment of Mr. BLANCHARD, Mr. ROBERTSON of Louisiana, Mr. PRICE, Mr. BRECKINRIDGE of Kentucky, Mr. ELLIOTT, Mr. CARUTH, Mr. HENDERSON of Illinois, and Mr. DALZELL as the committee on the part of the House under the resolutions just adopted; and, in accordance with the concluding resolution, the House (at 4 o'clock and 15 minutes) adjourned.

EULOGIES IN THE SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, *March 1, 1893.*

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, late a Senator from the State of Louisiana, and that it extends to his afflicted family its sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved further, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of Senator GIBSON the legislative business of the Senate be now suspended in order that his associates in this body may pay a tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit to the family of the deceased certified copies of these resolutions, with statement of the action of the Senate thereon.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate be directed to communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as a further testimonial to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHITE, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the noble and beautiful eulogy delivered by the Senator from Maine [Mr. FRYE] the other day on the late Senator Kenna, he said that he thought the custom which has grown up in this body, when the hand of death strikes down one engaged among us in the performance of public service, of putting aside a day in order to make up the record of the services of the deceased and to make a statement of the estimate formed of him by his colleagues, had it in something cold and something perfunctory. It would be better, he thought, that the warm expressions from the heart should respond at once to the void which death created.

The view, sir, struck me as having in it its modicum of truth, but only, I think, a half truth. Wherever a custom has taken being in a body like this and has endured for a long time, it must have its foundation in some deep-seated reason, although such reason may not upon the surface of things be apparent. I presume, sir, that the custom by which an interval of time is allowed to elapse before ceremonies like these we commemorate to-day are had results from the fact that it was the desire and object to prevent the public record which was to be made from being formed under the dread shadow of immediate death, and therefore to enable a wiser, juster, and more impartial estimate to be put upon the record than otherwise would obtain.

Sir, if this be the origin of the rule, the task imposed upon me to-day is indeed a difficult one. As the colleague and loving friend of the deceased Senator, how, sir, can I lift my voice up to say anything that contains in it in any way a judgment or an opinion, free from bias and uncontrolled by those tender

and enduring associations which created and maintained that lasting link of personal friendship between us?

Looking back to my boyhood, I can recall him to my mind. Looking back to my early manhood, I find a friendship formed, growing with my growth, spreading with my years, and strengthening as every day went by in the depth of the attachment formed for him and the estimate I entertained for the high and noble attributes of his nature. Despite these facts, sir, which may obscure my judgment and crowd the gateways of my mind so full of tender recollections, I shall endeavor to briefly and impartially state his career, the moral which it illustrates, and the example which it sets.

Sir, Senator GIBSON suffered no adverse fortune in his early youth. His paternal grandfather came of Revolutionary stock. Moving from Virginia to South Carolina and then from South Carolina to Mississippi, he became there allied by marriage and association with many of the noblest names in that great Commonwealth. His father married early in life in Lexington, Ky., a Miss Louisiana Hart. She came from one of the most distinguished families of the many noble ones which have illustrated and adorned the history of that marvelous State—the Shelbys, the Marshalls, the Prestons, the Breckinridges, and others. The name of Louisiana was given her from the fact that a great kinsman at just about the time of her birth had drafted and introduced in this body the resolution which consummated the purpose of Thomas Jefferson in acquiring the vast territory of Louisiana. It seems, sir, as an inspiration of the providence of God that she upon whom was thus bestowed the name of the new territory was to become the mother of a son who was to shed luster upon the State of Louisiana, was to lead her gallant and heroic sons in battle, was to render her and her people services in these Halls priceless beyond measure, and in the performance of other public duties elsewhere.

No defect of early education was his. He grew up in Lexington surrounded by the refined and cultivated atmosphere which there prevailed—an atmosphere the intensity of which may be understood when it is considered that upon it was shed the luster of the life and fame of the great commoner, Henry Clay. Early in his youth that masterful power which in after life was to dominate and direct men demonstrated itself among his youthful associates. He became the captain of a company called the Ashland Guards, which was intended to serve as the escort of Mr. Clay.

Shortly after his marriage the father of Senator GIBSON acquired property in Louisiana and established a sugar estate in Terre Bonne Parish. This became his home, and thus was begun the association of Senator GIBSON with the people of that State whom he so much loved and served so well.

Taking his primary education in Terre Bonne and in Lexington, his collegiate education was obtained at Yale College. That great institution of learning which has formed so many splendid men left an impress upon his mind and his character which followed him to the end of his career.

At college the same qualities which in later manhood shone out in his character with a brightness the full extent of which was known to few men until they came in intimate contact with him made him, as a member of the graduating class—containing some of the brightest names in the record of our common country, Andrew White and others—the class orator of that class.

After his graduation he traveled a few years in Europe. Returning to Louisiana, he studied law and took the diploma of the Law University of Louisiana. But, sir, the temper of his mind was not cast in that mold which likes the dry and arduous details necessarily attending the neophyte in the legal profession. That era in the South was the period of flores-

cence, of the semipatriarchal life which charmed and fascinated everybody. Born of a race of country gentlemen, passing his boyhood either upon the rolling hills and lovely dales of the fair State of Kentucky, or in the green fields and waving forests of Louisiana, it was natural that the mind of young GIBSON should have turned to country pursuits. Under these influences he established himself on a sugar plantation with the idea of becoming a planter. I take it, sir, that the early impression made upon his mind by his youthful surroundings had not been effaced when he made this choice of a career. The consideration of public things, the discussion of public questions, was one of the necessary incidents in the semipatriarchal life of the planter of the Southern country. Doubtless the whisperings of public duty and the beckoning ambition of public service rose in the mind and heart of young GIBSON when he determined to give himself up to a country life. How could it have been otherwise? The concentrated political atmosphere which surrounded Lexington, Ky., when the overshadowing luster of the genius of Clay was with it must necessarily have remained with him. It was stamped upon his mind at a time when his impressions were plastic. Early in his career he began to give evidence of the truth of this statement by taking an interest in public affairs and by directing his steps along the path which led to the performance of public duty.

A great and noble career doubtless, sir, would have at once awaited him in the State of his adoption had not the cloud of war arisen to mar and dispel it. The storm which took its origin at the very formation of our Government was gathering over the land, and no human wisdom and no human foresight could prevent the awful tempest of blood, ruin, and misery which was to follow. When the first mutterings of that storm began to be heard, young GIBSON, who had imbibed a national

view of our institutions and whose mind was formed under the pressure of the great doctrines taught by the Whig party, of which Mr. Clay was the masterful exponent, at once took a stand against the fatal act of isolated secession.

But, sir, no force of human strength, or human character, or human intellect could stem the resistless current which was setting then as the result of forces long since created. The act was consummated. The reverberation of the first gun, echoing from Sumter, called a million men to arms. Reason was lost, and passion alone had sway. Feeling that, under his conception of duty, he owed his allegiance to the people of the State of his adoption, he raised a company in the parish in which he lived and tendered it for defense.

He soon passed from the captaincy of a company to the colonelcy of a regiment. Untrained in military affairs, cast in a mold of mind as foreign to the performance of military duty as any man I ever knew, the great qualities which God had given him shown out in his military career as they shown everywhere else, and he passed from the command of a regiment to the command of a brigade.

His regiment was assigned to duty in the Western army and met the first shock of battle at Shiloh. There, sir, his regiment, the Thirteenth Louisiana, shed a beautiful luster of courage and heroism upon the name of my State, certainly never surpassed. But I need not go into detail. In all the dread conflicts in which the Western army was engaged, in the campaign in Kentucky which led to the bloody fight at Perryville, in the campaign which caused the carnage of Murfreesboro, in that death-to-death battle which poured out such rivers of blood upon the field of Chickamauga, in the memorable retreat of Johnston, in the struggle around Atlanta—everywhere, at the head of his regiment or brigade, the civilian soldier stood in the forefront of battle and did his duty with a

courage, a fidelity, a zeal, and a heroism which no language of mine can fittingly portray.

I thought, sir, as I looked the other day over the incidents of his military career, it would be well, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of those noble and valiant men whom he led, that I should put upon the record some of the estimates entertained of him and them by the chieftains under whom he served.

General Dan. Adams, in his official report of Perryville, recommended GIBSON for promotion "for skill and gallantry on the field of battle."

General Breckinridge, in his report of Murfreesboro, said: "General GIBSON discharged his duty with marked courage and skill."

General Clayton, in his report of the struggle at Atlanta, says:

> Brigadier-General GIBSON, seizing the colors of one of his regiments, dashed to the front and to the very works of the enemy. This gallant brigade lost one-half of its members. My own eyes bore witness to its splendid conduct from the beginning to the close. It captured the guns of the enemy and captured their main works until overwhelming and increasing numbers forced their abandonment. It was handled with skill and fought with the heroism of desperation.

General Stephen D. Lee says of GIBSON'S brigade:

> I saw them around Atlanta and in Hood's Nashville campaign. I designated GIBSON'S brigade to cross the Tennessee River in open boats in the presence of the enemy, near Florence, Ala., and a more gallant crossing of any river was not made during the war. At Nashville, when Hood was defeated by Thomas, GIBSON'S brigade was conspicuously posted on the left of the pike near Overton Hill, and I witnessed their driving back, with the rest of Clayton's division, two formidable assaults of the enemy.
>
> I recollect, near dark, riding up to the brigade, near a battery, and trying to seize a stand of colors and lead the brigade against the enemy. The color-bearer refused to give up his colors and was sustained by his regiment. I found it was the color-bearer of the Thirteenth Louisiana.

It was GIBSON'S Louisiana brigade. GIBSON soon appeared at my side, and in admiration of such conduct I exclaimed: "GIBSON, these are the best men I ever saw; you take them and check the enemy." GIBSON did take them and did check the enemy.

Hood, in his Advance and Retreat, speaking of the retreat from the fatal field of Franklin, says:

General GIBSON, who evinced conspicuous gallantry and ability in the handling of his troops, succeeded, in concert with Clayton, in checking and staying the most dangerous shock, which always follows immediately after a rout, GIBSON'S brigade and McKinzie's battery of Fenner's battalion acting as rear guard of the rear guard.

General Breckinridge, speaking of General GIBSON at Chickamauga, said that he led his forces with a heroism and intelligence which could not be too highly praised.

The ability which GIBSON displayed as a military commander led to his assignment to a separate command as a division commander in the defense of Spanish Fort at Mobile Harbor, one of the last and most fateful struggles of the civil war. The estimate made of him then in this line of duty is but a repetition of the opinions which I have read of the great captains under whom he previously served.

General Andrews, who fought upon the other side, in his history of the campaign of Mobile, says:

General GIBSON was competent and active and inspired his troops with enthusiasm.

General Taylor asserts in his Construction and Reconstruction that "the defense of Spanish Fort by General GIBSON was one of the best achievements of the war."

Such, sir, was his military career. Ah, who that recalls him as he lived in these Halls, his urbanity, his mildness, his gentleness and consideration for others, would have thought of him as a leader in war. I say, sir, it is a record of which any American may be proud. I say, sir, it is a record which ought

to make every American doubly proud, not only from the fact that it exists, but from the further fact that with only those few years lying between us and that awful struggle I am able to stand in my place in the Senate of the United States and point to this record made in a civil strife as the common heritage of a united country, as an indication of the valor and fidelity to duty of a good and noble American.

Sir, we may have our judgments as to the wisdom of men in that great struggle. Opinions may, as they doubtless do, differ as to the cause of its origin and as to the motives which impelled those who brought it about. I am fain, however, to believe, as the assuaging hand of time comes to blot out these conditions, and as the necessities weld us into the great and harmonious people which we now are, and which I hope, and we all hope, shall continue to be in a greater and greater degree as the years go on, I am sure the heart of the American people is capable of recognizing the courage and heroism of the American citizen displayed in the discharge of a sacred duty as he understood his duty at the time.

Returning to his home when the war was ended, the dream of a pastoral life which had inspired the heart of the young man was necessarily blighted and gone. Misery and desolation and ruin of war had laid waste the fair fields upon which he had expected to spend a part of the energies of his life. In this condition he did as so many others did. He turned his attention to that profession which he had studied rather as an ornament than as a practical pursuit in life. He took up the practice of law in the city of New Orleans.

I recollect it well, sir, for about that time, or a year or so thereafter, I became myself a law student. The bar to which he came was crowded with men of bright and dominant intellects and of large experience. The struggle for professional advancement was great. He soon began to make himself felt,

and business came to him. The singular fascination which he exercised over men and his great power to deal with them was sensibly observed by all who came in contact with him. While these attributes did not make him a technical lawyer in the narrow sense of that term, his breadth of view and scope of judgment soon made his opponents at the bar conscious of the fact that when GIBSON was in a case the other side had to be careful in its preparation.

Degree by degree the sphere of his professional usefulness extended. The qualities which had made him a leader in war would doubtless also ultimately have made him a leader in the struggle for dominancy in the civil profession had not a more alluring and enchanting field of public service drawn him away from legal to political pursuits. He was elected to the Forty-third Congress, but was denied a seat. He was elected again to the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh, and while serving in the Forty sixth, and having yet a term to serve in the Forty-seventh, he was elected to the Senate in 1888, and was reelected for another term.

I shall not, sir, in the brief remarks which I now propose to make, attempt to analyze his career, either in the other House of Congress or in this body. I see sitting around me those who have grown gray in the public service, who served with him years ago in the other House, and who were with him here during all his Senatorial career. They can, infinitely better than I, estimate his power and the steady and resolute advance which he made in the acquisition of influence so as to enable him to participate in the direction and shaping of legislation. All I shall briefly do, sir, is to attempt to point out what I conceive to be the salient features in his public service and in the character of his work as illustrative of his career here.

The first thought that strikes me is the broad and compre-

hensive, the national view which his opinions soon assumed. Having come from the field of war, and having witnessed the awful convulsions to which the country had been subjected, his mind felt the necessity in the termination of the great issues which had evoked the war for a broader and safer national life. His mind was responsive to the whole country in every great national question which presented itself. While he set his heart upon serving his people locally, he sought at the same time to serve, with all his might and main, the nation as a whole of which the people whom he represented were but a component part.

Let me illustrate it, sir, by the events of 1877. I recollect when that crisis came, which threatened so much of harm to this nation, the bold and manly part he took in the events which led to its assuagement. During the canvass which had preceded the election of 1877 Senator GIBSON had been a warm supporter and friend and associate of Mr. Tilden. He was close to Tilden. When, however, the great controverted question arose as to the result of the election, and the mutterings of anarchy were heard all over the land, he did not hesitate for one moment, although it brought some odium on him at home and abuse in many other directions.

In the very inception of that unpleasant episode in our political life he lifted his voice and bent his energies to support the creation of the machinery which bridged this country over that controversy and led the ship of state into the tranquil waters of constitutional government, preserved without anarchy and without turmoil.

On all the other great national questions the trend of his character was in the same direction. I recollect during the days of the rag-money craze, when the minds of many were led astray by the delusive pressure for a debased currency, he stood firm for honest and hard money. There was a strong

opinion at home in favor of the greenback heresy. Indeed, an almost unanimous resolution passed through the lower house of the legislature of the State of Louisiana instructing him to vote for the rag money. Despite these facts, unostentatiously but firmly he cast his votes to preserve the purity and value of the money of the country. There are those on this floor who served with him during nearly the whole of his career who have said to me since his death that their estmate of him was of the highest character, because of the fact that his views and influence had always been exerted for that which, in his judgment, he deemed to be best for the good of the whole country and for the preservation of the integrity of its institutions.

Ah, sir, if this was the relation which he bore to this Government in these Halls from a national point of view, how much more valuable and priceless were the services which he rendered the people he represented, looked at from the point of view of their local and peculiar interest. When he came to Congress the people of Louisiana were in the slough of despair and misery; their liberties gone, the shackles of a debased government upon them. That government, whilst depriving them of their liberties, also had despoiled and was despoiling them of the remnant of property which war had left; the lamp of hope had burned out. The depression of the war had been followed by the despair caused by a debased and corrupt government.

Mr. GIBSON, as a Representative from Louisiana, set himself, along with his colleagues, to the task of relieving this situation. Who better was able to do it than himself? The charm of his personality, the breadth of his cultivation, the extent of his acquaintance, the singular fascination which he exercised over men caused him to be, as it were, a minister between the people of the South and the people of the North. The difficulty was to obtain a hearing. How well and wisely he did his duty could be said now by the voices of those on this floor with more

knowledge, with more power, and of course with more eloquence than mine could say.

When, in 1877, through the wise and just action of that benevolent man who has passed away to his reward during the past winter—I speak of President Hayes—when, under his wise and great action, the arm of the military power was lifted from the Southern people, who is it that is familiar with all the events which led up to that conclusion who can say that it was not the pervading, the strong, the subtle influence of GIBSON which gradually opened the minds of President Hayes and his advisers to a proper conception of the situation of the South. And this led to the relief of the burdens which were pressing to destruction people not only in Louisiana but of the entire South. Sir, from the lifting of those burdens every good gift which the people of Louisiana have since enjoyed has in a measure come.

Devoting himself thus to the restoration of local self-government, Senator GIBSON kept a watchful eye to the material interests of the people he represented. When he came to Congress, the mouth of that great river, the mighty artery which takes the commerce from all the West and floats it to the ocean, had an embargo on it as absolute and complete as could be. For years efforts had been made to remove it. GIBSON conducted himself with consummate skill to the furtherance of this legislation.

Whilst military engineers and others were resisting the project of Eads, GIBSON began at once with a tact and clearness and adroitness to demonstrate the mightiness of the project which Eads entertained and the necessity for legislation to assist him. By his efforts, not of course alone by his efforts, but largely by their influence, the legislation which enabled Captain Eads to carry out his plans became law. And ever since the commerce of the world, floating through the disen-

gorged mouth of that mighty river, has blessed the people of the whole valley and is blessing them to-day. I am sure I do not overestimate the value of GIBSON'S services in this particular.

I was looking some days ago at a Life of Captain Eads, one of the greatest geniuses, I think, of modern American life, reared himself in humble circumstances, without great training, but endowed by the providence of God with a mind the elasticity and clearness of which I have never known surpassed. When years were gathering on him and he was retiring somewhat from the work of active life, Senator GIBSON wrote him a letter, or addressed to some friend a letter, suggesting that a commemorative statue should be erected to Captain Eads for the work which he had done for the valley of the Mississippi. What was Capain Eads's reply? I have it, sir, in a letter written by him to Senator GIBSON. It shows how great minds lift themselves up above the mist and pettiness of things low into the region of things supernal.

Captain Eads said:

With respect to the memorial to which you refer as likely to be erected to me by the people of the valley, I will only say that it will not be fitting or complete unless it shall have a twin monument to yourself by its side. I know pretty well how to value my merits, and I know that they would have accomplished nothing without such statesmanship as you have displayed. I have studied very faithfully the laws which control the conditions of inanimate matter. You thoroughly understand the more subtle influences that control the actions of men. You are so ready to lose sight of yourself and make others believe that they are the originators of your plans that you will rarely fail to sway senates and deliberative bodies to carry out and support your measures. In my opinion no memorial to commemorate the labors in behalf of the improvement of the Mississippi River will be complete unless you are the most prominent figure comprising it.

When the work of the jetties was completed, the bestowing of such an inestimable blessing upon the commerce of the valley, there was another situation imperatively calling for

assuagement and improvement. The situation was the condition of the levees on the Mississippi River. The principle which Eads had applied to the mouth of the river demonstrated the possibility of applying it not only for that purpose, but also to preventing the awful devastation which the annual floods of that river carried to the fair fields along its banks.

Through several sessions, changing the form, but always pressing with unerring certainty to the great end which was sought to be accomplished, the mind of Senator GIBSON and the minds of his colleagues succeeded in convincing the people of the United States that there was a necessary intercommunication or interdependence, as is the undoubted fact, between the channel made easy and navigable and the protection of the banks themselves. The result of that great work and the consequences which have come from it, the legislation which has followed in may Congresses, is to-day, sir, that along the banks of that mighty river there are smiling fields and happy homes where erstwhile misery, desolation, and ruin prevailed, because sheltered and protected by the levee work which GIBSON and his colleagues succeeded in having accomplished.

But, in my opinion, the greatest blessing of his life remained to be conferred upon the people whom he represented. A venerable gentleman, living in retirement in Princeton, N. J., and who had accumulated the foundations of his fortune in Louisiana, formed the plan of giving a sum, not very large, for the education of the young men of the State of Louisiana. The philanthropist to whom I refer was Mr. Paul Tulane. This project being in his mind, he looked around for a counselor and adviser to execute it. The large field which Senator GIBSON filled in national life, the fact that he had come to be considered as one of the highest and best exponents of Southern representation, naturally turned Mr. Tulane's eyes to him. GIBSON was sent for. He listened to the purpose. At

once associating himself with Tulane's thoughts, he conceived the idea of opening up to Mr. Tulane's mind the plan of an organization of a great university in the State of Louisiana which should bestow its blessing not only on the living, but upon millions yet unborn. The influence which he exerted everywhere and upon every one with whom he came in contact soon made itself felt upon Mr. Tulane.

Calling to his assistance friends in whom he had confidence in New Orleans, the plans were soon formed. The original conception of Mr. Tulane deepened and widened until, from the elemental thought, a mighty river of benefaction has flowed out upon the people of Louisiana. There has been developed, sir, a university upon broad and deep and wide foundations, embracing in its scope everything necessary for training and development of the highest order.

This work, whilst of course not due to Senator GIBSON alone, is, in a large measure, as to its scope, the result of his influence and his advice. In the last years of his life his mind was constantly preoccupied with this university. He looked upon it, as it were, as a child of his thought. His mind constantly cast itself over the future and formed plans for its development and fructification of the great work which he saw was before him. Such is the life, sir; such its accomplishments.

Ah, what a triumph they are for American statesmanship! What lessons they teach to the young men who are to come on! As I look at the situation of our country to-day, it seems to me that the dominant disease afflicting the mind of our young men is the restless thirst for wealth, is the belief that in the public service there is nothing to be gained—is the growing conviction that neither honor nor profit nor usefulness is found in dedicating one's life to public duty. All this results necessarily in the belittling of public men and the minimizing of the work which they do.

If the true aim of life be, sir, to fill it up with the greatest blessing to one's kind, what life could more completely answer this diseased condition of thought than the one to which I have referred? What mightier object lesson could be given to correct this evil state of opinion than the life of this man which I have thus stated? In what other career could he have had such a wide field of usefulness, affording him an ampler scope for the accomplishment of good to his kind, than that public career which he led?

Sir, there is not a steamship beating along the ocean with a cargo of Western corn that does not recite the triumph of his accomplishments for the American people. There is not a field smiling in that fertile valley or a home blessed by happiness there which does not say: "Behold, this is in a large measure the result of his handiwork!" The youth educated in the university which he helped to found, which he loved so well, have already begun to mingle with society and to leaven and improve it. They furnish living examples of how he was able to do good. The thousands which are to come after, long after all who are here to-day shall have sunk into the silence of the grave, as they look back and appreciate the benefits which his labor bestowed, will associate his name with their great benefactor, Paul Tulane, and rise up and call them blessed forever.

Mr. President, I shall not detain the Senate much longer. I shall endeavor simply to state the dominant characteristics of his character by which he was enabled to do the good which I have thus feebly described. I should say, sir, that the two great distinctive characteristics of Senator GIBSON, which in themselves seem apparently antagonistic, but which, when comprehended with a deeper vision, blend and melt themselves in each other to make up the harmonious whole which was his, were will and gentleness combined—will to do where he saw a work before him to be done; gentleness to draw around

him the kindness and affection of those with whom he dealt, and thus lead them to aid and cooperate with him in the performance of the work which he had undertaken.

With these qualities was associated an almost intuitive perception of the character of men, a singular faculty for analyzing their motives, for touching the mainspring of good in them, for making everyone feel that he was a part and parcel of the great battle which was to be fought, and was to bear a full share of the rewards which were to come from the victory gained. The mightiness of his will power is demonstrated by the fact, known only in a measurable way, but known thoroughly to those who were intimately acquainted with him.

The fact is that the great work of his life was accomplished whilst physical pain, physical disorder, and weakness were ever knocking at the door of his being and threatening to submit him to the dread ordeal of death. Sir, he rose above it all. In him the power of mind put out its masterful hand upon the resisting matter, and behold the result shining forth in the accomplishments of his life which I have endeavored to portray in the feeble words I have uttered.

The tenderness of his affections is shown by an incident which occurred in the last days of his life. A friend proposed to visit Europe and asked me for letters of introduction to the representatives of this Government abroad in some of the European capitals. He desired that these letters should be not only from myself, but from Senator GIBSON also. Complying with the request, I gave him the letters which he desired me to give, and prepared the letters which he desired Senator GIBSON to give. Senator GIBSON was then at Hot Springs, afflicted with the malady which caused his death. I inclosed the letters to him, stating that I had prepared them because I presumed that it would be too much trouble for him to write them, and requested him to sign them and return them to me. After the lapse of

some days the letters were returned. He was in his last illness. The signature affixed to them was hardly discernible. One of the letters which I prepared was addressed to a distinguished gentleman, a classmate at Yale of Senator GIBSON'S. Though the mind was weak, the will was strong and the affection undiminished. When he reached this letter and affixed his trembling signature to it the pen traced below the faltering signature an endearing and tender message of affection to the one to whom the letter was addressed. The lapse of years and the fast approaching presence of death itself had not been able to obliterate from his mind the tender recollections of those college days, when so many ties of affection were formed.

The end of life drew near to him, sir, but death did not come to him suddenly. It came by slow approaches. For many years before his death he had felt a consciousness that at any moment the dread summons might come. I have often heard him express the thought. With this thought dominant in his mind and present to him, looking over the field of life, he naturally turned to the end of all things and the mighty shadow of the hereafter which was to cast itself upon him. I recollect, sir, during the last session of Congress, going one Sunday morning to his library and finding him sitting alone—for he was largely alone in the last years of his life. The inscrutable wisdom of the providence of God in sending him many afflictions had sent him the last and supreme one of taking from him, some years before his death, that gentle being who blessed and graced him, the sweetest, the tenderest, and the loveliest wife I ever knew. I found him alone, and on his knee was a book. I took up the book and said: "General, what are you reading?" He replied: "It is the Psalms." This led us to talk of the hereafter, of the great mystery of human life. "Ah," said he, "as life goes on, and I feel that perhaps only a

few months or years are left me, my mind is turning to thoughts of this nature."

Again he said: "I have reached the conclusion that outside of the broad principles of religion there is no hope for mortals here below or hereafter." Thanks be to the mercy of God, sir, for this consoling reflection, for it leads the mind to see and to know that, as the Angel of Death came to bear him from the land of Time to the land of Eternity, he passed fortified and blessed by the consolation of a faith in the infinite mercy and wisdom of God.

Sir, it was my privilege, as the chairman of the committee appointed to pay the last respect to his memory, to be present at his funeral. As I listened in the church at Lexington to the beautiful words of a venerable priest, calling attention to the evidences of immortality, it filled my heart with hope and with consolation. We carried him from the church on a bleak and wintry day to that beautiful cemetery on the outskirts of Lexington where rest the ashes of Clay, and where gathered unto their fathers are so many noble spirits of the many noble men of that great and noble Commonwealth, Kentucky. Standing in the cemetery, with the bleak north wind blowing and the leafless branches waving over the new-made grave, with a company of cadets from the Military University of Kentucky drawn up upon a knoll above the grave, I thought what a happy fate was Senator GIBSON'S. He was brought back to the soil of his nativity, beaten and worn, it may be, by the struggle of life, but not defeated, for he came back with the oblation of a life full of great things done and nobly done, of duty well performed.

Standing, sir, in silence by the open grave, with so many of the valiant and warm-hearted people of Lexington around, listening to the grizzled Confederates as they recited their prayers and dropped laurels upon his coffin, it seemed to me

that, whilst the situation was full of grief, it yet was suggestive of and instinctive with hope of everlasting joy and happiness. The clouds which darkened the sky above us had the sunshine behind them; the snow which was falling from them was destined when the sunshine came, as come it would, to be caught up and carried by the burning rays of the sun back to the heavens from which it came. The trees, sir, were bare, but I thought that soon the warm breath of spring would come to take them in its loving embrace, and they, too, would bloom and blossom with a new and beautiful life.

This may be a trite but it is a consoling suggestion, sir, of the bloom and blossom of that immortal life which I pray and believe is to be given us all in the world beyond. But, sir, there came to me another consoling reflection. Whilst it was certain that all this renewal of life of inanimate nature would come, what was it which was to bring the laughing life upon the barren bough? Whence was it to come? It was to come, sir, as a result of the mighty conservation of energy, that great law by which nature provides for the throwing off of the useless and the dross, and the conservation for fructuation thereafter of the strength and beauty of existence.

May we not feel that it was so with the colleague whom we laid to rest in his mother earth? Holding up his life well done, and all the good deeds in it, may we not feel sure that, passing from life into immortality, not the immortality of paganism or the more illusory immortality of a sublimated pantheism, but into that blissful hope of immortality born of the faith of Christianity, he carried to his account all the good deeds of his life. "Their works do follow them."

Thinking thus, sir, there came to my mind those words of ineffable consolation, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

ADDRESS OF MR. WOLCOTT, OF COLORADO.

Mr. PRESIDENT: There is a kinship among men who have a common *alma mater*. It is intangible, vague; is not dependent on earlier acquaintance or similarity of pursuits. It is born of the common impulse and aspirations with which a university inspires her sons, and is recognized in some subtle fashion as a brotherhood, always of the mind, sometimes of the heart. And it was probably because, years after his graduation from Yale, I, too, had for a time drawn inspiration from that fountain of learning, that Senator GIBSON met me when I came here a stranger and made me know him for a friend.

He was of that glorious class of 1853, whose members have adorned every profession and added strength and luster to the judiciary, to cabinets, to Congress, the press, and to human effort in countless directions in this generation of men. Of them all none wielded wider or better influence than GIBSON; none was so much loved.

The impress of his university was strong upon him. Surrounded by classmates and college friends at our annual reunions, he reveled in the recollection of his college days. Devoting largely of his time and effort to the university of his adopted State, the administration of the Peabody fund and of the Smithsonian, of which he was a regent, he everywhere gave token of the belief he cherished that education was the leaven which should lift this people to the truest appreciation of the value of republican institutions—a belief which his college had inspired, and the fruit of her teaching.

The generation now in its full manhood is the first since the foundation of the Republic to see only a free people within the limits of our broad domain. To the added incentive which freedom has brought is due much of the vast progress in arts

and sciences and in civilization which has marked the last twenty years. These are glorious days, but in nothing so glorious or instructive or majestic as that in them there is permitted to our vision and understanding that to which all history affords no parallel, and which to coming generations will never be wholly comprehensible.

We have witnessed citizens of the Republic, who took up arms against it and sought unsuccessfully to compass its division and overthrow, come back into the Union, take part in its government, intrusted with a large share in the shaping of its policy, animated only by lofty and patriotic devotion to its welfare, and representing communities which breathe only loyalty and love for our reunited country. RANDALL GIBSON was of these—a noble exemplar of the type. His path was marked for him by his duty as he saw it, and, dwelling not on old differences, it is blessed to remember that the flag his boyhood's eyes first saw unfurled was the flag he loved when those eyes closed in death.

He must have had consummate political ability, for the politics of his State have been always in ferment; but we saw nothing of that side of him. We saw only the calm, quiet repose, the delightful, high-bred urbanity. He had the qualities of a statesman; but he had more, he had that which charmed; and this charm and the personal influence of his pure life brought him added strength. Alive to the interests of his section, he told eloquently of the devastation the Mississippi had wrought, and the doubts which caution raised as to legality were swept away, and Congress gave him the help his people needed. And during the struggle over the election bill, sometimes called the force bill, his words took double force from the fact that no man knew him who did not know also that his high soul would never stoop to injure the poorest black man who toiled on a Louisiana plantation.

He had unvarying courtesy and fine simplicity of manner, coupled with firmness, which was none the weaker because it was uno btrusive. He was a citizen of the world, but that which soils never touched him. His thoughts turned always toward kindliness. Once, when he spoke to me of Cæsar, whom he greatly admired, he dwelt with emphasis on the strength and warmth of Cæsar's friendships, and how, when he was stricken down, he thought not of escape, but only to cover his face that he might not witness the treachery of his friend.

Senator GIBSON always recalled to me, in person and in character, Colonel Newcome. You remember the touching lines of Thackeray which tell of his passing away. "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master." I have shrunk from learning about Senator GIBSON'S last days, for pain and he had long known each other, and I fear he suffered much; but we may know that he died as he had lived, fearlessly and uncomplainingly, as became so true and gallant and brave a heart.

He has traveled the way of all men born of woman, the great souls and the little. "One event happeneth to them all," and from none has yet come a voice our ears can hear. If there be somewhere souls of men who have lived, he sits in goodly company, with the truest and the best. If that which was GIBSON now lies in the earth, returned to our common mother, he will yet live in the higher and purer thoughts and nobler endeavor of his fellow-men, towards which his blameless life was both the incentive and the example.

ADDRESS OF MR. GORDON, OF GEORGIA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Eulogies, whether of the living or dead, are to be commended so far only as they are merited and true. No criticism is intended of that custom which converts the grave into a sort of "Holy of Holies," beyond whose barred portals the Spirit of Detraction shall not pass. That the animosities engendered by the conflicts of a lifetime shall all be buried with the dead is the authoritative mandate of universal humanity; and yet loyalty to the living, especially to those whose characters are still unformed, forbids indiscriminate praises, after death, of the man who did not merit them while living.

That venerable law, consecrated by the enlightened sentiment of ages, which forbids that evil shall be spoken of the dead, is ennobling charity, God-like and beautiful, even in its blindness; but, Mr. President, it is far more God-like and beautiful to live a life which requires neither the embellishing touch of charity to guild its virtues, nor the shroud and coffin to conceal its deformities—a life which may be eulogized, not simply because it is ended, but because it was worthily spent.

Such a life was that of RANDALL LEE GIBSON. It was begun in that portion of Kentucky which is unique in its beauty, exceptional in its industrial developments, and inspiring in its surroundings and associations. His character received its tone and vigor and coloring on a Southern plantation and under the molding influences of that inherited institution which for a century made of the Southern people a peculiar one in their conspicuous isolation, which subjected them to constant and perhaps natural misconstruction, and which at last involved them in bloody war; an institution

which (whatever else may be said of it) has left as its lasting landmarks a long line of heroic figures, who with marked individuality, with great intellectual vigor, with acute sensibilities and sterling integrity have won a title to the gratitude of posterity because of their services to the people and the Republic.

General GIBSON'S life and character formed one of these great landmarks, and was the legitimate outgrowth of this peculiar civilization.

That character was both strong and symmetrical. When I say that General GIBSON was brave I would not be understood as affirming merely that he possessed that order of courage which characterizes the true soldier of every age. This he exhibited in battle to a degree which made him conspicuous, even in an army whose intrepidity has not been excelled in the annals of war. But I allude in this connection to that nobler courage which enabled him to follow without trepidation the lead of his own commanding sense of duty unswerved by the apprehension of personal loss.

He was a general in the Confederate army, brave, knightly, and true; and he was equally true to all the obligations imposed by the failure of the Confederate cause. None who knew him ever doubted the extent or depth of his sincere loyalty to the restored union of the States and to all the muniments, limitations, rights, and powers of the American Constitution.

He was a man of intellect, of careful study, and of rare acquirements. He was possessed of all the manly virtues; and yet his nature was one of singular delicacy and of almost perennial sweetness. His native gifts, his extensive acquirements, his knightly spirit and courtly manner made him the fit representative here and everywhere of a great and cultured people.

He was an honest man. I do not mean to assert simply that his personal integrity never bent before temptation nor was ever sullied by the faintest stain. All this; but far more. His was of that most exalted type of honesty which is at once the strength and ornament of the soul, which enshrines justice as a religion and enthrones truth as a divinity.

When such a life goes out it leaves, like the setting sun, radiance behind it, which does not, however, fade with the passing day, but which, though mellowed and softened by the shadows of death, is still a beacon guiding us to a better life here and to the higher and nobler one beyond.

ADDRESS OF MR. VOORHEES, OF INDIANA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Grief and sorrow remain with the living; peace and rest go with the dead. The tortured brow, the tear-stained eye, the heart of anguish, the wail of woe, the lonely, sleepless vigil; the despairing outlook on each new breaking day; all these things belong to the precincts of time, and not to those who have been laid down to sleep in the embrace of their mother earth. The relations between the living and the dead, and the loss and gain to each, have taxed the anxious questioning spirit of all the ages and of every race.

At every step of the skeleton foot of death come also the well-known scenes, and the unsolved mysteries of the eldest as well as of the latest born generations. With every visitation of the glass and scythe, the same strained, startled look and terrified vigilance are to be seen bending in impotent love and tears over the dying as in all the centuries of the past. That quick, swift, high look of vivid, joyous recognition which comes so often as a glimpse of another world into the faces of

the pure and just in their passing hour, is still to be seen as in the days of old, when the heavens were opened and angels appeared to the children of men, and with unaided reason we can know no more, we can go no farther.

We yearn to penetrate the future with the beloved ones who are torn from our clinging arms; we long to lift the veil of mystery which hides them from our embrace; we knock at the tomb and would wrench its iron bars apart to keep unbroken the fond relations of time and sense. What sad heart has not in some desolate hour cried out:

Oh, wanderer in unknown lands, what cheer?
How dost thou fare on thy mysterious way?
What strange light breaks upon thy distant day,
Yet leaves me lonely in the darkness here?

Oh, bide no longer in that far-off sphere,
Though all heaven's cohorts should thy footsteps stay;
Break through their splendid, militant array,
And answer to my call, O dead and dear!

I shall not fear thee, howsoe'er thou come;
Thy coldness will not chill, though death is cold;
A touch and I shall know thee, or a breath;
Speak the old, well-known language, or be dumb;
Only come back! Be near me as of old,
So thou and I shall triumph over Death!

All is in vain. Hollow echoes, like dismal, unmeaning sounds from dark, untenanted caves of earth, respond to our intense and constant calls so long as we are guided by no other inspiration than our own.

But yesterday the gifted, graceful, accomplished, and beloved Senator from Louisiana stood in the pride and beauty of his manhood here in our midst. In this small body of less than a hundred men composing the Senate of the United States his was a personality of high and marked distinction.

The charm of his presence still lingers in this great Hall. The unaffected dignity of his bearing, the sweet courtesy of his manner, the eloquence of his tongue, his winning smile, the warm grasp of his hand, will never pass from the memory of those who knew him best. All our relations to him while living were of the most elevated, affectionate, and ennobling character. What are our relations to him now? Can it be that they are all broken, shattered, dissevered, and forever lost, never to be resumed nor restored in a more permanent life than this?

Can it be that in the brief space of our separation he has gone from us as far as the generations who perished before the flood and in the morning years of creation? The ties that bound us to Kenna, to Barbour, Beck, Logan, Conkling, Carpenter, David Davis, Hendricks, McDonald, Blaine, and others who might be named, are they all hopelessly sundered, not only here in the cold and wintry day of life, but also in the immortal summer beyond?

Sir, tokens of honor and ceremonial tributes to the dead are evidences paid by human instinct as well as by religious faith that the relations of life are not destroyed by death. The pomp and pageantry of martial array, the swelling funeral dirge, and the parting volley over the dead soldier carry with them the love of his comrades, not merely for his memory, but for him personally in the new existence he has assumed. The high pealing notes of the anthem and the lofty eloquence of the orator over the mortal remains of the honored statesman, the eminent ecclesiastic, or other public benefactor are not inspired by the cold clay there lying in state, nor alone by the memory of glorious earthly achievements, but in far higher degree by the feeling that the great liberated soul still lives and may be known by us again in the future.

And so, too, it is with the humblest mourners who bedew the

graves of their loved ones with tears and strew their peaceful resting places with flowers. The mother, the father, the son, the daughter, the brother, the sister, all kindreds, are sustained, soothed, and upheld in their bereavements by a natural as well as by a religious faith that the living and the dead are not lost to each other.

Sir, the biographical sketch of the Senator from Louisiana, proper to such an occasion as this, has been spoken by others; the leading incidents of his brilliant career have been given, and but little, if anything, remains to be said except what may be suggested by his personal characteristics. In the whole course of my life I have not known a more attractive, considerate gentleman than RANDALL L. GIBSON. Our relations were those of an intimate, confiding friendship. We never met nor parted without a mutual recognition of this pleasing fact. We sometimes, too, traced the blood that flowed in our veins back into the veins of ancestral kindred, and greatly enjoyed the idea that we were clansmen from "the Blue-grass Lands," though now in exile, and meeting here from other States.

General GIBSON was born in Woodford County, Ky., sixty years ago last September, and his early life was spent and formed, as it were, in a camp of chivalry. Men of the highest note and distinction appeared to his youthful gaze every day in the lists of the tournament. In the courts, at the hustings, in legislative halls, and wherever else the people or their representatives were assembled, there the genius and the gallantry of Clay, Bowman, Crittenden, the Marshalls, the Breckinridges, and others of the first magnitude displayed themselves in profusion and stamped their influence on rising generations.

From the days of Boone and of Harrod to the present hour, whether in peace or in war, Kentucky has been the high school of eloquence, statesmanship, and courage; and never from her

portals went forth a nobler son or a truer type of her culture, as well as of her native graces, than the Senator from Louisiana, who was carried back on the 19th of last December and laid down at Lexington to rest forever in her loving bosom. In that more than royal Necropolis, in that city of the famous dead, by the side of Breckinridge and Beck, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

General GIBSON was an educated man in the fullest and best sense. He was a student in the schools of his native and of his adopted State, and graduated with honor at Yale. He was a traveler in foreign countries, and enriched his mind by an intelligent observation of their inhabitants and the methods of their governments. His natural gifts were brilliant, and his acquirements were extensive and versatile. His interest in the various and widespread branches of learning is shown by the numerous employments he held at the time of his death in connection with great institutions and important movements for the diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of the sciences.

He was president of the board of administrators of the Tulane University of Louisiana, one of the administrators of the Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans, a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, a trustee of the Peabody Education Fund, and he gave his earnest, active attention to the duties of each one of these important trusts.

During the eight years of his distinguished service in the House and almost ten years in the Senate he fulfilled with conspicuous ability and fidelity every duty devolved upon a Member or a Senator in Congress, and found time besides to permanently associate his name with the highest and most powerful agencies in the cause of universal education. He was not a loiterer in life's vineyard; he slept not on his post; he toiled forward and pushed onward to the end, with his face to

the opening dawn and spreading light of a more glorious future for his country and for the great family of man.

But still other distinctions than those of the schools, the universities, the courts, and the political arena came to the late Senator from Louisiana in his early life. Standing upon the inviting threshold of his peculiarly promising career, at 28 years of age he heard the cannon's opening roar in that dread conflict between the sections of a common country which was to exorcise forever the spirit and the cause of sectionalism and to wipe out a mutual misfortune. He stepped at once into the ranks of those with whom his honor and his life were cast, and with purposes as pure and courage as serene as ever animated a soldier's breast he fought out his side of the mighty issue, and saw at last, according to the immutable decrees of Almighty God, the banner of the Lost Cause droop and fall, never to be lifted up or unfurled again.

Whether at the head of his company or leading a regiment, whether putting his brigade into action or commanding a division on the bloody field, it was plain to all from the beginning to the end of the war that General GIBSON was possessed in an eminent degree of the highest qualities of a great soldier. This fact needs no other evidence than his rapid rise from civil life, without military education, to high and successful commands in the midst of a warlike people at a most warlike period, and in competition with the pride and training of West Point, freshly resigned from the old United States Army.

Obedient without question or murmur to his superiors in rank; gentle and gracious, though decisive; quick and firm in command, he was a model soldier in one of the severest and most exacting wars in the world's history. He was the Sir Philip Sidney of his day. When that more than princely Englishman, governor of Flushing and general of horse at 32

years of age, waived his dying thirst on the stricken field of Zutphen to a private soldier whose need seemed greater than his own, his lofty and generous soul bloomed out in an act of self-sacrificing, chivalric courtesy with which the world has been illuminated for more than three hundred years.

In all the elements which composed his nature, in the refinement of his cultivation, in his unselfish love for his fellow-men, and in his modest silence in regard to his own merits or sufferings, the Senator from Louisiana, whose death we mourn, was on an easy level with the dying British hero, had the occasion called.

Of General GIBSON'S long, useful, and distinguished services in civil life it is needless here and now to speak. They are indelibly written in the archives of his country, and there they will remain while American history endures.

Many of her gifted sons, both native and adopted, has Louisiana furnished to the service of the Republic, but none with purer fame or a brighter, stronger record for the public good than the statesman, the soldier, the gentleman who has just crossed over the river out of our sight. He will return no more to the great, historic Commonwealth through which the current of the mighty Mississippi throbs its way into the ocean; he will never again revisit the land of the magnolia, the cypress, and the palm, nor walk the loved and familiar streets of the Crescent City; but the memory of his noble life, full of good deeds and crowned by a Christian faith, will remain forever fresh and green in the hearts of the people whom he served with faithful, intense devotion from the morning to the evening of his sojourn upon earth.

Sir, the repeated and rapid visitations of death in this Chamber would wreathe it in perpetual gloom, festoon its walls unceasingly with funeral crape, and appall the boldest, bravest

of its members, were it not that we are sustained, as was our late associate in his dying hour, by the assurance so well told by an old English writer:

> The more we sink into the infirmities of age the nearer we are to immortal youth. All people are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring, ever fresh and flourishing. To pass from midnight into noon on the sudden, to be decrepit one minute and all spirit and activity the next, must be a desirable change. To call this dying is an abuse of language.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHERMAN, OF OHIO.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Never before in any period of my public service have we been so frequently called to mourn the death of our associates. Here in this Senate Chamber, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and in the supreme judicial tribunal of our country, seats have recently been made vacant and draped in mourning. Many of the most brilliant and distinguished actors in the great events of our time have, within a brief period, met the inevitable fate that awaits us all. It is fitting, even in the hurry of the closing days of the session, that we should pause a while in our public duties to place on record our appreciation of the character and services of our departed associates. In the presence of death the ties of friendship become cherished memories. The contention of opposing opinions is forgotten, and with charity and loving kindness we, the survivors, holding our own lives by a feeble tenure, gather here to speak words of tenderness, generosity, and hope.

No member of the Senate among the living or the dead was more free from the bitterness of personal and political strife than RANDALL LEE GIBSON. I do not recall a single phrase or word uttered by him that could wound the feelings of any

of his fellow-Senators. Always a gentleman, he instinctively observed the courtesy and kindness due to his associates, however much he might differ with them in opinion. He was favored in early life with exceptional opportunities for education, and improved them wisely. He graduated at Yale College with high honor, and in due time received his diploma from the law department of the University of Louisiana. He then had the great advantage of three years of study and travel in Europe.

This training did not, as sometimes is the case, excite in General GIBSON egotism, pride, or selfishness, or a fondness for the institutions, fashions, or dress of foreign countries in preference to those of his own. He was in every sense an American, genial, cordial, and considerate in his manner; plain and simple in his dress; without a shade of ostentation.

His birth in Kentucky and his lifelong residence in Louisiana naturally carried him into the Confederate service. There he exhibited the qualities of a good soldier; brave, attentive to duty, obedient to orders. He won distinction on many of the great battlefields of the civil war. He rose from the ranks to the command of a division.

We have come to regard this fierce and sanguinary struggle as an inheritance from our fathers, growing out of an honest difference of opinion as to the framework of our Government. Poor human nature could provide no arbitrator to settle this contention, but now that it has been settled by a sacrifice of life and treasure almost unexampled in human history, it can be truly said that the result is heartily acquiesced in, and that no slumbering fires can rise from the ashes of the civil war to disturb the unity, integrity, and power of this great Republic. I know that this was the conviction of General GIBSON.

All that he has said and done since the close of the war is in harmony with the opinions of Washington and Marshall,

that our country is an indestructible union of all the people of a great nation living in forty-four separate States in harmonious union, each State possessed of all the powers of an independent government except those granted to the General Government or prohibited to the States. This compound system of government is likened to the solar system, one sun imparting strength, order, and safety to its circling planets, each revolving in its orbit and caring for the life, education, and happiness of its people. In this way only can a vast region of diversified employments and productions and varied interests be bound together in a homogeneous whole, insuring protection to all against foreign powers and home rule to each part. In this Senate we are the representatives of local interests, but bound to consider them in subordination to the good of the country at large. In the performance of these duties General GIBSON was a faithful Representative and Senator. He was able to render to the people of Louisiana the most valuable services, especially in the improvement of the Mississippi River, but he was also conservative in all the great questions that affected our intercourse with foreign nations, our national currency, and the development and protection of our national industries.

The services of General GIBSON as a Representative and Senator from Louisiana can more fitly be stated by his colleague and his successor. My respect for his memory and my sincere sorrow for his death are founded upon my knowledge and appreciation of his character as a man, the purity of his life, the charm of his social intercourse, and his devotion to his wife and children.

My personal acquaintance with him commenced when he was a member of the House of Representatives and I an executive officer. We lived in adjoining houses and were neighbors in the best sense of that word for several years. Our families

had constant and familiar intercourse. Our lines of political action were far apart, but this did not interrupt in the slightest degree the interchange of thought and feeling between us. He was well informed and had clear opinions upon almost every question of science, ethics, history, and politics. He was modest in expressing his views, but he always imparted information and was on the side of law, order, justice, purity, and honor.

I never heard him say anything that might not be repeated in the family circle, or that would excite the reproaches of religious men and women. He was a man of liberal and enlightened views, kind and generous, well educated, not only in the learning of the schools, but in all the varied knowledge that comes to a careful student; an habitual reader, an observant traveler, a good lawyer, blessed also with ample means and a happy home, with a family devoted to him.

It is his home life, rather than his life as a soldier, a Representative, or a Senator, that I wish to recall and present in this brief tribute to his memory. If he could speak to us from the grave, it would not be of the pride and circumstance of war, or the intellectual struggle of debate, but of his wife and children, of his personal friends, of his companionship with books, and his tranquil happiness of home. The loss of his wife was a deep affliction to him. May we not hope that in the immortal life promised by our Christian faith, the profound belief of humanity from the earliest ages, that which we believe in but can not prove, the spirit of Senator GIBSON will be found worthy of a place among the spirits of those who in this life have been honorable, true, and faithful to their honest convictions of duty.

ADDRESS OF MR. MILLS, OF TEXAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The distinguished Senator whose recent loss the State of Louisiana and the whole country mourns was a conspicuous figure in American history for more than a quarter of a century. Four years of that time he was a prominent commander in the armies of the Confederate States, and by cool and steady courage and unerring judgment in field and council he continually rose in the esteem of the government, the armies, and the people, till at the close of hostilities he was one of a cluster of bright stars that illuminated the Southern skies.

In every position in which he was placed he measured up to the full standard of all its requirements, however arduous, difficult, or dangerous the duties which it exacted. He had what is not the common heritage of all men when in the presence of great responsibilities and great peril—a calm, imperturbable confidence in himself. He rested with perfect repose upon the convictions of his own judgment. He never reached a conclusion by assault, but always by the slow approaches of his own reason. When his resolution was reached, if to attain what it required the forlorn hope was to be led, no one rode at its front with steadier nerve than he. As he appeared to me his mental and physical constitution was destitute of enthusiasm. In all the amenities of social life he displayed many of the characteristics of the French, who constituted a large part of the population of his State, but as a soldier he had none of that quality which the French call *élan*, and which we would call impetuosity.

He had more of the dogged stubbornness of the Scotch than of the French, and on the field was a MacDonald rather than

a Murat. He moved along the lines of life in war and peace as he was attracted and drawn by the cold convictions of duty. The alarm of a fire bell at night would not make his eyes glow with unusual light or his blood flow with a quickened pace. In an emergency of any kind the first questions that arose in his mind were: What can I do? What should I do? Having solved them, he would proceed to do what his judgment dictated, and in executing his resolution he would bring into active exertion all the resources of his mind and body.

In open war in the field some commanders of equal courage and intelligence will achieve greater success in defending, while others will win greater success in assailing. General GIBSON was one of the former class. Enthusiasm and even reckless audacity are often invaluable in the offensive. But they were qualities he did not possess and could not command. He had that other quality so conspicuous in the English troops, and which Macaulay says gave its highest exhibition "in the closing hours of a disastrous and murderous day." He had stubborn courage, will power, dogged pertinacity, and self-reliance.

He would have been a great brigade or division commander under Stonewall Jackson, but as a corps commander he never would have attempted what Jackson accomplished. Had he been in command of the Federal troops in the valley of Virginia his camp would never have been surprised and stormed by Early, nor would he ever have rallied and united his broken and routed columns and led them to victory as Sheridan did. His mental constitution was cast in a mold very much like that of General Pat Cleburne. Cleburne was an Irishman utterly destitute of that impulsiveness so characteristic of his people. He had neither the vivacity, the wit, nor the humor of an Irishman. He was as complete a stranger to enthusiasm as he was to physical and moral fear. He was

always calm and thoroughly master of himself and of his situation. No man, in my judgment, in either army, could hold so many of his men around him when desperately assailed. If he was ordered to advance and attack, he did it as he would move upon the field for inspection. He would sit unmoved on his horse and would see his division strike like a bolt of thunder, and no member of his command could tell, from reading his face, whether the battle was going well or ill. He wore the same features on the drill field as on the battlefield. General GIBSON was of the same mold and had many of the same qualities. He was always courteous, discreet, never rash, and never transported with enthusiasm. His courage and self-command rose with the emergency and showed at its best when put to the severest test.

Every commander will impress his own character upon his troops. I have seen the same brigade under two different commanders at different times. Under one it never failed to recoil and break under fire; under the other it always stood a wall of adamant. One attracted and riveted the confidence of his troops and the other repelled it. No commander without personal courage can have the respect of his troops, and without capacity to handle them he can not have their confidence. He must so lead them that they will be proud of their achievements when they stand in the presence of their comrades and in the eyes of their country. No soldier ever saw General GIBSON on any field where he was not master of himself and of his situation and where his troops were not proud of their commander.

No one ever saw him recklessly expose his command where it would be taken at disadvantage. He never sought to win glory for himself by the unnecessary effusion of blood. He kept his eye steadily fixed upon the attainment of an end, and that with as little loss and suffering as possible to his com-

mand and his country. It was this splendid trait in his character that won the confidence and affection of his comrades and enabled him to win reputation in the army and an abiding place in the affections and memory of his countrymen.

It was my fortune to know him as a stateman as well as a soldier. I served with him many years in the other end of the Capitol. He exhibited the same traits in civil that he had displayed in military life. Duty to those who had placed him in a high public trust was the law that governed all his actions. He was a laborious, painstaking Representative. He would investigate every question thoroughly before he would determine his course upon it. He soon took a prominent position in the deliberations of that body, and his utterances always had great weight with its members. He was not fond of speaking. He spoke rarely and only, as it seemed, when driven to it by a conviction that it was necessary he should do so. When it was a necessity to speak he had that rare faculty of knowing when to quit. He realized the fact that his speech would be more effective if his words would cease with his ideas, and accommodated his speech to his convictions.

I have known him in the army, in the House, in the Senate, and in his family. In all the long years of our acquaintance our relations were close, and I had opportunity to see him in all the phases of his character. He was always the same; devoted to his country, his family, and his duty. He was an affectionate husband, and towards his children he had the weakness of a mother. I doubt if he ever learned to say no to one of them in answer to any request. I have been with him weeks at a time when he was in the midst of his family, and I was often reminded of that king of France who said that his baby was the most powerful subject in his kingdom, and when asked why replied that his child ruled his mother, the mother ruled him, and he ruled France. In General GIBSON'S

case the children ruled the father without the intervention of the mother, as is often the case outside as well as inside the boundaries of France.

His wife preceded him to the grave; and he now sleeps by her side in the warm and generous bosom of the State upon whose soil he was born, and for whom throughout his whole life he cherished the most unfaltering affection. He was proud of Louisiana and loved her people with the devotion of a child. He lived to reflect honor upon her who had honored him. For her he had spent his life in peace and offered it in war, but when death came it made a child of him again, and he wanted to sleep with the ashes of his fathers in the beautiful green at Lexington. There his country and his kindred consent for him to rest until the Author of his being shall awake him from his tomb and bid him arise at the dawn of a new day and put on immortality and eternal life.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCPHERSON, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Turning back the pages of the book of time for two short years, a brief era in a nation's life, in retrospective view we find a current of sad events, all teaching a lesson which the living may well lay to his heart. In that short period the angel of death has four times invaded this Chamber, and each time removed from mortal eye across the dark river one of our loved and honored members.

To those taken, life was no less sweet than to us who remain. Torn from the loving embrace of family and the companionship of friends by the ruthless hand of death, he, once our brother, is summoned hence to enter, naked, silent, and alone, the confines of the spirit world. How sad the thought that all must die alone, and alone must cross the dark river to

that other country of which we know nothing. The past alone is ours; the future belongs to God. The grassy hillock that is piled o'er the icy bosom, and the record of deeds done in the body, is all that is left to earth of RANDALL L. GIBSON.

I need not speak of his life history and work; the eloquent Senator from his own State will tell the story of his earlier manhood. I will speak of him only as I knew him in the noonday of his life and the full glory of his mental and physical strength. While I can not hope to add to the wealth of eulogy worthy to be bestowed upon our departed friend, my tribute to his memory is not to him as a soldier or statesman, and he excelled in both, but to him as a man—a man of pure and lofty purposes, of pure thoughts, and pure life. As a thinker he was given to retrospect, and in the teachings of history he found a guide to his feet, a light to his path. History repeats itself, he was wont to say, and with the experience of the past before us why can we not avoid many of the faults and misfortunes of the present.

My first acquaintance with RANDALL GIBSON was a chance one. Some time after the late civil war, and after the passions which inspired it had measurably died away, I met him at Brussels, in Belgium, and introduced myself. He had a charm about him always to me irresistible, and, being invited by him, together we visited Waterloo, the most famous battlefield of modern times, toward which the traveler of every race now turns his footsteps. Passing under the gateway where the Belgian lion keeps guard over the dead of three great nations, we strolled to the heights above to where upon that fated field the Emperor watched the battle. The guide pointed out to us the theater of chief events in that memorable struggle in which the armies of England, France, and Prussia met in deadly conflict. No detail escaped the eye and ear of Mr. GIBSON, and at times, soldier like, his mind seemed reveling in

the joyous frenzy of the fight, but later in the day, as the excitement wore away, he turned to me and exclaimed (in substance): How horrible even to contemplate. The blood that stained this ground was shed in vain. Beneath our feet lie moldering in one common grave the bones of Briton and Gaul, who know not for what they fought, except it be for the glory that waits on victory. And what did that great victory accomplish? What did it achieve? It gave nothing to humanity, to liberty, to the rights of man. In like manner, said he, except to strike the shackles from four millions of slaves, what did our late civil war accomplish? What did it achieve that with wisdom and forbearance could not have been achieved without it? Why did not reason and judgment, both here and there, rush to the rescue and save the world from sacrifices so fearful and so unnecessary? Thus did his reflective and disciplined mind reason from cause to effect and from effect back to cause again, in respect of two great events which happened in one half century, and in one of which he acted so conspicuous a part.

Free from passion himself, he viewed with alarm the sordid and sinful passions, the unreasoning yet controlling voices of the multitude, all mingled in one, which had driven in hot haste the ruling spirit of two great continents to deluge the land in blood; and, more than all, he deplored the continual existence of a spirit abroad in the land which might cause it to happen again.

He spoke to me of Kentucky, to whose people he was bound by all the ties of blood and parentage; of her schools, where his education began, and of school friendships early and long bestowed. He paid a high tribute to Louisiana, the State of his adoption, to whose people he was bound by all ties of social and official life, and with gratitude and obedience of heart he mentioned the oft-repeated evidences of her appreciation and regard which bound him to her with hooks of steel.

Not to be favorably impressed with my new-found acquaintance—from that day a friend—and always a cherished friend till the end, was quite impossible. In after years I found him ever the same. The nobility of his character, the gallantry of his heart and mind was visible in every act he did, or word spoken. A strong and resolute man has fallen. In his death the country has lost a champion, who, by experience, had learned the sad lesson that in a free republic resting upon the will and dependent upon the power of the people, not to be found upon her side cheering with his voice and strengthening by his arm in her days of great peril, distress, and danger, was fraught alike with evil to her and to him who would profit by her misfortunes.

To any affront, actual or implied, Mr. GIBSON was morbidly sensitive. His was a proud and manly spirit, void of offense to others; he was ever ready to forgive a wrong or resent an injury. As a thinker he possessed an analytical mind; as a statesman his every act had the sanction of mature reason and an excellent judgment. He scorned deceit, abhorred calumny, and his generous nature forbade him to speak of others except in praise.

It never occurred to him that he could be asked or expected to do anything that would sully his character, and no man ever suspected him of any but honest motives in all he did.

Rest in peace, pure and patriotic heart. Though dead to us, the memory of thy well-ordered life will inspire our hearts to higher and nobler effort.

ADDRESS OF MR. MANDERSON, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Under the pressure of many demands upon me needing much time and attention, I had not expected to participate as one delivering a eulogy upon this memorial occasion. But when there came to me a few moments ago a request from the senior Senator from Louisiana that I should say something, however brief, it having come to his knowledge that I am probably the only man on this side of the Chamber who had such service upon the Union side that brought him in direct conflict during the war with Senator GIBSON, I felt that I ought not to decline, but should pay my tribute to his memory and evidence in this presence my recognition not only of his great and masterful ability, but of that patriotism so eloquently spoken of here that has guided his steps since the evil days of the war.

As these interesting services have progressed my mind has been carried back over thirty years, and there comes to me most vividly a stirring battle scene. The Confederate army under General Bragg was in position about Murfreesboro. The Union Army of General Rosecrans had position at Nashville, over thirty miles away. In the latter part of the month of December, 1862, the army of Rosecrans moved upon the position occupied by the Confederate troops. There came from that movement a shock of arms and a battle that stands forth as one of most desperate endeavor stoutly resisted, and as a conflict that ranks in determined fighting and in dreadful loss of life above any of the battles fought by Napoleon, and is only rivaled by Gettysburg and Antietam, and a few of the other great battles of our own war.

The first day's conflict was on the 31st day of December,

and there came to the Federal Army that partial repulse which drove back its right and which was only saved from being dire disaster and perhaps the scattering of the army of Rosecrans to the four winds by the firm stand taken and held in the center by the troops under brilliant Sheridan and steady Thomas.

The two armies rested on their arms the next day, and on the morning of the 2d of January, 1863, it was my fortune to be in command of a line composed of my own regiment, the Nineteenth Ohio, and the Ninth Kentucky, of which regiment Colonel Grider was colonel, he being in command of the brigade. The demibrigade organization composed of these two regiments being formed, we were ordered across Stone River, which was there fordable, and we took position on the top of a hill that had its easily sloping descent to the river side.

After some little time spent there standing in line of battle, the two regiments under my immediate command forming the right of the line, there appeared to our sight late that winter afternoon as grand a pageant as was ever seen in war. The solid columns of Breckinridge moved out from the position where it had been obscured from view by growing timber and reaching the edge of the timber where there was a fence about an open field, acting as though there was nothing in their front to interfere with their movement so forceful and majestic and with a calmness and a deliberation not usually incident to scenes of battle, the fence was opened, the rails laid down, and they moved out of the woods into the open.

Column after column of attack emerged from the cover in which they had formed and moved with a stateliness and precision that would characterize troops upon dress parade upon the position where we were placed. Behind us was the rapid stream, Stone River. On the other side of the river was the main body of the Federal Army lying ready to support this

feeble brigade of troops that had been thrown as a bait across the river. On a frowning hill near at hand under the direction of Crittenden—the well-known and gallant General Tom Crittenden, of Kentucky—Colonel Mendenhall had massed fifty-one pieces of artillery, all trained with deadly precision upon this hill slope where the Federal brigade of Van Cleve was posted awaiting the Confederate attack.

I never, Mr. President, saw such a terrible clash of arms as came between that line and the advancing columns of Breckinridge. GIBSON'S brigade of Louisiana troops was in the lead in that tremendous charge. I feel like criticising the statement made by the Senator from Texas [Mr. MILLS] when he said that General GIBSON had none of the element of impetuosity in his nature, for it could not be that the column which advanced with such thorough desperation and such impetuous force upon our lines that day could have had a calm and a deliberate leader. We met them with a counter charge that broke the first line of the Confederates and brought us to a hand-to-hand conflict with the second line in the vigorous column of attack. Under its tremendous force our line was driven back to Stone River with dreadful loss of life. In my own regiment out of 449 men with muskets 213 were killed or wounded in the bloody battle of Stone River. As we recrossed the rapid-running river to what I may call the Federal side the guns of Mendenhall opened. It was as though "men fought upon the earth and fiends in upper air."

My recollection is, sir, that you (Mr. WHITE in the chair), in your place, when delivering your eulogy, paid tribute to the bravery of GIBSON upon that field. It was well deserved, for, notwithstanding the dreadful loss and the natural demoralization that came under that dreadful discharge of fifty-one guns at such short range, the retiring of GIBSON'S brigade—in fact, of the entire command of Breckinridge from that field—was

characterized with very little disorder. They retreated in the same masterly manner that they had advanced.

It was my fortune, sir, to be upon other fields in opposition to General GIBSON. I was also at Shiloh. I do not know that he was in the immediate front of that part of Buell's army with which I served. As I have followed the recital of his history and as I have talked with him during his life, for we often "fought our battles o'er" as we met here and at other places since our service together in this Chamber, I recognized that we had moved on parallel though antagonistic lines and know the fact that during the Atlanta campaign we came sometimes in contact.

There is upon the Presiding Officer's desk (and my calling the attention of the Senator from Louisiana to it was the occasion of my making these remarks here) a gavel presented to me a little over a year ago by the men who served with me in my regiment. It is made up of woods gathered from the fields of several of the battles in which my regiment was engaged. There is no battle mentioned on the woods of which that gavel is composed that Senator GIBSON did not serve upon the one side and I upon the other.

But, sir, there has come from this long and fearful conflict, as I believe, nothing but mutual respect, and I believe that respect, aye, a warm and hearty admiration, not to say affection, unites now the men who fought upon the two sides of this great struggle. In saying this I desire to say nothing that shall detract from or minimize in the least the conviction I had then, and have now, that on this side, what I may call our side, the Union side, we were fighting for that which was everlastingly right; and I thank God, and I believe that every ex-Confederate soldier thanks the God of battles, that the result has been what it is—a Union saved and a Union preserved.

If there are any not now satisfied with the result they are not to be found among those who fought on either side.

Mr. President, it has been a pleasant thing to me as I have come in contact with those who fought upon the other side in that dread struggle, whether they fought in the East or in the West, and no matter from what section of the South they came, to recognize the fact that while they exult and properly exult and take pride and a proper pride in the heroism, in the courage, in the persistent endeavor that characterized their efforts, they rival us to-day in devotion to the country, in respect for its flag, and in patriotic determination to do all that in them lies to advance the interests of our common country. We have buried all animosities long ago in a mutual determination and a common purpose.

No man who served with General GIBSON can regret his death more than those of us who fought against him and his cause. We have the same respect for his memory as his comrades in the war. We grieve with them over his loss. He is dead; but, as has been well said by others, the recollection of his life will be an incentive to better lives and higher aims. We shall never see him more; but his memory will live with us as the brightest of recollections to those who had the great privilege of his confidence and the favor of his friendship.

He died as he had lived—"without fear and without reproach."

ADDRESS OF MR. CAFFERY, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Distinguished and eloquent Senators have spoken in glowing terms of the life, character, attainments, and achievements of Senator GIBSON.

I had not the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him; it is denied me, therefore, to have that glow of friendship

and that tenderness of memory which throw over the grave the halo of softened and saddened sentiment.

Be mine the office of briefly adverting to those qualities of mind and character which impressed those not within the sacred circle of affectionate intercourse; those qualities which entitle him to the respect and love of his State and his country.

Not like a comet did he shoot across the intellectual sky, dazzling and disappearing, but with steady radiance he shone like a fixed star, emitting the brightest and purest of rays. He did not spring into the martial field full armed and equipped, but with trained valor and cool judgment ascended the steep of fame through the roar and smoke of many a hard-fought battle.

He did not, like Pitt, astonish as a leader before he had served as a subaltern, but rose by slow gradation to command the applause and attention of listening Senates.

By patient labor and deep research he reached his conclusions. If he lacked the inspiration of great genius, he gained the fruits of disciplined talent. If he never ascended to those heights which dazzle the beholder, he never fell below the plane of correct judgment. His parts were more solid than brilliant; his mind more analytic than inventive; his acquirements more useful than showy.

Careful, conscientious, and laborious, he was a faithful public servant and a sagacious legislator.

With no unsteady wing did he soar to high rank in war and proud eminence in peace, but with even pace and inflexible purpose he pursued the objects of his ambition and his desire.

I am informed by a close friend of his that his thoughts constantly dwelt on his "Old brigade;" that brigade which, in winter's snow or summer's heat, in the joy of victory or in the gloom of defeat, followed the fortunes of the "lost cause" with a fortitude, a loyalty, and a courage which won the admiration

of warriors whose stern joy was evoked by meeting foemen worthy of their steel.

The followers of the battle flags of that "Old brigade" are scattered over the hills and valleys, among the towns and cities of my native State of Louisiana. The elastic tread, the erect form, the flashing eye, are gone with youth and war and conflict. The memories that cling to the "Old brigade," the love and admiration of its survivors for their old general, will, like "immortelles," spring perpetual from his grave.

Happy in his death is the man who is followed to his "narrow house" by the respect and love and tears of his fellows. Happier the commander, at mention of whose name the hoary heads of his companions in arms are uncovered and shaking hands wipe away the unbidden tear. These spontaneous tributes to military worth and civic virtue are worth more than "storied urn or animated bust."

As our deceased brother served so well his State in war, so did he stand as her bulwark in peace.

When, in 1876–'77, a direful blow impended over Louisiana, threatening to supplement the destruction of war with the despair of peace, he stood forth her champion. He advocated her just claims with that pursuasive eloquence and convincing logic which the loftiest patriotism only could inspire. Never was there such a cause and never such a client. A great State was pleading for her statehood. The plea was heard, was allowed, and the advocate was forever immortalized and forever enshrined in the heart and in the affection of his people. No brass or marble can ever fittingly commemorate the services which Senator GIBSON rendered Louisiana, when he persuaded General Grant to preserve the *status quo*, and afterwards President Hayes to recognize Francis T. Nichols as her rightful and legal governor.

The two great material works accomplished by General GIB-

SON were the formation of the Mississippi River Commission and the establishment of Tulane University. They are both works of more than local bearing. The first is of national importance, and the latter exercises an influence far beyond State boundaries.

He had the sagacity to perceive the correctness of the plan of improvement of the Mississippi, advocated by the great engineer, James B. Eads. He labored successfully for the formation of the Mississippi River Commission, by which that plan was partially carried into execution. The result is that the waters of the mighty river are confined into narrow channels and made to do the work of its own deepening and improvement.

The farmer and the planter in the alluvial lands of the Lower Mississippi rise up and call his name blessed for their partial immunity from devastating floods.

With broad and comprehensive view, he seized on the opportunity, offered by the generosity of Mr. Paul Tulane, to found Tulane University, in the city of New Orleans. That University is an imperishable monument of his sagacity and his usefulness.

He conceived the purpose of establishing a university in his State, through the instrumentality of which she could rise from her ashes.

He knew that the surest foundation for the success and perpetuity of republican institutions is a cultivated knowledge of the genius and spirit of our Constitution. He knew that the lost prestige of the South could only be recovered through the enlightened brain and the cultured morality and the indomitable energy of its citizens.

He knew that her sons were endowed with quick intellects and sound hearts; he knew that poverty had made them industrious, and God and nature had made them honest. He

knew therefore that the vivifying touch of learning and knowledge would bring out the latent powers of the great commonwealths of the South, devasted by war and scourged by reconstruction.

The institution, founded largely through his efforts to mold into enduring shape the beneficence of Mr. Tulane, realizes his fondest hopes. In science, in art, in the departments of law and medicine, it challenges favorable comparison with any university in the United States. There the youth from all over the South, at moderate expense, can lay the foundation for future usefulness. There the strength, the courage, the learning, and the skill may be acquired which will make the waste places within her borders "bloom and blossom as the rose."

There the future statesman may be formed who, with Websterian power and eloquence, may swell patriotic hearts with the excellence, the strength, the elasticity, and the durability of the Constitution of our common country. There the merchant prince may be taught those lessons of finance and trade which will fill his argosies with the golden stores of the ancient empire of Genghis Khan.

And there the great engineer may be taught who will give to science an easy and cheap method of piercing the Isthmus of Darien and open a channel for the commerce of the civilized globe.

Tulane University will hold in grateful remembrance the name of RANDALL LEE GIBSON.

It is needless for me to say to Senators who served with Senator GIBSON that he was formed on broad lines; that his patriotism embraced every section and every interest, and that he constantly looked to our simple yet complex Constitution, and the laws and treaties made in pursuance thereof, as the paramount law of the land.

In his native soil of Kentucky he sleeps by the side of his beloved wife. His adopted State, Louisiana, claims the privilege of placing garlands of affection and reverence on his grave.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 7 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday, March 2, 1893, at 11 o'clock a. m.

EULOGIES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FRIDAY, *March 3, 1893.*

The resolutions adopted by the Senate in honor of Senator GIBSON having been communicated to the House of Representatives upon the last day of the Congress extended eulogies could not then be delivered.

Mr. MEYER said:

Mr. SPEAKER: The few remaining hours of this Congress and the pressure upon it for action upon important public measures renders it impracticable to devote now a sufficient time for the members of this House to pay appropriate and proper tribute to the memory of the late Senator GIBSON.

It is the purpose of the Louisiana delegation in the Fifty-third Congress, at a suitable period during the next session, to ask that the resolutions now presented by the Senate be again called up and the members of that body, of which our distinguished and lamented colleague would still have formed a part had not death summoned him from us, will have opportunity to add the expression of their sentiments and sorrow to the eloquent eulogiums already pronounced by his brethren of the United States Senate.

SATURDAY, *April 21, 1894.*

The SPEAKER. There is a special order set apart for 2 o'clock to-day. It wants but five minutes of that hour, and, without objection, the Chair will submit the special order now, instead of waiting until that time.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, the 7th day of April, beginning at 2 o'clock p. m., be set apart for eulogies on the late RANDALL L. GIBSON.

Mr. MEYER. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of the Hon. RANDALL LEE GIBSON, lately a Senator and formerly a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

The resolutions were agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. MEYER, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: A great American poet has said:

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Mr. Speaker, it is an honored usage of this body and of the associate branch of Congress that on the occasion of the death of one of its members we shall turn aside from the cares and activities of our ordinary duties to pay such tribute of respect as may be due to the memory of the deceased. I ask this House to-day to unite with me in this honor to the memory of one who sat here as a Representative from the State of Louisiana for four successive terms, and in the Senate of the United States from March, 1883, till the time of his death in December, 1892, filling these, as he did all the trusts of a long and varied career, with an earnestness, conscientiousness, and power that made him indeed a man among men.

RANDALL LEE GIBSON sprang from Revolutionary stock, and, like many of our notable men, the antecedents of his family and his early studies of the Revolutionary epoch exerted a marked impress upon his character, opinions, and career. John Gibson, the first immigrant of the family, came from England in 1706 with one sister and several brothers and settled near the lower Rappahannock, in Virginia. Subsequently they removed to the vicinity of Sandy Bluff, on the

Great Pedee River, in South Carolina. They and their kindred, the Murfees, Saunders, Harrisons, and others, warmly espoused the cause of the Colonies and upheld it all through those long, weary years, till when "black and smoking ruins" had taken the place of once prosperous and joyous habitations the patriots of South Carolina entered upon their rich inheritance of freedom.

After the struggle closed the grandfather of RANDALL GIBSON, bearing the same name as his, followed the westward current of American progress and settled in the State of Mississippi, where he became a wealthy planter. His home, termed Oakley, in Warren County, Miss., was noted for its hospitality. His connections and descendants embrace many of the best known names in the Southwest. This grandfather of Senator GIBSON is said to have built the first church and founded the first institution of learning in the Mississippi Valley, fitly named Jefferson College. His wife, Harriet McKinley, was the daughter of John McKinley and Mary Connelly, both natives of Ireland. McKinley was an officer of the Virginia line in the Revolution, and died in the service of the Commonwealth in 1782.

Tobias Gibson, son of Randall Gibson, of Mississippi, and father of RANDALL LEE GIBSON, of Louisiana, settled in Terre Bonne Parish of our State, where he became one of the wealthiest and most influential sugar-planters in that country. He was a warm personal and political friend of Henry Clay, and his summer residence at Lexington was a headquarters for those who supported the great American orator and statesman. Tobias Gibson married Louisiana, the daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Hart, of Spring Hill, Woodford County, Ky. Her mother came from the Preston stock of Virginia, and he himself was nearly allied to Thomas Hart Benton and Mrs. Henry Clay. Spring Hill was one of those great Southern homes and

households which belong to our past history, and were the products of a civilization no longer ours indeed, but yet even now redolent of memories of refinement, culture, manly breeding, courage, honor, and unstinted hospitality, the nurseries of a type of character in men and women that need not shrink from comparison with any other in the world or in all history.

It was in this typical Southern house that RANDALL LEE GIBSON was born September 10, 1832. There and at Lexington, Ky., he passed much of his boyhood. Here was his earliest schooling in books, and here also his other education of country life, with the benign influences of home, family, forest, and field. There was for him a like healthy training at his father's plantation in Louisiana. In 1849 he went to Yale College, where he took high rank and graduated four years later with special distinction. There were formed some of the most cherished and enduring friendships of his life. He always spoke of Yale with proud and affectionate retrospect. His friends at Yale were dear to him always. Of this period of his life the late distinguished Judge Edward C. Billings, his classmate and close friend, said:

I wish I could fully delineate RANDALL LEE GIBSON as he stood up and delivered the class oration in June, 1853, at Yale College. In his presence and appearance were united that which was comely and fascinating in the beauty of youth and scholarly in speech and that which was commanding in intellect, and above all the impressiveness and dignity of an earnest purpose to do well his part, not alone because it was to be connected with himself, but also because he appreciated and enjoyed everything that was well done.

GIBSON studied law in New Orleans and graduated at the University of Louisiana in 1855. He then went abroad and spent three years in Europe. This travel was not for him a journey of idleness and pleasure, as it is with many. He had been a close and careful student and a diligent reader. His days in Europe were only a part of a liberal education. He studied

in Berlin, and visited Russia and other countries, including Spain, where he spent six months at the American legation. In later life he frequently revisited Europe with his wife, but he traveled mainly for health and instruction. He studied and observed, gathering up stores for future use. He was never an idle man, and what he did was with a high and serious purpose in life.

On his return to America this young man, so well educated and equipped, naturally followed his father's steps and became a sugar-planter. Country life in the South possesses great attractions even for those most richly educated and endowed. There were books, horses, hunting, the duties of the plantation, the kind and just government of those placed under him by the ordination of Divine Providence, abundant leisure and opportunities for study and research, and a society founded upon the sentiment of honor, respect for law, and reverence for women. There was nothing in the fascination of the Old World or of cities to wean him from this plantation life, which had bred Washington, Jefferson, Calhoun, and a host of worthies, and now welcomed to its charmed circle and happiest influences this accomplished and scholarly young recruit.

Even then he took a partial interest in politics, his mind leaning to State rights and Democratic opinions. It was, however, his nature to do well whatever he had in hand, and the work of a sugar plantation, its economies, methods, and forces, he then mastered so thoroughly that when in years long afterwards he came to deal with this great interest as a representative in Congress, the fullness and precision of his knowledge made him easily the first in the work of the committee and of the House, and a bulwark to the people who, struggling for a living, rested on his strong arm and wise guidance. At that epoch, so early as it now seems to us, Louisiana blossomed as the rose. The harvest season in the parishes came to a

wealthy, a prosperous, and a happy population. White and black, living in a repose and peace almost Arcadian, hardly realized that on the horizon there hung the cloud which was destined soon to blacken the fair face of all that bright, sunny land.

Two short years passed and our young planter found himself bound in honor and duty to leave the happy home and peaceful avocations to which his tastes and education naturally conducted him, and to take his part in the stern realities of war. His native land had been invaded; the land of his youth, his home, his kindred, and all that he held dear and sacred was in peril. Of the justice of the cause of the South—that her struggle was purely defensive, however he might deplore the collision of the warring sections—he could feel no doubt. Nor could he doubt as to his duty. It was not a time for any to hold back. Young and ardent as he was, his thoughtful temperament and wise study of history could not fail to impress him with the solemn character of the ordeal of battle. He weighed all the risks to life and fortune, and to the State, but these thoughts to so high a nature as his only nerved and strengthened his purpose.

Sectional passion, with thirty years of cessation of the conflicts of hostile armies, have given place to a broader and more generous feeling and to a yearning for a peace without recriminations or prejudice against any section; but stronger than this wise sentiment we find a disposition to do honor to the manhood and courage of those who in either army periled their lives for their convictions. The list of the heroes of the civil war is beginning to be regarded as a common heritage of honor. Men differ and will continue to differ as to the origin and causes of this great strife, but the discussion is historical, and does not involve present political issues.

In the roll of honor of which I speak, few stand higher than

GIBSON, and none more worthy. His record from first to last is that of duty well performed. The soldiers in my hearing know that there can be no higher praise than this. He lacked unfortunately the vigorous physique which enable many men to withstand the hardships and exposure of camp life, the rigors of the wintry storm, the march, and the many trials of battle. There were no winter quarters with fires, blankets, clothing, and provisions for the Confederate forces. The strain was incessant. It was amid such hardships and exposure near Corinth in 1862 that this delicately nurtured young man first developed that terrible malady—hereditary gout—which in after years so often paralyzed his best thoughts and energies and tortured his frame to the infirmity which would have driven a common man to seek repose.

The intellect and the will triumphed over the body, and for over thirty years, in war and in peace, he braced himself to perform the duties of life. He was not an educated soldier, but he soon made himself a thorough one, and as such won the confidence of his troops and the commendation of his superior officers. Entering the Southern army as a private in the ranks, he was soon appointed to be a captain of the First Louisiana Artillery, and was stationed at Fort Jackson, below New Orleans. Not long afterwards he was elected colonel of the Thirteenth Louisiana Infantry. At Shiloh, before the battle, his regiment was assigned to picket duty with three others, and all, as it chanced, were without a brigadier. By common consent this honor was conferred upon him, and this brigade, thus led by GIBSON, made a special reputation for heroism in those two days of fierce slaughter, stubborn endurance, and wonderful valor.

Hardly any brigade was more severely tried and tested in that battlefield than the regiments thus hastily thrown together under a new commander, and no man but one of rare

force could thus have evolved from raw troops the steadiness and work of veterans. The service thus performed was the prelude to a long and honorable career. GIBSON was present in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and other fields, and in the campaigns of 1862, 1863, and 1864 of the Western army. One-third of his brigade was killed and wounded at Murfreesboro. He was trusted and commended by Polk, Hardee, John C. Breckinridge, Cheatham, Dan Adams, Maury, Preston, Stephen D. Lee, Richard Taylor, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood.

General H. D. Clayton, in his report of the battle of Jonesboro, fought on 31st August, 1864, says that Brigadier-General GIBSON, seizing the colors of one of his regiments, dashed to the front and to the very works of the enemy. The brigade lost there one-half of its members. General Stephen D. Lee makes special mention of the gallant crossing of the Tennessee River near Florence, Ala., by GIBSON and his brigade. When Hood's army was defeated at Nashville by Thomas, it fell to the lot of this brigade to check the progress of the enemy near Overton Hill under the immediate eye of General Lee. General Hood gives him the highest praise. He says:

> General GIBSON, who evinced conspicuous gallantry and ability in the handling of his troops, succeeded, in concert with Clayton, in checking and staying the first and most dangerous shock, which always follows immediately after a rout.

Again, he says that GIBSON'S brigade and McKinzie's battery of Fenner's battalion acted as "rear guard of the rear guard." Here we have a soldierly character and force developing itself and shining the more brightly as calamity thickened and the ordeal became more difficult with great and greater odds and each hour bringing a lessening hope of final victory. Other work, however, remained to be performed. When General Canby with a heavy force moved against Mobile, General

GIBSON was detached by General Maury from his main army with a few less than 2,000 men and ordered to hold Spanish Fort on the east side of Mobile Bay. For more than two weeks, amid incessant fighting, he maintained his position in the intrenchments of these works against a force estimated to be 20,000 strong, aided by seventy-five cannon and a large fleet, inflicted a large loss upon his assailants, and finally by a well-conducted retreat saved nearly all his command except those already killed or too severely wounded to be withdrawn.

These operations at Mobile Bay were the last great struggle of the war. General Richard Taylor, in recognition of GIBSON'S services, enlarged his command, but this long and dreadful conflict of the two sections came to a close, and was terminated by surrender of the Confederate armies. General GIBSON'S parting address to his troops was worthy of him and of them. He said:

> As soldiers, you have been among the bravest and most steadfast. As citizens, be law-abiding, peaceful, and industrious.

This closing sentence furnishes the key to his political action and aims from 1865 till the hour of his death.

Like nearly all his associates, General GIBSON found himself at the close of the war ruined in fortune. His father's splendid sugar estate in Terre Bonne was a wreck. To restore it without ample capital and reliable, efficient labor was impossible. He therefore settled in New Orleans and devoted himself to the practice of the law. His labors were crowned with unusual and immediate success, for few possessed higher adaptation to the requirements of the bar. It was at this time of his life, in 1867, that he met and married Miss Mary Montgomery, the charming and accomplished woman who lent such exquisite grace to his household and brought to him a tenderness and devotion that made her indeed a ministering angel. It was her fate to be summoned before he was called away, but not

until many years of mutual happiness had blessed them both and strengthened him to meet the increased cares and burdens of a public career and to bear up under the malady which for long years impeded his best endeavors.

Hardly any man in Louisiana was better qualified for a Congressional career at the close of the civil war than RANDALL GIBSON, but the way was not open for him or for any representative man of Louisiana till long afterwards. To recall the epoch now seems like reviving a painful dream. The State of Louisiana was fast bound in misery and chains. It was held in the iron grasp of an alien rule under which neither its intelligence nor property had a voice. The State had been left by the war literally a wreck and a desolation.

The work of rebuilding the waste places, the restoration of paralyzed industries, the reorganization of society, education, and the like would have been a herculean task under the best auspices and by the best of men, but nothing was done to evoke the best forces, and, on the contrary, everything to wound, to oppress, and to retard the healthful process of recovery. It was not until 1872 that RANDALL GIBSON could be elected to this House, and even then he was not admitted. In 1874 he was chosen by the First district of Louisiana, and took his seat in December, 1875, as a member of the Forty-fourth Congress. The House was full of strong men. Among its members were Kerr, Sayler, Blackburn, Cox, Garfield, Holman, Lamar, Blaine, Morrison, Randall, Tucker, Alex. H. Stephens, and GIBSON'S gifted colleague, E. John Ellis, of Louisiana.

But if the actors on the stage were able and brilliant, the themes were even greater. Party passion ran high. The feelings of the war had only slightly subsided. The Southern States were only slowly and painfully regaining their equality in the Union. Three of the number, including Louisiana, were

yet struggling for home rule, the rule of the taxpayer, and for a staple and economical government suited to an impoverished people, for the right to work and accumulate free from wanton spoliation. There were strong prejudices to be disarmed, the prejudices of a powerful party that had long held the National Government.

The situation was complicated by the pending of a heated Presidential struggle which threatened the country with a civil war, not between sections but nearly balanced parties. When was there ever a condition that imposed graver duties and responsibilities on a representative of Louisiana or required more of wisdom, judgment, strategy, self-control, diplomatic tact, and resources than this? and yet it is not too much to say that Representative GIBSON proved himself equal to the occasion. He had had no previous legislative experience, but his education and studies were profound, and he soon proved himself a natural parliamentarian and man of affairs.

At the outset of his legislative career General GIBSON, whose aim was to avoid violent controversies, and by appeals to reason of both parties to accomplish results for the general good, found himself forced to meet repeated assaults upon his State and constituents involving their good name and conduct. One of his earliest speeches in Congress was a vindication of Louisiana in connection with the election of 1876 for President and State officers, and thus it became necessary to review the work of the famous returning board. He discharged this unpleasant duty with frankness and plain speech, but he put the cause of his State with a spirit of justice, moderation, and fairness that could not fail to impress the House and public opinion. He spoke from the standpoint of a national and conservative statesman, accepting the logic of events and the results of the war so disastrous to the South, accepting emancipation and the equal political rights of the two races as a

basis of action, disclaiming sectionalism, deprecating it, and pleading for peace and justice to his people. He never departed from this keynote of policy throughout his career, not even in denouncing bayonet rule and the use of troops at the polls.

It was this admirable temper and national spirit, joined to his high character and rare power in personal intercourse with men, that enabled him to appeal successfully to President Grant at the most critical moment in the history of Louisiana, and to stay the effort that was made to induce President Grant to employ the army to crush out the rightful government of the State. The struggle of the friends of the Packard government to win General Grant in this juncture was incessant. The strongest influence wielded against them, as they well recognized, was that of Representative GIBSON. Both under the administration of President Grant and President Hayes there were men who rendered most invaluable service, but there is no one to whom Louisiana is more deeply indebted for her final deliverance than GIBSON. He had the respect of President Hayes, who freely consulted him. There was nothing loud or ostentatious in this great service. Like most of the potent work in public life, it was rendered quietly, but it was none the less effective. Then once more with the light of hope upon their brows the sons of Louisiana began to plant, to sow, and to reap. Anarchy, misrule, and despair gave place to order and progress.

But aside from all sentimental questions and the transcendent issue of local self-government, and both before and after its final adjudication, the most difficult duties devolved upon a representative of Louisiana. These were not party questions, but they were not less difficult of adjustment and demanded the most unwearied and skillful devotion. Among the most important of these issues which required General GIBSON'S con-

stant care from the day he entered this House during his four terms of service and in the Senate after he entered that body in March, 1883, were the protection of the great sugar interest of Louisiana and the question of the improvement of the Mississippi River. Both were vital to Louisiana and important to the whole Union. But he thoroughly understood them, and in knowledge of each he had hardly a peer in either branch of Congress. To detail the successive steps of his labors on these questions would be to repeat their history for a series of years. I can barely glance at a work so familiar to his contemporaries in Congress.

The sugar industry of Louisiana before the civil war had grown to large proportions and supplied one-half of the American consumption. By the havoc of war and emancipation it had been reduced to almost nothing, but was now gradually expanding. Upon its maintenance and development depended the subsistence and prosperity of nearly half of the people of the State, but this development it was vain to expect under hostile tariffs. All through the earlier period of American history down to a recent date the propriety and necessity of the duty upon sugar had been questioned by no party or statesman. It was a prominent feature in every tariff for a hundred years. But soon after General GIBSON took his place on the Ways and Means Committee in the Forty-fifth Congress he found himself confronted with measures involving changes in the revenue laws.

The wisdom and lessons of the past were only partially remembered, and this interest so important to his State was imperiled by repeated assaults and propositions which, if carried, would have wrought a fresh desolation in Louisiana. He was a friend to the policy of a revenue tariff and moderate duties, for he had been a wise student of economic science, but for that very reason he demanded a fair revenue duty on sugar.

He was not willing to see Louisiana sacrificed to foster the interests of Cuba, Jamaica, or any other country. As far back as 1876 he opposed the passage of the legislation devised to carry out the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty, which he deemed injurious to American interests. His labors for the sugar industry in the committee, in speeches on the floor, and with individual members of both parties engrossed much of his time and energies. He had a perfect knowledge of the numerous details and intricacies of these duties, and he knew the history of the contest and the past legislation. He had the skill to grasp a difficult situation, to combine favors and influences, to judge what could be done and how to do it; how much to yield and how much he could fairly demand. No cunning device of unfriendly interests escaped his watchful vigilance. He was always on guard and always at the front. He was the recognized leader of this interest in Congress every day and hour of his service, but it was as a public officer and not as a planter to be personally benefited; for he never had the capital to restore his old plantation. The final adoption of the polariscope test was largely due to his early and constant advocacy of its merits and necessity to protect the revenue and prevent fraud. The whole subject of this industry was to Congress a new discussion, but he illuminated it with a flood of light.

Not less valuable were General GIBSON'S wise services in respect to the legislation happily enacted by Congress to harness the forces of that mighty current well termed the "Father of Waters," to make it the great artery of a vast and increasing commerce, to prevent its ravages and destructive floods, and to make it an ally to civilization and industry, a blessing to man instead of a curse. The genius of Captain James B. Eads had already pointed out the way to open the closed mouth of the Mississippi, and the liberal hand of Congress responding to the call of the great valley had provided the means

One of Representative GIBSON'S earliest steps in Congress was to aid in supplementing this legislation by modifications which enabled Eads to continue his work, to expedite it, and push it forward till, to use the words of GIBSON himself, "the jetties were a perfect success." But the main problem, namely, the treatment of the great river from Cairo, or indeed from its head waters to the Gulf, remained to be solved.

The most eminent hydraulic engineers of the country had made its forces and phenomena a study and had differed as to the remedy to be applied. The best thoughts of the best minds of the South and West in Congress at this time were exercised upon the two great questions: first, what plan of treatment for the river should be adopted; and next, supposing some mode to be preferred, how could Congress be induced to grant the ample means needed to carry out the plan. For a long period efforts had been made to induce Congress to rebuild the levees, but all these efforts had failed. Captain Eads had for years insisted on the policy of concentration of the waters and obtaining a uniform width for the river; but there were so many conflicting opinions and plans that it seemed vain to ask Congress to adopt any one of them.

Amid all this confusion of counsels it was the happy conception of General GIBSON to propose a scientific commission, to be composed of the ablest men engaged in the public service and in private life, who should examine the river with a view to the improvement of its navigation, the prevention of floods, and the promotion of commerce, and after considering the different plans and methods suggested to report to the Secretary of War a plan of comprehensive improvement. It was this plan of a commission that was finally adopted by Congress, and to it the country is indebted for the most beneficent results already accomplished and for the assured prospect of final realization of one of the greatest works of modern civilization.

Yet this wise law was not passed until after years of persistent struggle by its friends.

Out of the many able and zealous friends of this policy in Congress from all sections of the country who contributed to its adoption and maintenance, Representative GIBSON was most conspicuous by the earnestness, fullness of information, and power which he brought to the discussion, and by the ceaseless vigilance and strategy with which he guarded the River Commission against all attempts to impair its powers and usefulness. The plan of treatment for the river adopted by the Commission was mainly the one advocated by Captain Eads and in which General GIBSON fully believed. The mind in Congress which expounded and defended the plan of the Commission and the arm which upheld it, Eads always recognized as GIBSON'S. The names of both men are linked inseparably with this great measure. How eloquently does it contrast with the fruitless strifes and bitter phrases of lesser minds! Who shall set bounds to its blessings or put too high a value on the patriotism of those who carried it on to its high consummation!

I need not review the work of General GIBSON on other questions as a Representative and a Senator. The location of the mint at New Orleans, the establishment of closer commercial relations with Mexico and South America, the general work of river and harbor improvement, the reformation of the tariff, questions of the currency, the educational bill, the work of the Agricultural Bureau, the forfeiture of the land grant of the Backbone Railroad Company—these and many other topics were the objects of his care. He labored unsuccessfully to curtail the secret sessions of the Senate and to repeal the objectionable statute which disfranchises all ex-Confederates for positions in the Federal Army.

He never spoke for mere display. No small part of the most

valuable work of a Representative is done in committee or in personal intercourse with his associates or with the President and heads of Departments. General GIBSON'S influence in all these directions was unusual. He neglected none of the honorable instrumentalities essential to success. He had the confidence and respect of every President from Grant to the present occupant of the chair. His personal relations with such eminent men as Beck, Morrison, Randall, Carlisle, Bayard, Lamar, Tilden, Andrew White, Evarts, Sherman, Garfield, Hayes, Cameron, and Blaine were such as few enjoyed. The value to his people of such relations of confideuce is too obvious to be insisted on.

RANDALL GIBSON was an educated man and a scholar. He took the deepest interest in every scheme for educating the youth of the South, for none knew better than he the value of such education and how greatly the opportunities for acquiring it had been cut off by the waste of the war and the widespread poverty of the people. It came to him, therefore, like a benediction when Paul Tulane, then living at Princeton, N. J., but a former resident of New Orleans, sought his aid and counsel in carrying into practical effect his noble and benevolent plan of making a large donation for the "encouragement of intellectual, moral, and industrial education among the white young persons of the city of New Orleans." Mr. Tulane could not have found a wiser or more sympathetic adviser than RANDALL GIBSON. He formulated the method and plan on which the donation was to be made and defined the purpose to which it was to be applied.

As has been said by one who well knew whereof he spoke:

> He selected the men whom Mr. Tulane associated with himself as the trustees of his sacred gift. As president of the administration, he impressed on each and every one of them his own high sense of the gravity of the functions with which they were charged. He was the electric cord

which connected them directly with Paul Tulane, and maintained that perfect harmony and confidence between them which led to the constant enlargement of his bounty. His wisdom selected the distinguished man who as president of the university has organized its splendid faculty, has shaped its course of study, has planned its methods and degrees, and has in all respects conducted its affairs with such signal sagacity and success.

In a word, the character and intellect of RANDALL GIBSON are thoroughly impressed upon this munificent foundation of the noble philanthropist. This institution was the object of General GIBSON'S love and solicitude even to his latest breath.

Early in November, 1892, Senator GIBSON, then in New Orleans, was seized with a recurrence of the malady which had so many years preyed upon him. His physician ordered him to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, where on a former occasion he had found much benefit. He went there under the care of a devoted friend, and at first he seemed to improve. But this was only illusory. His disease had approached nearer and nearer the citadel of life. His powers of resistance had waned till nothing was left but to yield with composure and courage to the last dread summons. He passed away on the 15th of December, 1892, surrounded by those whom of the living he loved best. Death did not find him unprepared. His dear wife, whose name in his last moments was so often on his lips, had preceded him years before to the better land. He had realized for many months how frail was his tenure of life, and he had made calmly all his arrangements for his last journey. The love and care of his surviving children were much indeed to live for; but his public career was well rounded and complete. It lacked nothing in its perfect symmetry.

Hardly any man of our day had had a better or higher conception of statesmanship. He was always a student of affairs, of history, of religion, morals, and conduct. Everything relating to the foundations of government, and especially our own Government, he had studied. He was familiar with

ancient and modern history, with the lives and writings of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and all the great men of the Republic, and with what may be called the classics of politics. Whether in debate or private intercourse he was effective. As a speaker he was direct, argumentative, persuasive. He brought to bear all the resources of legitimate debate; but he was careful not to wound the feelings or impugn the motives of his opponents. His retort might disarm, but left no sting. His gentleness, tact, and consideration for others was conspicuous in public and private life. He spoke well, yet he was eminently practical. He aimed in action not so much to destroy as to build up and create; in speech to conciliate and convince. He understood the arts of government, the necessity for compromise, and the value of peace with honor.

Hardly any man from the South of late years has so much impressed himself on legislation. In his public relations General GIBSON, without being repellant, bore himself usually with a certain degree of stateliness and reserve. But in the society of his friends no one could be more natural, frank, engaging, and companionable. He enjoyed social intercourse, but no one was more abstemious or free from dissipation. He was a man of clear morals and speech, and was imbued with the profoundest respect for religion and virtue. Bigotry he had none. He believed in religious liberty in the largest and best sense. As a friend he was kind, sympathetic, instructive; as a man of society, courteous and conciliatory; as a husband and father, tender, affectionate, and true.

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

If he had ambition, who shall blame him? It was an ambition not low, nor selfish, nor sordid. It inspired him to serve

his State and the Union, to help to build up an impoverished and suffering section, and to increase the happiness and progress of mankind. It is by such generous aspirations that humanity advances to successive triumphs and states become great and opulent.

A man will sometimes unconsciously reveal his own nature in describing another's. We find a broad light cast upon the formative influences that shaped the character of our departed friend in his own eulogy upon the late Thomas H. Herndon, of Alabama. Said he:

> As a general rule, public men are the logical expressions of the tone and temper, the outgrowth of the local conditions and habits and culture and institutions, of the people, and indicate their characteristics and qualities as surely as certain plants and fruits and trees do particular climates. His family [Mr. Herndon's] had emigrated from Fredericksburg, a part of the Old Dominion which had been prolific in men celebrated for all the virtues that adorn human nature, as well as polished manners and intellectual accomplishments. They belonged to the country people of Virginia who have given to the world names that command its admiration and homage. * * * Inheriting traditions so elevating and representing a people themselves intelligent, brave, and virtuous, how could he prevaricate, or attempt to deceive or descend to subterfuge, or play the demagogue, or betray any trust, or fail of duty anywhere, or his name be less than it was—the synonym for honor.

On another occasion we find him laying a flower upon the grave of a departed colleague, Michael Hahn, of Louisiana. He cited a passage taken from Festus by Mr. Hahn in a published address, and said he doubted not that the noble sentiments therein expressed found a lodgment in his memory because his heart beat responsive to them, and that they inspired the aspirations of his life. These words match well and fitly the soul and aims of him of whom we speak to-day:

> Life is more than breath and the quick round of blood;
> It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
> The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.

One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days
Spent as this is by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLAND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I first knew the late Senator GIBSON as a member of the Forty-fourth Congress. I believe he was elected, if I mistake not, to the Forty-third, the first Congress in which I served in this House, but did not take his seat. It was during the Forty-fourth Congress that the great question of the coinage of the standard silver dollar was first brought to the attention of the country. Mr. GIBSON, in that Congress, took an active part in the discussion of the currency question, and especially of the silver question. That Congress authorized a joint commission to investigate that subject, composed of three members on the part of the House and three on the part of the Senate. The House appointed General GIBSON, Mr. George Willard, of Michigan, and myself, and on the part of the Senate the commission consisted of Mr. Jones of Nevada, Mr. Bogy of Missouri, and Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts. This commission made an investigation of that subject, the result of which is known to the country.

I remember very well General GIBSON'S part in that commission. His scholarly services showed that he had fully investigated the subject and had an uncommon grasp of the theory of money. Although I differed with him in that report and upon the question, yet no one who knew him ever doubted his honesty and sincerity.

Those who served with General GIBSON in the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses—for I think he was here eight years—remember well the part that he took in procuring legislation for the opening of the Mississippi River to navigation, the great ability that he displayed in advocating the construction of the jetties, cooperating with that greatest of civil engineers during his life, James B. Eads.

I can remember full well the many speeches that General GIBSON made in advocacy of the Mississippi River Commission. That was one of his great labors in this House—a labor which has been rewarded with great success.

Mr. Speaker, it was not my intention to undertake to eulogize the memory of General GIBSON, but simply to call attention to the most prominent parts that he took as a member of this House. We all recognized his great abilities, his great zeal, his earnestness of purpose. He was a man of scholarly attainments, of indefatigable industry, always amiable and affable; at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances a gentleman. Peace to his ashes!

ADDRESS OF MR. HENDERSON, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The late Senator RANDALL L. GIBSON, of Louisiana, was elected a member of the Forty-fourth Congress and took his seat in December, 1875, at the same time I did—he on the Democratic and I on the Republican side of the House. Looking over the list of members of that Congress to-day it will be found that but seven of all the members who served with Senator GIBSON in the Forty-fourth Congress now remain in the public service as members of this body. They are Judge Holman of Indiana, Mr. Bland of Missouri, General Harmer of Pennsylvania, Judge Culberson of Texas, and Mr. Cannon, Mr. Springer, and myself, of Illinois.

Six members who served with Senator GIBSON in the House as members of the Forty-fourth Congress were serving with him in the Senate at the time of his death, and still remain Senators, viz, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, Senators Frye and Hale of Maine, Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, Senator Mills of Texas, and Senator Hunton of Virginia. And so, Mr. Speaker, there are to-day but seven members of this body and but six members of the Senate who were associated with Senator GIBSON as members of the House of Representatives in the Forty-fourth Congress. Such are the changes among those who make the laws of the land.

Many members of the Forty-fourth Congress, I trust, still survive, and are enjoying the quiet of private life, free from the noise and dissension of political strife, and free from the care and anxiety which a faithful public servant in the conscientious discharge of his public duties must ever feel. Quite a large number, like the distinguished Senator to whose memory we pay tribute to-day, have passed away, and are now safely over the other shore, where we know we must sooner or later join them. But Senator GIBSON was not only a member of the Forty-fourth Congress, but was reelected and served as a member of the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, and at the close of his fourth term in the House, having been elected a member of the Senate, he took his seat in that body and remained in the Senate until the day of his death. I can not say, Mr. Speaker, that I was at all intimate with Senator GIBSON, either while he was a member of this body or after he became a Senator. But from our first meeting as members of the Forty-fourth Congress I had a pleasant acquaintance with him and knew him well, and he always impressed me as a gentleman of high character. I was not associated with him on any of the committees of the House on which he served, and it is there where we have the best

opportunities, I have thought, of observing the better qualities and real worth of members. But he was a man of ability, and in his second term was made a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and again served as a member of that committee in the Forty-sixth Congress.

In the Forty-seventh Congress, the House being Republican, he was made a member of the Committee on Commerce, that committee then having not only its present jurisdiction, but also jurisdiction over rivers and harbors, and I feel entirely justified in saying that Senator GIBSON was an active, intelligent, and prominent member of those important committees. I however remember this distinguished gentleman more particularly for the great interest he took in the improvement of the Mississippi River. Representing as he did, like myself, a district bordering on the Mississippi River, and feeling a deep interest in everything relating to its improvement, as both of us did, we were in that way brought together and worked together for the permanent improvement of that great river, which waters one of the greatest and richest valleys in the world, and I am sure no one took deeper interest in all legislation relating to the Mississippi River and its improvement than did the late Senator GIBSON.

The people of the Mississippi Valley and of the whole country, as I believe, are greatly indebted to him for the legislation leading to the creation of the Mississippi River Commission and the entering upon the great work of the permanent improvement of the river. If he had done nothing else, his public service in connection with the improvement of the Mississippi River alone would entitle him to the gratitude and respect of the country, and most certainly to the people of the Mississippi Valley.

As a native of the South, it was not unnatural that Senator GIBSON should have been found a soldier in the Confederate service during the late war.

I am not, Mr. Speaker, sufficiently familiar with his military service to refer to it to-day, particularly. That he was a brave and gallant officer and served with great distinction the cause he believed to be just there can be no doubt. The tribute paid to his memory by sorrowing comrades when he was laid away at rest by the side of his wife, at Lexington, Ky., was touchingly beautiful, and showed that his memory was revered not only by them, but by the multitude who had assembled to honor the departed citizen, soldier, and Senator.

Mr. Speaker, it was with deep regret I heard of the death of Senator GIBSON; I followed his remains to their last resting place with sadness and sorrow. He was a pleasant, courteous, dignified gentleman, liberally educated and highly cultured. He was an honorable, able, and faithful Representative and Senator and a brave and gallant soldier, and I am glad to have the opportunity of uniting with his friends to-day in paying tribute to his memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. BOATNER, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the death of RANDALL LEE GIBSON Louisiana lost one of her most devoted sons and most valuable public servants. He served her in war and in peace, in the camp and the council, always with devoted loyalty and always acceptably. He possessed the confidence of her people, and now that death has silenced detraction and removed the cause of jealousy which always attends successful careers, no one denies that he deserved it. It has not fallen to the lot of any other Representative from that State to be prominently connected with so many measures of vital importance to her welfare.

To him was given the credit by the late Captain James B. Eads for the success of the legislation which promoted the con-

struction of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, which have been of such inestimable benefit to the whole valley. No other Senator or Representative could claim equal effectiveness with him in the adoption by Congress of the great policy of internal improvements which promises in the near future to redeem the valley of the Mississippi from the ravages of overflow and restore its old-time fruitful abundance of production. Every industry and interest of the State received his watchful and tireless care; and when the time came to surrender earthly responsibilities he could well have said that his services to his people repaid them for all the honors they had conferred upon him.

General GIBSON was not only the watchful guardian of the interests of his adopted State, but one of her most valuable contributions to the councils of the nation. A classical and thorough education, broadened by contact with the best and highest minds of the age, qualified him to grapple with the great questions which presented themselves for settlement in the years which immediately succeeded the war between the States. Conservative in his temper, tolerant of the views of others, but firm in the maintenance of his own, he commanded, by reason of his distinguished military service and acquaintance with the leaders of thought both South and North, an influence possessed by few who hailed from the stricken South. That that influence was wisely used is attested by the undiminished respect and confidence of his colleagues at the time when "he passed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees." One by one they go—GIBSON, COLQUITT, VANCE. Few are left, and in the ordinary course of nature not many years can pass when to speak with jeers of the "Confederate brigadiers" will be to insult the dead, the noble dead, who have illustrated by their lives the best, the noblest, and the truest traits of American manhood. The time will come, sir, when the fame of those

our noble dead will be the common pride, the common glory, of the American people.

General GIBSON was as admirable in private life as he was distinguished as a soldier and a statesmen. It was not my good fortune to personally know the lovely and accomplished woman who devoted her life to him; but I am justified in saying that a devoted wife found in him a loyal and devoted husband. As a friend he was most thoughtful and considerate, shedding the light of a benevolent and kindly heart upon all to whom he bore that relation.

Reverently and tenderly he has been laid to rest with the kinsmen and friends of his boyhood; a brave and loyal soldier, a faithful representative of the people, a devoted husband and father, a benevolent and self-sacrificing friend and Christian gentleman has gone to his rest.

Peace to his ashes.

ADDRESS OF MR. WHEELER, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: The resolutions which are before the House bring up memories of many years ago. They recall to my mind when a third of a century ago I first met Senator RANDALL LEE GIBSON, and it has been my privilege and pleasure to be intimately associated with this chivalrous gentleman for a greater part of the time up to the date of his death. I knew Senator GIBSON as a soldier, brave, chivalrous, and undaunted. I knew him in the deadly carnage, always leading in the front of battle, always courting the post of greatest danger. I knew him in the camp, earnest and devoted in administering to the wants of his men and performing the tedious routine of duty. I knew him on the march, always sharing with his devoted soldiers labor, fatigue, suffering, and privation. I knew him when the war was over and the flag of the Confederacy was

trailed in the dust, broken in fortune, but unconquered in spirit. I knew him as a gentleman, gentle, courteous, urbane, and loved and respected by everyone, his bearing marked with dignity and firmness and yet the perfection of simplicity and unobtrusive modesty, a striking exemplification of the highest type of manhood. I knew him as a husband and father, enjoying the pleasures of a happy family home filled with reciprocal feelings of love and devotion. I knew him twenty-two years ago, when, after a terrific struggle, he was elected a member of this body and commenced his career as a statesman in an arena to which he brought great natural gifts, cultured by diligent study, profound thought, and extensive travel. I knew him in the strength and vigor of powerful manhood, the idol of his State, a leader among men, an honored, esteemed Senator of this great country. I knew him when the outstretched hand of death beckoned him to the shadow under which we all must pass.

In all these varied conditions and relations of life Senator GIBSON shone forth and seemed to illumine any sphere in which he moved. Whether in prosperity or adversity, whether enjoying bounteous affluence or undergoing financial reverses which the ravages of war brought upon him, whether as a private citizen or occupying the high positions of general and Senator, he was the same dignified, modest, and affable gentleman.

Senator GIBSON was descended from a long line of distinguished ancestors, and the gentle courtesy which characterized him was his by inheritance as well as education. He was a native of Kentucky, his father having married in early life Miss Louisiana Hart, of Lexington, and here in the home of chivalry and culture his youthful mind expanded. While he was still very young his parents removed to Louisiana, and from that time he became identified with the interests of his

adopted home. His early education was acquired in Terre Bonne and Lexington, and his collegiate course at Yale was supplemented by several years of foreign travel.

Returning home, he studied law at the University of Louisiana, but he did not at once enter upon the arduous details of the profession, preferring the life of a planter; but the stirring times preceding the outbreak of war forced him from his retirement and drew forth all the noblest qualities of his gifted nature. At the beginning of the war he raised a company, and was soon made colonel of a regiment. Although untrained in military affairs, his great natural qualities made him conspicuous in his career, as he would have been in any other position.

His regiment, the Thirteenth Louisiana, gained immortal renown for courage and heroism from the time it first met the shock of battle on the field of Shiloh.

The date first fixed for these ceremonies was just thirty-two years after the close of the terrible struggle, where General GIBSON, worn and weary, begrimed with powder and smoke, was triumphantly completing the second day of the great battle on the banks of the beautiful Tennessee. Only the preceding morning he had received his baptism of blood, and in forty-eight hours had earned the reputation of a brave, intrepid, and skillful brigade commander. In the many battles in which that army afterwards engaged we find General GIBSON always brave and conspicuous, and frequently mentioned in the reports of the commanders.

In his report of the battle of Perryville, General Adams speaks of the gallant service and military skill of Senator GIBSON, and mentions a separate communication in which he recommends him for promotion to the rank of brigadier-general for the distinguished skill and valor which he displayed in that hotly contested battle.

I read from the War Records, volume 16, page 1124:

The praises bestowed in my report for gallant service on the field fell under my immediate observation in the cases of Colonel R. L. GIBSON, Major Austin, and Captain Tracy.

General Adams also says:

The report of the others named was derived from the regimental reports. The regimental commanders named deserve credit for the manner in which they moved and kept their commands together. The Thirteenth Louisiana, Colonel GIBSON, deserve special mention for the promptness with which they moved forward, the alacrity and rapidity with which they pressed the enemy until halted by my command. I will recommend Colonel GIBSON, for skill and valor, to be brigadier-general, in a separate communication.

The next great battle of that army was Murfreesboro, and here again we find General GIBSON very distinguished. The eminent Major-General John C. Breckinridge speaks of Colonel GIBSON'S marked courage and skill throughout the battle, and General Adams speaks of his conduct in a charge as deserving the highest praise, and states that no greater courage and determination could have been displayed. General Adams also speaks in high commendation of the tenacity with which General GIBSON held a fiercely assailed position. I read from General Breckinridge's report, War Records, volume 20, page 783:

General Adams having received a wound while gallantly leading his brigade, the command devolved upon Colonel R. L. GIBSON, who discharged its duties throughout with marked courage and skill.

On page 793 of the same volume, General Adams gives an account of the charge in which General GIBSON was distinguished in these words:

The conduct of the officers and men in making the charge and holding the position as long as they did deserves the highest praise. No greater courage or determination could have been displayed.

General GIBSON also did excellent and gallant service in the various engagements during the summer of 1863; and for his

eminent service at the battle of Chickamauga he was highly commended by Major-General Breckinridge, who stated in his report that the country was indebted to him for the courage and skill with which he discharged his duties in that great conflict. I read from General Breckinridge's report, which I find in the War Records, volume 30, page 201:

> To Brigadier-General Stovall, to Colonel Lewis, who succeeded to the command of Helms' brigade, and to Colonel R. L. GIBSON, who succeeded to the command of Adams' brigade, the country is indebted for the courage and skill with which they discharged their arduous duties.

All through the history of the Atlanta campaign we find General GIBSON repeatedly mentioned and highly commended; in the War Records, volume 38, page 767, by Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee; on page 812 of the same volume, by Major-General C. L. Stevenson; on page 816, the same volume, by General A. P. Stewart; on page 823, by General M. A. Stovall, and on page 846, by General Alpheus Baker.

In the battle of May 25 General GIBSON'S brigade bore a very conspicuous part. Major-General H. D. Clayton, in his official report, volume 38, page 833, says:

> Three lines of battle of the enemy came forward successively, and in turn were successively repulsed. Men could not have fought better or exhibited more cool and resolute courage. Not a man except the wounded left his position. The engagement lasted uninterruptedly until night, or more than two hours, and when the enemy finally withdrew many of my men had their last cartridge in their guns.

In the many battles directly in front of Atlanta, and in the sanguinary battle of Jonesboro, General GIBSON was repeatedly distinguished. In his official report of the great battle of August 31, Major-General Clayton speaks of General GIBSON'S heroic conduct in seizing the colors of one of his regiments and leading a charge on the works of the Federal Army, conduct which General Clayton says created the greatest

enthusiasm throughout the command. I read from General Clayton's official report, War Records, volume 38, page 822:

Brigadier-General GIBSON, seizing the colors of one of his regiments, dashed to the front and up to the very works of the enemy. This conduct created the greatest enthusiasm throughout his command, which again, as in the engagement of the 28th of July, previously mentioned, moved against a salient in the enemy's works.

Unfortunately a large portion of the whole command stopped in the rifle pits of the enemy, behind piles of rails and a fence running nearly parallel to his breastworks, and to this circumstance I attribute the failure to carry the works. Never was a charge begun with such enthusiasm terminated with accomplishing so little. This gallant brigade lost one-half its numbers.

His corps commander, General Stephen D. Lee, speaks in the highest terms of General GIBSON'S brigade in the Tennessee campaign in the fall of 1864. He says:

I saw them around Atlanta and in Hood's Nashville campaign. I designated GIBSON'S brigade to cross the Tennessee River in open boats in the presence of the enemy, near Florence, Ala., and a more gallant crossing of any river was not made during the war.

At the desperate and bloody battle of Franklin, General GIBSON won the highest encomiums from General Hood. This distinguished officer stated that General GIBSON evinced conspicuous gallantry and ability in the handling of his troops. I read the exact language of General Hood:

General GIBSON, who evinced conspicuous gallantry and ability in the handling of his troops, succeeded, in concert with Clayton, in checking and staying the most dangerous shock, which always follows immediately after a rout, GIBSON'S brigade and McKinzie's battery of Fenner's battalion acting as rear guard of the rear guard.

In the conflict around Nashville General GIBSON added to his already high reputation. His corps commander, General Lee, speaks of the gallant conduct of GIBSON'S soldiers in that great struggle and of General GIBSON'S superb conduct

in checking two formidable assaults of the Federal Army. General Lee says:

> At Nashville, when Hood was defeated by Thomas, GIBSON's brigade was conspicuously posted on the left of the pike near Overton Hill, and I witnessed their driving back, with the rest of Clayton's division, two formidable assaults of the enemy.
>
> I recollect, near dark, riding up to the brigade, near a battery, and trying to seize a stand of colors and lead the brigade against the enemy. The color-bearer refused to give up his colors and was sustained by his regiment. I found it was the color-bearer of the Thirteenth Louisiana. It was GIBSON's Louisiana brigade. GIBSON soon appeared at my side, and in admiration of such conduct I exclaimed: "GIBSON, these are the best men I ever saw; you take them and check the enemy." GIBSON did take them and did check the enemy.

It is not singular that an officer who in many battles had met the highest expectations of his commanders and of the troops he so gallantly led should be selected for the independent command of the troops at Spanish Fort, one of the important defenses of Mobile. In this position General GIBSON displayed the eminent qualities which had made him distinguished throughout the war.

General Taylor speaks of the defense of Spanish Fort and the retreat conducted by General GIBSON as one of the best achievements of the war. I read from his Construction and Reconstruction, published in 1877, page 221:

> General R. L. GIBSON, now a member of Congress from Louisiana, held Spanish Fort with 2,500 men. Fighting all day and working all night, GIBSON successfully resisted the efforts of the immense force against him until the evening of April 8, when the enemy effected a lodgment threatening his only route of evacuation. Under instructions from Maury he withdrew his garrison in the night to Mobile, excepting his pickets, necessarily left. GIBSON's stubborn defense and skillful retreat make this one of the best achievements of the war.

In a work on the campaign in Mobile by General Andrews, published in 1866, General GIBSON, the commander of Spanish

Fort, is spoken of by this Federal officer in the highest terms as a competent and active officer and one who inspired his troops with enthusiasm. On page 165 he says:

> The besiegers and garrison alike are entitled to praise for constant industry and for energy.
>
> The garrison commander, General GIBSON, was competent and active and inspired his troops with enthusiasm. He was highly complimented by his superior officers for his conduct during the siege.

I know I may be pardoned for dwelling, as I have, on the military career of General GIBSON. His colleagues in the Senate and House knew of his eminent services while a member of this House and also during his career as a Senator; but, although all knew he was a distinguished general, very few of his friends were so informed of his military service as to have a full appreciation of its extent and character.

At the close of the war, returning to a blighted and desolate home, his hopes in the dust, his fortunes broken, he took up the practice of law and soon began to earn fame and fortune in his new vocation.

The breadth of his mind and the strength of his will, combined with the singular fascination which he exercised on those who surrounded him, soon placed him in a prominent rank of the profession.

He was elected to the Forty-third Congress, but was deprived of his seat. He was again elected and admitted to the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, and while still serving in the latter, and having yet a term to serve in the Forty-eighth, he was elected to the Senate in 1882, and reelected at the end of that term.

Senator GIBSON'S services to his State have endeared him to every citizen of Louisiana. In the darkest hour of the reconstruction period it was well for his people that this brave, good man stood at the helm and piloted the craft into safe and

quiet waters. It was by his strong and unswerving influence that the Administration was persuaded to adopt the policy which finally enabled Louisiana to arise from the shackles which had well nigh crushed her to destruction. For his efforts in this direction, for his able advocacy of the Eads system of opening the Mississippi, and for his cooperation with Mr. Tulane in the location of the great university at New Orleans, he merited the undying gratitude of the people whose beloved representative he was.

For a long time Senator GIBSON suffered from the malady which finally resulted fatally, and several years before his death his happy home was broken up by the loss of his beloved wife, who preceded him to the tomb.

His remains were taken back to the home of his childhood and deposited in the beautiful cemetery at Lexington, where repose the ashes of so many noble and distinguished sons of the great State of Kentucky. Here, surrounded by old war-worn comrades and escorted by a company of cadets from the Military University of Kentucky, he was laid to rest, amid the tears and blessings of the old and the young, in the bosom of his native and well-beloved home.

In looking upon the mound which covers the mortal remains of Senator GIBSON we involuntarily recall the solemn words of Mrs. Browning:

> Never, sister, never, was told by mortal breath,
> What they behold
> O'er whom hath rolled
> The one dark wave of death.

And yet while it is an infinite decree of divine wisdom that we should have no tidings from beyond the tomb, yet there is within us an ever-living spirit which whispers of a future life wherein is to be found the fullness and completion of the always-present yearnings and aspirations of our souls.

It is a consolation to Senator GIBSON'S family and friends to know that he felt these yearnings and aspirations in all their force, and that he had full trust and confidence in all that Christians believe of the life to come.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRECKINRIDGE, OF ARKANSAS.

It is not my purpose, Mr. Speaker, to make a formal address in memory of my deceased friend, the late Senator from Louisiana. When I considered the relations which for many years I had maintained with him and the ties that bound his family and mine together, it was with more than ordinary pleasure that I consented to say a word when called upon to do so by one of the delegation from his State. The details of his career have been related fully and admirably by those who have undertaken that part of these appropriate ceremonies. General GIBSON was a man whose character and career will yield greater fruit and receive greater admiration as they are continuously and closely studied.

In the course of a life not very prolonged he was called to discharge varied and high duties, and to all of them he proved fully equal. He was a man of such various gifts, of such learning, of such broad and perfect culture, that he would have been successful in any calling to which he had chosen to devote his attention. It is not surprising, therefore, that, although not trained to the profession of arms, he should have received the highest praise from those with whom he served as well as from those to whom he was opposed. With his courage and sagacity it was not a lengthy task for him to master the main elements of the military art.

As a lawyer he was successful, but his equipment was such that he was most needed by his people to serve them in a public capacity, under the complicated conditions which surrounded

them at the close of the civil war. After all that has been said of his success, after all that has been said of his achievements, I think I can truly say that his public career never fully taxed his greatest powers. Of all the men in public life with whom I have been associated there was not one possessed of more fascinating manners, there was not one a more accomplished gentleman, there was not one who was a more sagacious and astute man than RANDALL L. GIBSON.

Whatever were his successes—as a student at Yale College, as a lawyer, as a gentleman adorning the most cultivated society in Europe and in this country, as a member of this House, as a soldier, and as a Senator—I have always believed that General GIBSON, never had an opportunity of publicly entering upon that field of labor which was best suited to his talents. That is the field of diplomacy. He would have made a great Secretary of State. No man of his day was better fitted to represent his country in its foreign relations. He was pre-eminently a wise man in council. He was thoroughly familiar with all the springs and impulses of the human heart. Energetic in action, he was yet a man of reflection, serene, comprehensive, and far-reaching judgment. Of his military career—and few men did more hard fighting than he—the defense of Mobile will be considered his ablest and best achievement.

The greater the task to which he had to address himself the greater, apparently, was the ease with which his mind operated. I never knew a man who moved with greater ease than he did in all the higher elements of political philosophy and practice. Broad and comprehensive, he seemed to omit no detail, and yet to grasp in all their bearings the farthest outlines of the greatest public questions and the profoundest principles of public policy.

Sir, I shall not continue these remarks at length. There were just one or two points that I desire to speak of that had especially impressed themselves upon me in my long and close

relations with Senator GIBSON. Our families have maintained an intimate relationship for several generations. There was kinship between us, and during the war he served under the command of my father, who extended to him the same affectionate greeting that General GIBSON extended to me when I met him upon my entrance into public life here.

No man contributed more to the pacification of this country than did Senator GIBSON, and his usefulness in public life, with all his rich and varied endowments, was so much dependent upon the blessings of his home life that remarks upon his career would be incomplete if they did not embrace within their scope the charming helpmate who graced his board and who aided him in all the work and relations of his life. He did not marry until some time after the war.

I remember being in the city of New York soon after the war and there meeting his wife, then a school girl, recently returned from France, and I thought that my eyes had never fallen upon a fairer or more beautiful vision. She was beautiful in person, pure and elevated in character, with rare good sense and perfect taste. They were thoroughly congenial, and she rendered him inestimable service in the exceedingly difficult undertaking that he, one of the representatives of a proscribed section, had to perform in seeking to knit anew the social ties, public confidence, and personal relations that had been severed by civil war.

Those labors, by reason of his happy alliance, by reason of his wide associations formed at Yale, and his fidelity to all the friendships of his youth, as well as by reason of his own matchless gifts and attainments, he was able to bring to a successful conclusion. Among all my friends and associates there is none of whom I could with more sincerity speak words of admiration and love than of Senator GIBSON, to whose memory on this occasion we seek to do reverence and honor.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLAIR, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. SPEAKER: Mr. GIBSON was a member of the Forty-fourth Congress, where I first knew him as one of the prominent men whose superior abilities signalized the advent of the leaders of the Confederacy to the leadership of the restored Union. That Congress witnessed in this Chamber some of the greatest intellectual and forensic contentions in the annals of time.

The passions of the war had not then subsided. The irritations of the period of reconstruction had sharpened the animosities which fringed the sublimer emotions of the great anterior struggle. More than ten years of quasi peace had not assuaged them, and it is probable that the North and the South met here in December, 1875, in a mood for more acrimonious debate than in December, 1861.

Everything which led to the war and which had occurred during its prosecution, and subsequent to Appomattox, was fresh in all minds and ready to leap in fiery phrase of accusation or defense from every tongue. Besides the past, there was a present and an immediate future to be fashioned and molded, upon which depended the domination of the industrial and social policies whose collision rendered the era now rapidly disappearing from the scene one of the bloodiest and most distinctive in history.

Everywhere it was recognized that gradually but surely the South, although vanquished on the battlefield, was recovering from her wounds and rising from her ashes with her system of labor legally shattered, yet really stronger and more efficient than ever.

The old-time bond between the Democratic party in the two sections had not been severely strained even in actual war.

True, the inherent patriotism of the masses of the Northern people had filled the armies of the Union with volunteers, who, regardless of party, died with equal devotion to the flag; but the ideas and policies of the antebellum Democracy survived the war, as they survive it still, and there was a natural restoration of unity in action in that great party as soon as the shock of battle ceased.

The reconstruction of the Democracy was complete at the surrender, for its unity of spirit—never disturbed during the war—was at once a manifestly perfect bond with the return of peace. On the other hand, the ideas and issues represented by the Republican party had no lodgment in the South, except in the hearts of vast but unintelligent masses of another and helpless race, so that the solid white population of that great section, reenforcing the Northern Democracy, had rendered the approaching Presidential struggle of 1876 one of very doubtful result.

Both great parties looked upon it as a political Gettysburg, and many feared that it might be succeeded by lawless bloodshed, if not by another outbreak of actual war. Under these circumstances, upon which the proprieties of the occasion will not permit me to dwell in further detail, it was unavoidable that the great men of the country, who in larger numbers never were present in any Congress since the foundation of the Government, should put forth their utmost powers, stirred and stimulated by the strongest passions, as well as the most elevated motives, emotions, and convictions belonging to human nature.

Of the great actors in that drama who still survive I say nothing, because it is unfitting to transfer them to the realms of deification while we are still blessed with their bodily presence. But there were Blaine and Garfield on the one side. On the other were Hill and Lamar. Many more immortal

names in the great galaxy of the departed might here be mentioned; and it is but a just tribute to the memory of the brilliant, polished, able, and beloved RANDALL GIBSON to say that he stood up among those marvelous men as gallant and courtly and chivalrous and honorable and patriotic and profoundly respected a gentleman as any one of them all.

I knew him thenceforward until he died, never intimately, but I believe I always knew him well.

For some four years we sat side by side in the Senate.

During all that time I was conscious that a superior being was near; that a spirit sweet and affectionate and sensitive and pure, with lofty aspirations, with benevolent and far-reaching purposes for the improvement and blessing of others, looked forth from those steadfast and penetrating eyes, and vitalized with noble impulses the eloquent periods with which he charmed, instructed, and convinced the Senate.

His efforts were rightly, first, for the people of his then devastated and distracted State; but the heart of General GIBSON was as large as the whole country, and was full of justice and love for us all. He was one of those to whom a Northern man would turn with confidence if he were specially solicitous that the destinies of the land should fall into the possession of those of our Southern countrymen who would administer the Constitution and laws for all sections, in the true national spirit, and for the greatest good of the greatest number, tempered with the limitation that never shall the inalienable right of the humblest and weakest be sacrificed for the benefit of greed and power.

He knew that true reconstruction of the Union and the permanent existence of freedom and happiness depend upon universal intelligence and virtue among the people.

He was identified with the cause of education in his own State, as the chief promoter of the great Tulane Institution,

that great intellectual light-house which burns as a pillar of fire for the perpetual illumination of the surpassing valley of the American Nile.

He was profoundly devoted to the passage of the national education bill, which for many years was the hope of the common people of the South, and which, had it not died, as Christ died, by the betrayal of those who pretended to be its friends, would before now have reconstructed the country upon relations of equality and justice to all, and made peace and union and prosperity forever secure, by establishing homogeneous conditions everywhere, giving to each child of the Republic, white and black, a common school education and a fair start and equal chance in the race of life.

Urging the passage of this great measure, Mr. GIBSON said on the floor of the Senate:

"In my opinion, reflecting men in all parts of the country * * * have formed the deliberate judgment that the education of the people, the enlightenment of the suffrage, the elevation of the popular character and the popular conscience, the awakening of a loftier and healthier sentiment of national patriotism, is absolutely indispensable to the preservation of constitutional liberty."

Noble words of a patriot, a philanthropist, and a sage! They shall immortalize thy name when empires have fallen and realms have decayed!

Closely associated in their advocacy of the education bill, his great compeer from the same region of the South, the gifted and lamented Lamar, exclaimed:

I have watched it with deep interest and intense solicitude. In my opinion, it is the first step and the most important step this Government has ever taken in the direction of the solution of what is known as the race problem, and I believe it will tell more powerfully and decisively upon the future destinies of the colored race than any measure or ordinance

that has yet been adopted in reference to it—more decisively than either the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth amendments, unless it is to be considered, as I do consider it, the logical sequence and the practical continuance of those amendments.

I think that this measure is fraught with almost unspeakable benefits to the entire population of the South, white and black. It will excite a new interest among our people; it will stimulate both State and local communities to more energetic exertions and greater sacrifices, because it will encourage them in their hopes in grappling and struggling with a task before whose vast proportions they have stood appalled in the consciousness of the inadequacy of their own resources to meet it.

Lamar was one of the great men of his generation. He will live in our history as a statesman, an orator, a jurist, a discriminating and philosophic student of mankind. But he never manifested a more powerful comprehension of the great problem of our time than is expressed in these vital and eloquent words.

Men of the South! the failure of the educational bill was your great calamity. Under its operation ten years would have accomplished the slow and doubtful work of a century left to be wrought by existing agencies. Is there no resurrection, and is death an eternal sleep? This is the great question for the young and rising South. You have the power in your own hands, and you, not I, nor man or men of other sections, are mainly responsible for the future now.

RANDALL LEE GIBSON is with us no more.

Born in the South; educated in the North; combining the best qualities of both sections, and comparatively free from the influence of the weaker and lower elements of human nature, he lived an active and upright life; performed an important part upon a conspicuous stage; in war he was a knight without fear and without reproach; in peace a useful and honored citizen, discharging public duties with integrity, zeal, and ability, and always one of God's true gentlemen.

He is embalmed in the honor and love of his countrymen!

Rest, spirit, rest! Soar, spirit, soar!

Louisiana will enshrine his memory with fadeless and perpetual flowers; the incense of her gratitude will ascend until the last drop of the Mississippi has rolled by his grave on its way to the sea; and it is well that he sleep among those who knew him best, and therefore loved him most, until the resurrection. But I do know of eyes among the far hills of the North that will weep for him, and of one heart that will beat more quickly at the sound of his name until itself shall throb no more.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOOKER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: The very able and exhaustive address which has been delivered on the life and character of my friend, General RANDALL LEE GIBSON, by his colleague from the city of New Orleans, General MEYER, makes it almost unnecessary, I think, to say anything in the line in which he spoke, for he has portrayed in truthful colors the life and character of the great representative from Louisiana on this floor and on the floor of the Senate.

Mr. Speaker, in 1875, at the beginning of the Forty-fourth Congress, there appeared in this Hall one of the most marked men who has occupied a seat in the House of Representatives since the close of the war between the States. He was of the marked Anglo-Saxon type of men; blue eyes, radiant with expression; light hair, features perfectly chiseled, with a smile that won all hearts, and yet an expression about the mouth in moments of earnestness which showed of what metal he was made. Tall of form, slender in proportions, with a scrupulous neatness in apparel which challenged the eye of the critic, with

a dignified, courteous, and gracious bearing, he drew to him all eyes and won the admiration of his colleagues in this Hall. That man was RANDALL LEE GIBSON, a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

For what I am about to say in reference to his birth, lineage, and his military career, and the services which he rendered as a legislator in this Hall, and the other branch of Congress, I am largely indebted to the pen of his kinsman, that gallant statesman, American soldier, and American gentleman, the Hon. Preston Johnston, of the State of Louisiana, who was his lifetime friend; himself the son of the great Albert Sidney Johnston, so memorable for his services in the Confederate war.

I well remember the occasion which I now refer to. When he was suffering from one of those hereditary attacks to which my friend General MEYER has referred, it became his duty, by invitation of the citizens of the State of Louisiana, to make an address at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston. I chanced to be present by invitation on that occasion, as I had been honored by the citizens of Louisiana in making the address when the corner stone of that equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston was laid. General GIBSON, on that occasion, rose from a bed of sickness, and when he ascended the platform to address the vast multitude that had come to do honor to the memory of the great soldier he went upon that platform on his crutches, suffering intense physical pain, and supported himself on those crutches during the discourse.

He delivered an address that thrilled every heart, and awoke the admiration of all the confederates of the dead general whom they had come to honor, the soldiers in blue vieing with those in gray who should strew the first flowers. And I hope the same gifted pen which has portrayed his character, life, and services as a Confederate general may yet be used, in the midst

even of the busy and useful life of Colonel Preston Johnston, to give not only to the State of Louisiana, but to the country and to humanity, a history of RANDALL LEE GIBSON, a biography of him, which no man can write as Colonel Preston Johnston could write it. It is to him I am indebted for knowledge of his origin, family history, and his military services.

General GIBSON was born at Spring Hill, Woodford County, Ky., September 10, 1832. His ancestors were the fighting Whigs of the Revolutionary war. John Gibson, the progenitor of the Gibson family in America, emigrated from England in 1706, accompanied by several brothers, and settled in Middlesex County, Va. They afterward removed to South Carolina and settled on the Great Peedee River with their kinsmen, the Murfees, Saunders, Harrisons, and Pegues.

They all took active part in the Revolutionary war, and at its close the grandfather of General GIBSON, Randall Gibson, settled in Mississippi, at Oakley, in Warren County. His descendants and connections embrace some of the best known families in the southwest—the Harrisons, Nailors, Stewarts, Gillespies, Barneses, Humphreys, Booths, Marshalls, Higginses, Brands, and others, all men of influence and mark in the day and time in which they lived. Randall Gibson, the grandfather of General GIBSON, built the first church and founded the first institution of learning (Jefferson College, 8 miles back of Natchez) in the Mississippi Valley.

Randall Gibson's son, Tobias Gibson, the father of our deceased friend, General GIBSON, settled in Terre Bonne Parish, La. He was a man of rank and influence in his day; the close personal and political friend of Henry Clay, whom he often entertained at his princely summer residence, near Lexington, Ky.

Tobias Gibson was a gentleman of the old school, proud, courtly, and fastidious, but hospitable and kind.

Through his mother's family, the Harts, General GIBSON was connected with some of the most noted families of Kentucky—the Clays, the Bentons, the Prestons, the Marshalls, and others of equal distinction.

General GIBSON was the eldest son of Tobias Gibson, and his schoolboy days were spent in Kentucky, where he has a host of friends, who will cherish his name and memory with a love as tender and an admiration as sincere as that of the friends of his own State of Louisiana, which he represented on this floor. In 1849 General GIBSON entered Yale College. He took high rank in his classes, being selected orator by his society, and shared the honors of the class of 1853 with E. C. Stedman, the poet, and A. D. White, the educator.

General GIBSON studied law in New Orleans, and was graduated at the university in 1855. He went abroad and spent three years in Europe, studying in Berlin, visiting Russia, and being for six months attached to the American legation at Madrid, when we were represented at that court by General A. C. Dodge, a high type of an American gentleman.

Returning from his educational trip abroad, shortly before the breaking out of the war between the States, General GIBSON pursued the practice of law until that event occurred.

When the war began General GIBSON enlisted as a private, and was appointed captain of artillery, and stationed at Fort Jackson, below New Orleans. Soon after he was elected colonel of the Thirteenth Louisiana Infantry.

His first great battle was at Shiloh. Four regiments were brigaded together and General GIBSON was selected by his brother officers to command the brigade, which played a gallant and conspicuous part in the great battle. His brigade was

four times repulsed with great slaughter at the "Hornet's Nest," but it was in the front line at sunset, and was distinguished in the fighting next day under Gen. Polk, which Gen. Sherman pronounced the heaviest fire during the war.

General GIBSON was with Bragg's army in the Kentucky campaign, and was recommended by his superior officers for promotion for "skill and gallantry" at Perryville, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga. He lost one-third of his brigade killed and wounded at Murfreesboro; out of 28 officers of the Thirteenth Louisiana, he lost 19, and 332 men killed and wounded.

His service was long and continuous in all the Western campaigns, and received the cordial commendation of his superior officers, including such illustrious names as Polk, Hardee, John C. Breckinridge, Cheatham, Dan Adams, Maury, Preston, Stephen Lee, Richard Taylor, J. E. Johnston, and Hood. Gen John C. Breckinridge said of him at the battle of Murfreesboro:

> He discharged his duties with marked courage and skill.

General H. D. Clayton, in his report of the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., 31st of August, 1864, says:

> Brigadier-General GIBSON, seizing the colors of one of his regiments, dashed to the front and to the very works of the enemy. His conduct created the greatest enthusiasm throughout the command. This gallant brigade lost half its numbers.

Clayton adds:

> My own eyes bore witness to its splendid conduct from the beginning to the close. It captured the guns of the enemy and occupied their main works until overwhelming and increasing numbers forced their abandonment. It was handled with skill, and fought with the heroism of desperation.

General Stephen D. Lee, speaking of GIBSON's brigade, says: "I saw them around Atlanta and in Hood's Nashville campaign, and I know that, in consultation with Major-General Clayton, I designated GIBSON's bri-

gade to cross the Tennessee River, in open boats, in the presence of the enemy, opposite Florence, Ala., and a more gallant crossing of any river was not made during the war. The enemy was supposed to be in large force, covered by the banks, but GIBSON and his men never inquired as to numbers when they were ordered forward, and their gallant bearing soon put the enemy's sharpshooters to flight and secured a good crossing for two divisions of my corps. At Nashville, when Hood was defeated by Thomas, GIBSON'S brigade of my corps was conspicuously posted on the left of the pike near Overton Hill, and I witnessed their driving back, with the rest of Clayton's division, two formidable assaults of the enemy. * * * I recollect, near dark, riding up to a brigade near a battery and trying to seize a stand of colors and lead the brigade against the enemy. The color bearer refused to give up his colors, and was sustained by his regiment. I found it was the color-bearer of the Thirteenth Louisiana, and it was GIBSON'S Louisiana brigade. GIBSON soon appeared by my side, and in my admiration of such conduct, I exclaimed, 'GIBSON, those are the best men I ever saw; you take them and check the enemy.' GIBSON did lead them and did check the enemy."

In General Canby's campaign against Mobile, General GIBSON was detached from the main army and, with a force of 3,500 men, held the enemy in check for over two weeks. The fighting was fast and furious from beginning to end. General C. C. Andrews, the Federal historian of the campaign, says: "The garrison made at least a dozen sorties, several of which were successful." At last, when General Canby broke through his defenses, GIBSON prolonged the fight until night and then withdrew the garrison under cover of darkness along a narrow treadway, only 18 inches wide, through the marsh. General Andrews, in his history, says:

The garrison commander, General GIBSON, was competent and active, and inspired his troops with enthusiasm. He was highly complimented by his superior officers for his conduct during the siege.

General Richard Taylor, commanding the department, was so pleased with GIBSON'S conduct at Spanish Fort that he enlarged his command. But the war was at an end, surrender came and he was now appointed by Taylor the commissioner to meet the Federal officers to parole the army.

In his farewell address to his troops GIBSON says: "Your banners are garlanded with the emblems of every soldiery virtue; more than twenty battlefields have seen them unfurled; they were never lowered save over the bier of a comrade. * * * Comrades! henceforth other duties will devolve upon you. Adversities can only strengthen the ties that bind you to your country and increase the obligations you owe to her interests and her honor. As soldiers you have been among the bravest and most steadfast; as citizens be lawabiding, peaceable, and industrious."

Thus ended, with the close of the war, one of the most brilliant military records made by any general of the Confederate army.

In 1872 his fellow-citizens in Louisiana selected him as a man possessing rare judgment and great coolness and high and patriotic conservatism to represent them in this House.

He was not permitted to take his seat.

In 1874 he was again elected to a seat in this House; and it was here I first met General GIBSON, and it was not long before I learned to love him for those sterling traits of character which he displayed and for that uniform courtesy and kindness it was ever his delight to extend to his colleagues and comrades.

General GIBSON was reelected as a Representative to this House in 1874, and again in 1876, 1878, and 1880; and in all his service in this House I had the honor to serve with him.

General GIBSON, with the able colleagues who served with him from Louisiana, addressed themselves primarily to obtain the removal of the military forces of the United States from their State, and after long delay and much vexation this was accomplished, and Louisiana was once more restored to her civil rights in the Union.

One of the subjects to which General GIBSON at an early day in his Congressional service addressed himself was the improvement of the Mississippi River. Indeed, he may be justly said to be the father of the Mississippi River Commission, which

was and still is composed of the best engineers from the Army of the United States and from civil life. The fruits of the labor and skill of this Commission are now being enjoyed by the people of the Mississippi Valley in comparative exemption from the disastrous floods which formerly devastated this the most fertile valley of the world. In recognition of his legislative services in these and other measures of equal importance, in which he displayed powers of reason and research and eloquence not surpassed by any man who served at that time in Congress, the people who knew him best and prized him most, his beloved citizens of Louisiana, elected him to the United States Senate. He took his seat in March, 1883.

His native ability, his splendid education, his long service of eight years in the House fully equipped him for entrance into that august body.

He sprang into the arena of high debate, armed cap-a-pie for the conflict.

His comrades and peers in the Senate learned to love this splendid and pure man, as we did in the House, and it is fit and proper that I should leave his Senatorial career to be spoken of in suitable terms by his friends and colleagues in that body.

He was a man of the highest character. No duty in life was neglected, and no obligation but that was faithfully met.

As a man in all the relations of life, as a citizen, as a soldier, as a representative, he had few peers and no superiors.

There was not a blemish, not a spot, on what seemed to me to be a perfect character.

He died in the fullness of his useful manhood and honored life, leaving to his descendants and kindred and friends a name beloved by those tied to him by the ties of kindred and connection and friends, and honored of all men who know his life and services to his country.

I have thus, Mr. Speaker, endeavored to portray in a few

remarks the history and career of our distinguished friend, to whom we meet here to-day to pay the last sad honor. It is natural that we should refer to the services which he rendered to the Confederate soldiers, though when he came into this Hall and the Senate Chamber he manifested a conservatism of disposition which won for him not only the hearts and affections of men of his own party but of all. It is natural that we should erect monuments to those who have served us with the distinction which such men as GIBSON did. The soldiers of the Union armies have erected upon the battlefields monuments declaring the valor and heroism, the courage and patriotism of the men who led the Union armies.

That same spirit and temper which prompt them to honor their dead lead them to say, sir, that it is but proper that those who belonged to what is called "The lost cause," and who wore the Confederate gray during the war would be equally unfaithful to their duty if they did not on appropriate occasions erect monuments and pay tribute to their dead. They would write over our graves not alone the word "rebel," as was done at one time in Arlington, but which I am glad to say now has been removed—they would not write the word "rebel" over the graves of Confederates, for that is a term which George Washington wore and Robert E. Lee honored; and it is naught therefore but proper that the use of this term with reference to distinguished Confederates should be in the same spirit in which it distinguished the love of liberty in our Revolutionary war and all others. They would scratch out the word "rebel" if we should forget their services, and properly write there "Ingrate! Ingrate! Ingrate!" could we forget the perils encountered, the hardships endured, the blood shed for us by the men who wore the ragged gray jacket of the Confederacy.

No, sirs; while faithful memory lasts its magic wand will wave over the chill vaults of the sepulcher—the dead nation's sepulcher—her hundred battlefields; and the dead will start again into life, pale, pallid, passionless as the seraphs. Indeed, and in truth, in the arms of our fancy, may we again embrace those dear departed comrades who, while they lived, lived for us and for their country, and when they perished poured out their rich young life's blood on that country's altar; and as their pale lips froze in death on many a distant battlefield their last syllabled utterances perchance murmured our names.

No, Mr. Speaker; we could not forget them if we would, and we would not if we could.

Of all this vast throng of the dead, lying in their unmarked graves under the green sod, where in the springtime we strew the flowers of faithful memory, no braver soldier or purer spirit or truer man lies than our honored, loved, and cherished comrade, RANDALL LEE GIBSON.

THE SPEAKER. In pursuance of the resolution which has been adopted the House stands adjourned until Monday next.